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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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30 /
VOLUME XXX

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1901 /

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXX.

January, 1901.

Arthur Jones M., The First American Colony in Cuba	101
Arthur Jones M., Cuba, Her People	112
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	121
Arthur Jones M., The First and Last of the First	131
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	141
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	151
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	161
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	171
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	181
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	191
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	201
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	211
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	221
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	231
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	241
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	251
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	261
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	271
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	281
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	291
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	301
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	311
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	321
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	331
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	341
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	351
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	361
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	371
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	381
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	391
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	401
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	411
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	421
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	431
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	441
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	451
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	461
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	471
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	481
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	491
Arthur Jones M., The University of the South	501

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PUBLISHED, 1901

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

CONCORD, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXX.

January—June, 1901.

	PAGE
Adams, James M., THE FIRST AMERICAN COLONY IN CUBA	9
AMBITION (<i>poem</i>), Charles Henry Chesley	312
Armstrong, Lulu, C. S., THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HOME SCHOOL	288
ASHLAND: ITS PAST AND PRESENT, Leon Burt Baketel	123
Atherton, Hon. Henry B., REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS	307
Bailey, Sarah M., DR. FRED. J. BROCKWAY	336
Baketel, Leon Burt, ASHLAND: ITS PAST AND PRESENT	123
BALDWIN, REV. THOMAS, EARLY LIFE OF, Ernest Albert Barney	271
BAPTIST CHURCH IN HOPKINTON, THE, Howard M. Cook	293
Barney, Ernest Albert, EARLY LIFE OF REV. THOMAS BALDWIN	271
Beede, Eva J., AN ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER	349
BELLUM (<i>poem</i>), George W. Parker	151
Bennett, Adelaide George, THE CENTURY OPENS AS A FLOWER (<i>poem</i>)	47
BETWEEN THE BARS (<i>poem</i>), Hale Howard Richardson	308
BINGHAM, HARRY, AS A SCHOOLMASTER, William C. Todd	53
BROCKWAY, DR. FRED J., Sarah M. Bailey	336
Browne, Lewis A., THE WHITTIER PINE (<i>poem</i>)	270
BUD, LEAF, AND BLOOM (<i>poem</i>), C. C. Lord	291
BURDON ROBBERY, THE, AS TOLD BY INSPECTOR SHAW, Bennett B. Perkins	367
BUTTERFLY, THE MAKING OF A, Clarence Moores Weed	74
Butterworth, Walter Cummings, IN MEMORY OF THE PORTLAND (<i>poem</i>)	48
THE GREASED LOG	151
BY CONCORD'S BRIDGE (<i>poem</i>)	235
BY CONCORD'S BRIDGE (<i>poem</i>), Walter Cummings Butterworth	235
BY THE SCAMANDER (<i>poem</i>), Frederick Myron Colby	244
CÆSAR RODNEY'S RIDE (<i>poem</i>), Frederick Myron Colby	152
Carr, Laura Garland, IT IS AS THE AIR (<i>poem</i>)	236
THAT LAST NIGHT OF ALL (<i>poem</i>)	287
YOUR PLACE (<i>poem</i>)	370
CENTURY OPENS AS A FLOWER, THE (<i>poem</i>), Adelaide George Bennett	47
Chapin, Bela, PERRY BROOK (<i>poem</i>)	348

Chesley, Charles Henry, THE STAGE (<i>poem</i>)	153
AMBITION (<i>poem</i>)	312
LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PORTRAIT (<i>poem</i>)	338
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HOME SCHOOL, THE, Lulu Armstrong, C. S.	288
CHURCH FOR ME, THE (<i>poem</i>), Hervey Lucius Woodward	287
Clark, A. Chester, THE SOCIAL FRATERNITY: ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE, 61, 165	
Cogswell, Thomas, Jr., DARKNESS (<i>poem</i>)	353
Colby, Frederick Myron, CÆSAR RODNEY'S RIDE (<i>poem</i>)	152
BY THE SCAMANDER (<i>poem</i>)	244
JUNE, THE BATTLE MONTH	344
Colby, H. Maria George, THEN WE SHALL SEE (<i>poem</i>)	244
COMMON FOLKS (<i>poem</i>), Moses Gage Shirley	164
CONCORD ORATORIO SOCIETY, THE, AND ITS FITST ANNUAL FESTIVAL, Henry H. Melcalf	371
Cook, Howard M., THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN HOPKINTON	293
Court, Ormsby A., MARCH (<i>poem</i>)	150
Cross, Lucy R. H., BYGONES—SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF NORTHFIELD	22
CRY, A (<i>poem</i>), Mary M. Currier	90
Currier, Mary M., A CRY (<i>poem</i>)	90
DARKNESS (<i>poem</i>), Thomas Cogswell, Jr.	353
Eddy, Mary Baker G., THE NEW CENTURY (<i>poem</i>)	80
ENGLISH GUILD SYSTEM, THE, George W. Parker	35
EVARTS, HON. WILLIAM M., REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE, Hon. Henry B. Atherton	307
EYES (<i>poem</i>), Moses Gage Shirley	106
FIELD, DARBY, Lucien Thompson	108
FIRST AMERICAN COLONY IN CUBA, THE, James M. Adams	9
Fisk, Mary Albertine, HER WOMANHOOD'S LESSON	49
FOR HER SAKE, John Warren Odlin, 2d	350
Gill, Esther D., TO A VIOLET (<i>poem</i>)	237
GREASED LOG, THE, Walter Cummings Butterworth	151
Greenwood, Alice D. O., O MEMORY, HOW BRIGHT THY DREAMS (<i>poem</i>)	72
Griffith, George Bancroft, HOME'S MAGNET DRAWS US HITHER STILL (<i>poem</i>)	112
A SPRING PROPHET (<i>poem</i>)	253
SOME QUEER BIPEDS	313
HEART (<i>poem</i>), Mary H. Wheeler	54
HERMIT THRUSH, THE (<i>poem</i>), Edith L. Swain	185
HERO, THE (<i>poem</i>), George Warren Parker	276
HER WOMANHOOD'S LESSON, Mary Albertine Fisk	49
Holden, S. E., MONUMENT ROCK (<i>poem</i>)	339
HOME'S MAGNET DRAWS US HITHER STILL (<i>poem</i>), George Bancroft Griffith	112
Hunt, Mrs. Nathan P., THE NINETEENTH CENTURY	246
IN MEMORY OF THE PORTLAND (<i>poem</i>), Walter Cummings Butterworth	48
IN OTHER DAYS (<i>poem</i>), Wilbur D. Spencer	269
IT IS AS THE AIR (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	236

CONTENTS.

v

JUNE, THE BATTLE MONTH, Fred Myron Colby	344
Leslie, Dr. H. G., THE MACY COLBY HOUSE (<i>poem</i>)	7
THE SONG OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DAUGHTERS (<i>poem</i>)	301
LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PORTRAIT (<i>poem</i>), Charles Henry Chesley	338
Litchfield, S. I., THE STATEMENT OF ADAM MOORE	40
Lord, C. C., A WINTER SONG (<i>poem</i>)	107
BUD, LEAF, AND BLOOM (<i>poem</i>)	291
LOVE'S EARTH (<i>poem</i>), Alice P. Sargent	291
MACY COLBY HOUSE, THE (<i>poem</i>), Dr. H. G. Leslie	7
Marble, Thomas Littlefield, TO MT. MADISON (<i>poem</i>)	107
A THIEF OF THE ROOFS	354
MARCH (<i>poem</i>), Ormsby A. Court	150
Metcalf, Henry H., SOME LEADING LEGISLATORS OF 1901	195
THE CONCORD ORATORIO SOCIETY AND ITS FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL	371
MONUMENT ROCK (<i>poem</i>), S. E. Holden	339
Moore, Isabel N., THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF PENACOOK	3
MOUNTAIN, THE (<i>poem</i>), Hale Howard Richardson	335
NASHAWAY WOMAN'S CLUB, THE, Katharine M. Thayer	263
NEW CENTURY, THE (<i>poem</i>), Mary Baker G. Eddy	80
NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE, A, Laura D. Nichols	80, 154
NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WAR OF 1812, Emma C. Watts	357
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY	55, 114, 186, 254, 317, 384
ABBOTT, REV. STEPHEN G.	188
BACHELER, REV. OTIS ROBINSON, M. D., D. D.	114
BATCHELDER, GEN. RICHARD N.	118
BREED, ZEPHANIAH	257
BROWN, HON. ADNA	117
BROWN, CAPT. JOSHUA	320
BRYER, JOSEPH Q.	260
BUTLER, GEORGE C.	119
CARLETON, HENRY G.	115
CLARK, CHARLES P.	254
CLAY, ITHIEL E.	385
COGSWELL, GEORGE, M. D.	317
CONVERSE, CAPT. OSCAR I.	384
CONVERSE, ZEBULON	320
DINSMORE, GEORGE R., M. D.	388
DRURY, WILLIAM H.	319
EATON, HON. JAMES H.	258
FIELD, ALBERT	120
FOSTER, FREDERICK F.	118
GARLAND, THOMAS B.	385
GILMAN, HON. CHARLES J.	192
GILMAN, COL. EDWARD H.	259
GILMORE, QUINCY A.	58
GOVE, COL. J. SUMNER,	319
HAILE, HON. WILLIAM H.	190
HARRIS, GORDIS D.	191

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY (*Continued*):

HEARD, HON. WILLIAM A.	318
HILDRETH, JOSEPH W.	55
HILL, JOSEPH C. A.	256
HILL, WILLIAM PICKERING	192
HITCHCOCK, HIRAM	116
HOLMES, HON. NATHANIEL	189
JENNESS, GILNAN H.	387
MANN, GEORGE W.	117
MARSHALL, PROF. JOHN P.	187
MENDUM, CHARLES H.	119
MESERVEY, REV. ATWOOD BOND, D. D.	186
NOYES, WILLIAM O.	388
OSGOOD, ADDISON N.	120
PARKER, REV. SYLVESTER A.	188
PATTEE, LEWIS C.	57
PERLEY, JOSEPH F.	119
SARGENT, SYLVANUS T.	320
SHERMAN, MORGAN J.	259
SMITH, CHARLES C.	386
STEVENS COL. EBENEZER	187
TITCOMB, GEORGE P., M. D.	58
UPTON, HON. HIRAM D.	56
VARNEY, HON. DAVID B.	257
WENTWORTH, COL. JOSEPH	255
Nichols, Laura D., A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE	80, 154
THE TWO CAMERAS	302
NINETEENTH CENTURY, THE, Mrs. Nathan P. Hunt	246
NORTHFIELD, BYGONES—SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF, Lucy R. H. Cross	22
Odlin, John Warren, 2d, FOR HER SAKE	350
O MEMORY, HOW BRIGHT THY DREAMS (<i>poem</i>), Alice D. O. Greenwood	72
OUR HOME (<i>poem</i>), C. L. TAPPAN	383
OVER THERE (<i>poem</i>), Cyrus A. Stone	184
Parker, George W., THE ENGLISH GUILD SYSTEM	35
BELLUM (<i>poem</i>)	151
THE HERO (<i>poem</i>)	276
Perkins, Bennett B., THE BURDON ROBBERY, AS TOLD BY INSPECTOR SHAW	367
PERRY BROOK (<i>poem</i>), Bela Chapin	348
Richardson, Hale Howard (<i>poem</i>), BETWEEN THE BARS	308
THE MOUNTAIN (<i>poem</i>)	335
Russell, Hon. Alfred, D. D., COL. DAVID WEBSTER	93
Sargent, Alice P., LOVE'S EARTH (<i>poem</i>)	291
Scales, John, A. B., LUCIEN THOMPSON	239
SEPARATION (<i>poem</i>), Hervey Lucius Woodward	54
Shirley, Moses Gage, SNOWFLAKES (<i>poem</i>)	21
EYES (<i>poem</i>)	106
COMMON FOLKS (<i>poem</i>)	164

CONTENTS.

vii

SIGNS OF SPRING (<i>poem</i>), Merle Smith	227
Smith, Converse J., TREASURY ADMINISTRATION	323
Smith, Merle, SIGNS OF SPRING (<i>poem</i>)	227
SNOWFLAKES (<i>poem</i>), Moses Gage Shirley	21
SOCIAL FRATERNITY, THE: ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE, A. Chester Clark .	61, 165
SOME LEADING LEGISLATORS OF 1901, Henry H. Metcalf	195
SOME QUEER BIPEDS, George Bancroft Griffith	313
SONG OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DAUGHTERS, THE, (<i>poem</i>), Dr. H. G. Leslie .	301
SPRING PROPHET, A (<i>poem</i>), George Bancroft Griffith	253
STAGE, THE, (<i>poem</i>), Charles Henry Chesley	153
STATEMENT OF ADAM MORE, THE, S. I. Litchfield	40
Stone, Cyrus A., OVER THERE (<i>poem</i>)	184
Swain, Edith L., THE HERMIT THRUSH (<i>poem</i>)	185
Tappan, C. L., OUR HOME (<i>poem</i>)	383
THAT LAST NIGHT OF ALL (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	287
Thayer, Katharine M., THE NASHAWAY WOMAN'S CLUB	263
THEN WE SHALL SEE (<i>poem</i>), H. Maria George Colby	244
THIEF OF THE ROOFS, A, Thomas Littlefield Marble	354
THOMPSON, LUCIEN, John Scales, A. B.	239
Thompson, Lucien, DARBY FIELD	108
Todd, William C., HARRY BINGHAM AS A SCHOOLMASTER	53
TO A VIOLET (<i>poem</i>), Esther D. Gill	237
TO MT. MADISON (<i>poem</i>), Thomas Littlefield Marble	107
TREASURY ADMINISTRATION, Converse J. Smith	323
TWO CAMERAS, THE, Laura D. Nichols	302
VEGETABLE FOOD OF BIRDS, THE, Ned Dearborn and Clarence M. Weed . .	277
Watts, Emma C., NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WAR OF 1812	357
WEBSTER, AN ANECDOTE OF, Eva J. Beede	349
WEBSTER, COL. DAVID, Hon. Alfred Russell, LL. D.	93
Weed, Clarence Moores, THE MAKING OF A BUTTERFLY	74
THE VEGETABLE FOOD OF BIRDS	277
Wheeler, Mary H., HEART (<i>poem</i>)	54
Whitcomb, Caroline E., THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF KEENE	228
WHITTIER PINE, THE, (<i>poem</i>), Lewis A. Browne	270
WINTER SONG, A, (<i>poem</i>), C. C. Lord	107
WOMAN'S CLUB OF PENACOOK, THE, Isabel N. Moore	3
WOMEN'S CLUBS OF KEENE, THE, Caroline E. Whitcomb	228
Woodward, Hervey Lucius, SEPARATION (<i>poem</i>)	54
THE CHURCH FOR ME (<i>poem</i>)	287
YOUR PLACE (<i>poem</i>), Laura Garland Carr	370

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

..IN THIS NUMBER..

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF PENACOOK - - - -	3
By Isabel N. Moore.	
THE FIRST AMERICAN COLONY IN CUBA - - - -	9
By James M. Adams.	
BYGONES--Some Things Not Generally Known in the History of Northfield - - - -	22
By Lucy R. H. Cross.	
THE ENGLISH GUILD SYSTEM - - - -	35
By George W. Parker.	
THE STATEMENT OF ADAM MORE - - - -	40
By S. L. Littlefield.	
HARRY BINGHAM AS A SCHOOLMASTER - - - -	53
By William C. Todd.	
POEMS - - - -	

By Dr. H. G. Leslie, Moses Gage Shirley, Adelaide
George Bennett, Walter Cummings Butterworth, Her-
vey Lucius Woodward, Mary H. Wheeler.

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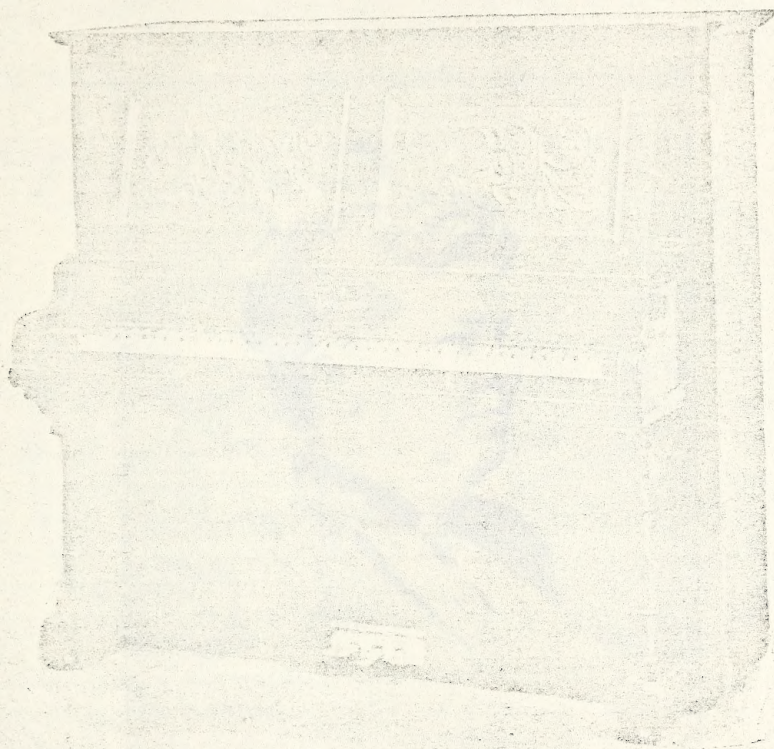
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

Vol. XXX

JANUARY, 1901

No. 1



MRS. MARTHA J. BUXTON

President of The Woman's Club, of Penacook.



...every species of man-
...of the evening
and baked, and raised the bake-shop, the
sturdy God-fearing men
and women. They were
shifting examples of domesticity. No
nobler, but a different type of woman,
is the woman of to-day. The world
still exacts fidelity in all domestic
and social relations, but it demands
more. The introduction of machin-

...establishment, the bake-shop, the
ready-made garment emporium, has
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test. The open doors of our colleges
and universities have given thorough
intellectual training, and it is
sitting that this training should be
applied not in the home alone, but in
the neighborhood, in the state.

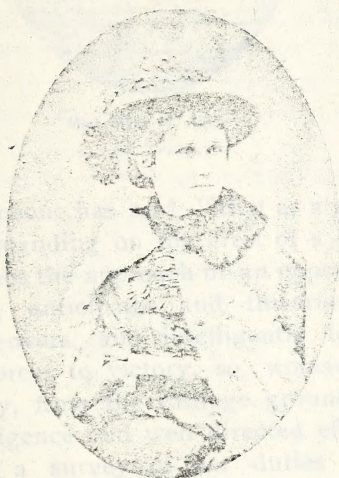
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

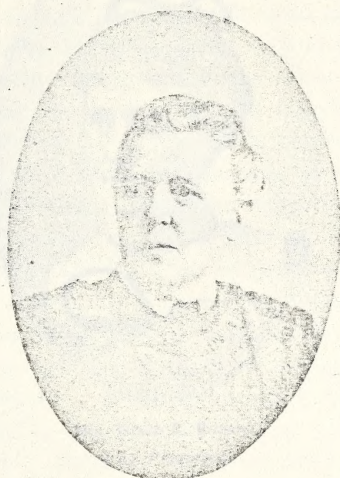
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JANUARY, 1901.

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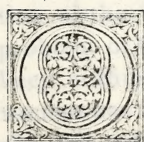
Miss M. Annie Fiske.
First President.



Mrs. Sarah E. A. Sanders.
Second President.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF PENACOOK.¹

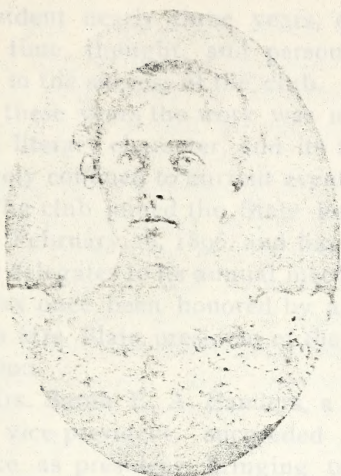
By Isabel N. Moore.



OUR Puritan grandmothers spun and wove, brewed and baked, and reared sturdy, God-fearing men and women. They were shining examples of domesticity. No nobler, but a different type of woman, is the woman of to-day. The world still exacts fidelity in all domestic and social relations, but it demands more. The introduction of machin-

ery, absorbing every species of manufacture, the coming of the canning establishment, the bake-shop, the ready-made garment emporium, has given immunity from severe domestic toil; the open doors of our colleges and universities have given thorough intellectual training, and it seems fitting that this training should be applied not in the home alone, but in the neighborhood, in the state.

¹This article was prepared for the forthcoming "History of Penacook," and the plates furnished by the courtesy of D. Arthur Brown.

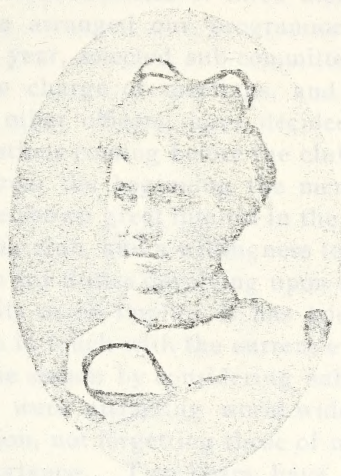


Miss Myra M. Abbott.
Second Treasurer.

Someone has said, "that as a general, standing on the crest of a hill, watches the approach of an opposing army, anticipates and thwarts its manœuvres, and intelligently leads his forces to victory, so, woman of to-day, from the vantage ground of intelligence and well directed effort, takes a survey of her duties and responsibilities, and, seeing them clearly, makes fewer mistakes in fulfilling them."

A desire for better preparation to discharge responsibilities may have been one factor, leading to the evolution of the "Woman's Club." The problem of the solitary student is to keep enthusiasm alive, and, unless a woman has had some mental training, she will not find it easy to persist in a systematic course of study. The club furnishes a meeting ground for those who are interested in similar topics, yet who look at questions discussed from a different standpoint, thus they are trained to take large and broader views of life. The club teaches self-control, composure, defer-

ence to others, and the realization that the success of one is the success of all. It is hardly possible to realize the far-reaching results of the great federation meetings, where the women of the cities meet their "country cousins" to their mutual benefit. They furnish an immense amount of material for conversation and study,



Mrs. Grace P. Brown.
Vice-President.

and give a new impetus to universal culture.

Realizing the benefits of these opportunities, and being not a whit behind "sister women" in intelligence and intellectual ambition, the question of a club was agitated among the women of Penacook, resulting in the organization, on January 3, 1896, of a "Current Events Club," with nineteen charter members. It was a literary and social organization, and owed its existence to the zeal and persistent efforts of its first president, Miss M. Annie Fiske, who labored with great energy to secure the requisite number of names for its formation. Miss Fiske served as

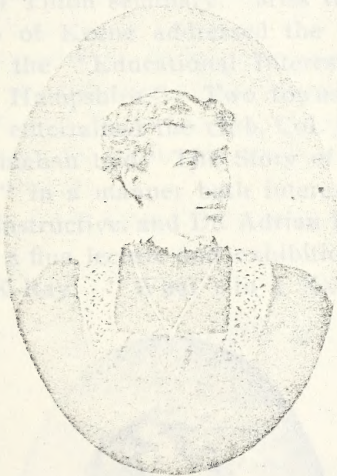
president nearly three years, devoting time, thought, and personal effort to the success of the club. During these years the work was mostly of a literary character, and its topics largely confined to current events.

The club joined the State Federation February 26, 1896, and has since sent delegates to its annual meetings; it has once been honored by a visit from Mrs. Blair, president of the Federation.

Mrs. Sarah E. A. Sanders, a helpful vice-president, succeeded Miss Fiske as president, bringing to the work enthusiasm, culture, and executive ability. In its third year the club began to extend its influence;

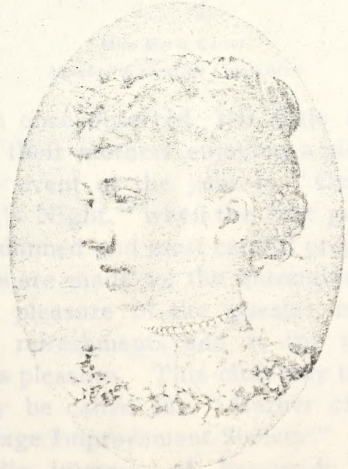
Buxton, who is just beginning her work; a keen interest in and large knowledge of matters relating to club work especially fit her for the position. She is assisted by Mrs. Grace P. Brown as vice-president, Mrs. Ida Harris as treasurer, and Miss Alice F. Brown, who has efficiently served as secretary for four years. An executive committee of three members have arranged our programmes for the year, selected sub-committees to have charge of meetings, and with the other officers, have decided any questions coming before the club.

From the beginning the members have shown great interest in the work of the club, and a willingness to perform any duties devolving upon them. As its name implies, it has tried to keep in touch with the current events of the season by considering subjects that were attracting world-wide attention, not forgetting those of minor importance. Two years have been devoted to the study of United States history; English literature will engage our attention the present win-



Miss Alice F. Brown.
Secretary.

the membership, first limited to fifty, was increased to seventy-five, allowing the admission of new members, some of whom have proved most helpful in the social life of the club. With increase of membership, more outside talent was available, adding to the interest and profit of the meetings. Mrs. Sanders served two years and was followed by Mrs. Martha J.



Mrs. Ida D. Harris.
Treasurer.

ter. The programmes have been varied and enlivened by vocal and instrumental music by members of the club and invited guests. Club "teas" have been popular.

Beside many interesting and carefully prepared papers by members of the club there have been lectures on foreign travel by Mrs. Ayers of Concord, Miss McCutcheon of Charlestown, Mass., and Miss Lucy Holden of West Concord. Mrs. Lovering of Boston vividly described "Our Pilgrim Foremothers." Miss McCutcheon told of "Nansen, the Modern Viking;" "The Relation of Nature Study to Character" was the subject of a fine paper given by Mrs. Plimpton of Tilton seminary. Miss Whitcomb of Keene addressed the club upon the "Educational Interests of New Hampshire." Two townsmen have entertained the club, Col. John C. Linehan told "The Story of Ireland" in a manner both interesting and instructive, and Dr. Adrian Hoyt gave a fine lecture and exhibition of the X-Ray. "What's in a Name"

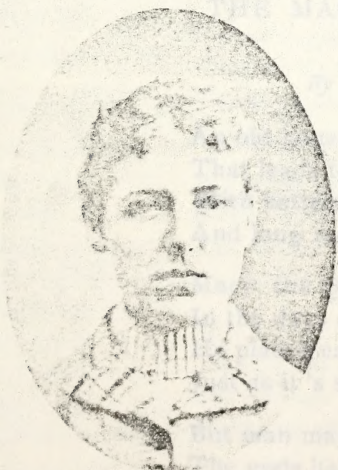
was the title of a scholarly address given by Dr. Waterman of Claremont. Mrs. Roper of Winchester introduced us to "New Hampshire Artists," and Mrs. Streeter of Concord aroused our interest in "Our State Charities."

A "Musical" has been given each year, and on these evenings gentlemen were welcomed. The musical ability of our own members, as well as that of out-of-town musicians, has been appreciated on these pleasant occasions. "Children's Day" has



Miss Maria Carter.

Member Executive Committee.



Miss Grace Wade Allen.

Chairman Executive Committee.

been once observed, the little folks and their mothers enjoying a picnic. The event of the year is "Gentlemen's Night," when the best gowns are donned and most careful preparations are made for the entertainment and pleasure of the guests; music and refreshments add to the evening's pleasure. This club may truthfully be called the "Mother of the Village Improvement Society." The public interests of Penacook were discussed at one of its meetings, and soon after, the president, Mrs. San-



Mrs. Hannah R. Holden.

Member of Executive Committee.

ders, canvassed the village for names, resulting in the formation of a flourishing society. It has also procured and planted vines at the schoolhouse of District No. 20, and given several pictures to adorn the walls of the schoolrooms.

An "Art Class" for the study of

"Renaissance in Art," under the leadership of Miss Mary Niles of Concord, was recently formed, thereby making the club a department club, and resulting in the change of its name to "The Woman's Club" of Penacook.

At the time of the Armenian troubles the club sent an offering to the Relief Fund, but, as yet, no philanthropic work has been attempted. As a social factor the club has proved a success, but, perhaps, its most helpful feature has been the individual work of its members, which has brought to light and developed hitherto unsuspected talents.

Doubtless some enter the club as they take up any "fad" of the day; others look upon it as a source of entertainment only, but we believe that many club women all over our land value its privileges, and are using them as a preparation for service; to these we would say with "Tiny Tim" "God bless us, everyone."

THE MACY COLBY HOUSE.

1654—1900.

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

An old house by the dusty road
That leads to Amesbury town,
With battered front and twisted sides
And long roof, sloping down.

Macy, the Quaker, builded it
In the days of homespun gray;
He placed each sill and chimney stack,
Just as it's seen to-day.

But man may build and vainly plan;
The gods have plans their own;
And ere the chimney's throat was blacked
He had fled his chosen home.



Scene of Whittier's Poem, "The Exiles."

Fled from the bigot's unjust law,
 The churchman's flinty creed;
 From men whose hearts, so stern and cold,
 Felt not for human need.

He turned his boat's prow oceanward,
 And steered for a sea-girt strand,
 Where freedom's oak found firmer root
 Amid the dunes of the sand.

Did he regret as years passed on
 That he o'ped his door that night
 To the strangers three, who stopped to knock
 In their weary, anxious flight?

We fancy not.—A duty done
 Brings sure and just reward;
 The tender strings of happiness
 Are tuned to mercy's chord.

Still stands the house by the dusty road,
 Though his grave is far away;
 But the tale of his kindly act
 Makes us pilgrims here to-day.



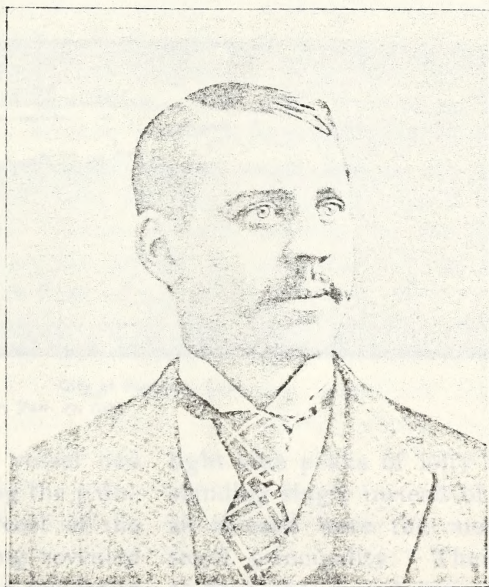
THE FIRST AMERICAN COLONY IN CUBA.

By James M. Adams.¹

JUST after noon on January 4, 1900, the ancient city of Nuevitas, Cuba, lazily basking in the midday sunshine, witnessed a sight which had not been paralleled in the four hundred years of its existence. A steamer was dropping anchor in the placid water of the harbor a mile off shore, and her decks were thronged with a crowd of more than two hundred eager and active Americans. They wore no uniforms, nor did they carry either guns or swords; and yet they had come on an errand of conquest. They

had fared forth from their native land to attack the formidable forests and to subdue the untamed soil of the province of Puerto Principe—a task which required scarcely less courage

and resolution than a feat of arms might have demanded in that locality two years before. Well aware that there was a hard fight before them, they were yet sanguine of success and eager to begin active operations. It was the vanguard of the first American colony planted in Cuba.



James M. Adams.

The vessel that lay at anchor in the beautiful land-locked harbor of Nuevitas was the screw steamer *Yarmouth*, a steel ship, which, if not as fast and elegant as the ocean greyhounds that cross the Atlantic, was large and fine enough to have easily commanded the unbounded ad-

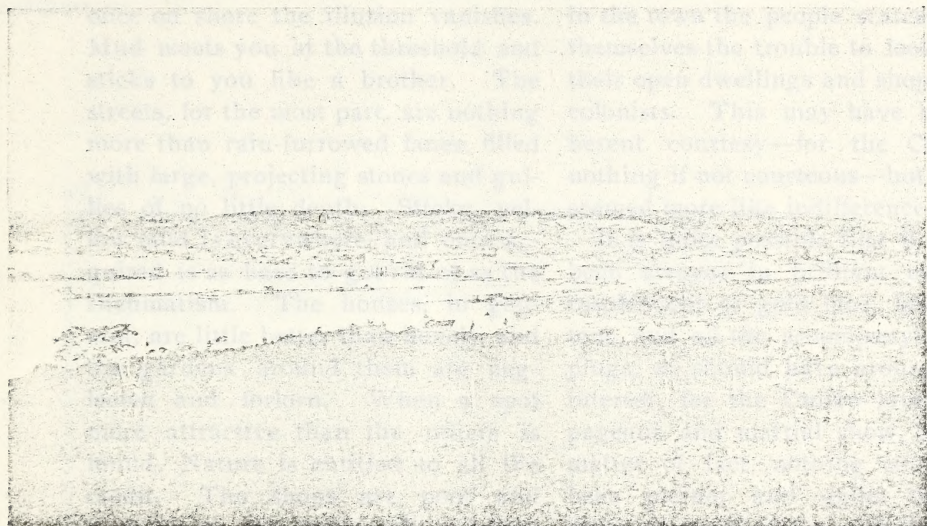
miration and amazement of Christopher Columbus had he beheld her when he landed from the *Santa Maria* on the coast of Cuba near this point more than four centuries ago. Great

¹NOTE. This article is compiled by Mr. Adams, formerly editor of the *Nashua Daily Telegraph*, from a book, of which he is the author, entitled, "Pioneering in Cuba," now in press at the office of the Rumford Printing Company, the same being a narrative of "La Gloria," the first American colony in Cuba, and relates the personal experiences of Mr. Adams and his fellow-colonists. Mr. Adams was one of the original colonists, and remained with them for about half a year.

changes have been wrought since the days of Columbus in the manner of craft that sail the seas, but less progress has been made by the city of Nuevitas in those four hundred long years. The *Yarmouth*, substantial if not handsome, and safe if not swift, had brought the colonists to this port without mishap, thus redeeming one of the many promises of the Cuban Land and Steamship Company.

would have been demolished by a single well-directed shot from a thirteen-inch gun. These defenses were unoccupied, and there was naught else to threaten the established peace.

The day was beautiful, freshened by a soft and balmy breeze, with the delightful temperature of seventy-five degrees. Far back in the interior, through the wonderfully transparent Cuban atmosphere, one could see the



City of Nuevitas, Cuba.

Photograph by V. K. Van De Venter, Jan. 23, 1900.

Since early morning the vessel had been slowly steaming along the palm-fringed coast of the "Pearl of the Antilles," daybreak having revealed the fact that the boat was too far to the eastward, and late in the forenoon we entered the picturesque bay of Nuevitas, took on a swarthy Cuban pilot, and gliding quietly past straggling palm-thatched native shacks and tiny green-clad isles, came to anchor in plain view of the city that Velasquez founded in 1514. We had passed two or three small circular forts, any one of which

light blue peaks of lofty mountains, standing singly instead of in groups, as if each were the monarch of a small principality. Their outlines, as seen at this distance, were graceful and symmetrical, rather than rugged and overpowering like some of their brother chieftains of the North. Near at hand the listless city of Nuevitas extended from the water's edge backward up the hillside of a long, green ridge, the low, red-tiled houses clinging to what seemed precarious positions along the rough, water-worn streets that gashed the side of

the hill. To the right a green-covered promontory projected far into the bay, dotted with occasional native shacks and planted in part with sisal hemp. The colonists on ship-board, ignorant of the appearance of this tropical product, at first took the hemp for pineapple plants, but soon learned their mistake from one who had been in the tropics before. Viewed from the harbor, Nuevitas looks pretty and picturesque, but once on shore the illusion vanishes. Mud meets you at the threshold and sticks to you like a brother. The streets, for the most part, are nothing more than rain-furrowed lanes, filled with large, projecting stones and gullies of no little depth. Sticky, yellow mud is everywhere, and once acquired is as hard to get rid of as the rheumatism. The houses, in general, are little better than hovels, and the gardens around them are neglected and forlorn. When a spot more attractive than the others is found, Nature is entitled to all the credit. The shops are poor and mean, and not over well supplied with merchandise. The natives, while kindly disposed toward the "Americanos," are, for the most part, unattractive in dress and person. The few public buildings are ugly, and there is not a pleasant street in the town. And yet when seen from the harbor the city looks pretty, mainly on account of its red-tiled houses, grassy hillside slopes, and waving cocoanut palms. The author of the ancient saying that "distance lends enchantment to the view," might well have gathered his inspiration at Nuevitas.

If the inhabitants of Nuevitas have the quality of curiosity, they clearly

did not have it with them at the time of our arrival. Although it is said on good authority, that the city had never before had more than twelve or fifteen visitors at one time, save soldiers or sailors, the natives betrayed no excitement and little interest in the advent of two hundred American civilians. With the exception of a handful of boatmen and a few fruit venders, not a person came to the piers to gaze at the new arrivals, and in the town the people scarcely gave themselves the trouble to look out of their open dwellings and shops at the colonists. This may have been inherent courtesy—for the Cuban is nothing if not courteous—but to us it seemed more like indifference.

It is quite possible that if we had been arrayed in brilliant uniforms, resplendent of gold lace, brass buttons, and all the accompanying trappings, we should have aroused more interest, for the Cuban loves color, pageant, and martial show, but as a matter of fact, nothing could have been plainer and uglier than the dress of most of the colonists. To the superficial observer, there was nothing about the invaders to hold attention, but to me, who had closely studied my companions and fellow-colonists for nearly a week, they were full of interest and inspiration. They were, to be sure, a motley crowd, representing many states and territories, and several grades of social standing, but they were obviously courageous, enterprising, and of good character. In point of intelligence and manifest honesty and energy they averaged high—much higher than one would expect of the pioneers in a project of this sort. They were not reckless and unscrupulous.

pulous adventurers, nor yet rolling stones who sought an indolent life of ease, but serious-minded and industrious home-seekers. They had counted the cost, and resolved to go forward and achieve success, expecting obstacles, but not anticipating defeat. A thoughtful person could not fail to be impressed by the serious and resolute manner in which these voyagers entered upon the work of establishing a new home for them-

sion. The genial and stalwart Gen. Paul Van der Voort of Nebraska, who was commander-in-chief of the national G. A. R. in 1882-'83, had led on a party of over twenty from the West, several of them his own neighbors in Omaha. The others were from different parts of Nebraska, Kansas, and Iowa. General Van der Voort was the assistant manager of the company, and a little later became its president. He went to



Group of Colonists. (March 24, 1900.)

selves in a tropical country. Since the days when the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the bleak shores of New England, I doubt if a better aggregation of men had entered upon an enterprise of this character.

The colonists represented all sections of the country, from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Florida. No less than thirty states sent their delegations, two territories, Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and British Columbia. All came to New York to make up this memorable excur-

Cuba in the double capacity of an officer of the company to take charge of its business there, and a colonist to make La Gloria his permanent residence. Honest, affable, and humorous, a magnetic and convincing speaker, with a sunny nature singularly free from affectation and ardently loyal to his friends, General Van der Voort was a natural leader of men, well fitted to head a colonizing expedition.

General Van der Voort's party, however, formed but a small frac-

tion of the Western representation. Twelve men came from Illinois, six from Michigan, five from Minnesota, four from Wisconsin, four from Indiana, four from Oklahoma—men who were "boomers" in the rush for land in that territory—two from Missouri, two from Washington state, one from Wyoming, one from South Dakota, and one from California. Ohio men, usually so much in evidence, were hard to find, only one man on board acknowledging that he hailed from that state. The South was not so largely represented as the West, but there were two men from Maryland, two from Virginia, two from Georgia, one from Florida, one from West Virginia, and one from Washington, D. C. New York state led the entire list with fifty-one. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts came next with twenty-one each. From New Jersey there were fifteen. Among the New England states, New Hampshire and Connecticut followed Massachusetts, with five each. Rhode Island contributed four, Maine two, and Vermont two. Two of the colonists hailed from British Columbia, one from Prince Edward's Island, and one from Toronto, Canada. The latter, a tall, good-looking Englishman by the name of Rutherford, cheerfully announced himself as "the only Canuck on board."

The colonists represented even more occupations than states. There were four physicians, one clergyman, one lawyer, one editor, one patent office employé, small merchants, clerks, bookkeepers, locomotive engineers, carpenters, and other skilled mechanics, besides many farmers. There were also a number of specialists. The embryo colony included several vet-

erans of the Spanish war, some of whom had been in Cuba before. G. A. R. buttons were surprisingly numerous. The men, generally speaking, appeared to be eminently practical and thoroughly wide awake. They looked able to take hold of a business enterprise and push it through to success, regardless of obstacles. Several of the colonists showed their thrift by taking poultry with them, while an old gentleman from Minnesota had brought along two colonies of Italian honey bees. Another old man explained his presence by jocularly declaring that he was going down to Cuba to search for the footprints of Columbus. Accents representing all sections of the country were harmoniously and curiously mingled, and the spirit of fraternity was marked. The one colored man in the party, an intelligent representative of his race, had as good standing as anybody.

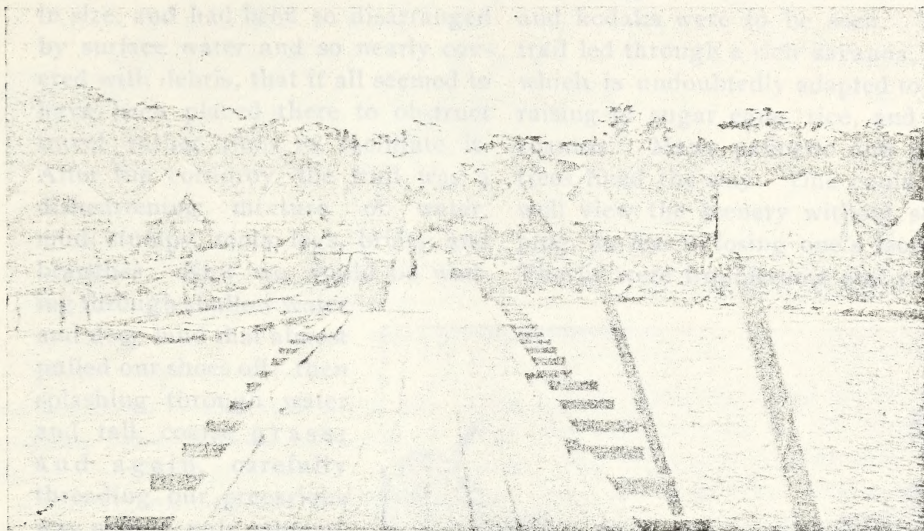
After a stay of two or three days in Nuevitás harbor, the colonists were conveyed to Port La Gloria, along the coast to the westward, in schooners, experiencing mingled delights and discomforts for twenty-four hours. This sail is fully described in Chapter II of the book.

The narrative is here taken up from the arrival at Port La Gloria.

As the fleet of schooners drew near La Gloria port, a row of small tents was discerned close to the shore. Elsewhere there was a heavy growth of bushes to the water's edge—the mangroves and similar vegetation fairly growing out into the sea. Between and around the tents was a wretched slough of sticky, oozy mud nearly a foot deep, with streams of surface water flowing over it in places

into the bay. The colonists were filled with excitement and mingled emotions as they approached the shore, but their hearts sank when they surveyed this discouraging scene. They landed on the rude pier, and after much difficulty suc-

and sand flies were as thick as swarms of bees, and nearly as ferocious; they allowed no one any peace. The company had considerably provided coffee and bread for the landing "immigrants," and something of the sort was certainly



Port La Gloria.

Photograph by V. K. Van De Venter, Jan. 25, 1900.

ceeded in depositing their light baggage in tents reserved for the purpose. Narrow boards laid down to walk on were covered with slippery mud, and some lost their footing and went over headforemost into the slough. One jaunty, well-dressed young man from New Jersey, who had found the trip vastly entertaining up to this point, was so disgusted at suffering a "flop-over" into the mire that he turned immediately back and returned to his home in Atlantic City. And so the sifting process went on among the intending colonists.

The conditions at the port at that time were certainly most unpleasant. Mud and water were on every hand,

needed to fortify them for what was to follow. Lunch over, such of the colonists as had not decided to turn back started for the "city" of La Gloria, four miles inland. We found that the electric cars were not running, that the 'bus line was not in operation, and that we could not take a carriage to the hotel; nor was there a volante, a wagon, a bullock cart, a horse, mule, or pony in evidence. Neither was there a balloon or any other kind of airship. We learned further that a rowboat could be used only a portion of the way. Under the circumstances we decided to walk.

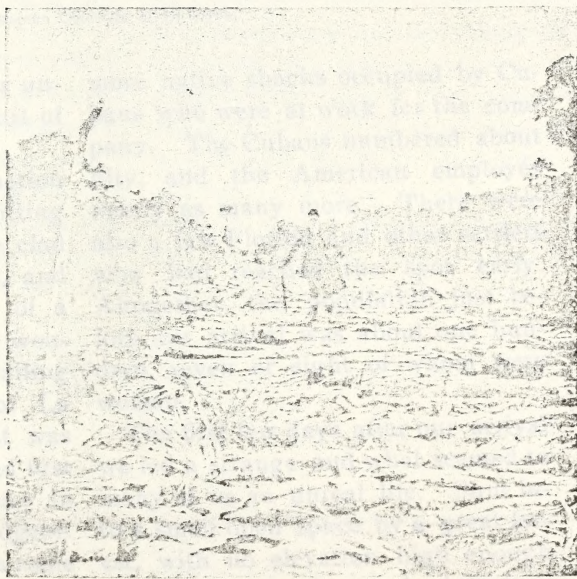
The road, if such it may be called, led through an open savanna, with

occasional belts of timber. There had been heavy rains just before our arrival, and the trail was one of the most wretched ever followed by a human being. For about a quarter of a mile there was an apology for a corduroy road, but the logs composing it were so irregular and uneven in size, and had been so disarranged by surface water and so nearly covered with debris, that it all seemed to have been placed there to obstruct travel rather than to facilitate it. After the corduroy, the trail was a disheartening mixture of water, mud, stumps, roots, logs, briars, and branches. Now we would be wading through shallow water and deep mud that almost pulled our shoes off; then splashing through water and tall, coarse grass; and again, carefully threading our precarious way among ugly stumps, logs, and fallen limbs, in water above our knees. At times the traveler found himself almost afloat in the forest. He was lucky, indeed, if he did not fall down, a misfortune which was little less than a tragedy.

Notwithstanding the bad road, one hundred and sixty stout-hearted colonists set out for La Gloria between 1:30 and 3 o'clock. They straggled along for miles, old men and young men, and even lame men; some with valises, some with bundles, and many with overcoats.

It was hot and hard work, this four-mile walk under a tropical sun, but the men bore it with a good deal

of patience. The scene which presented itself was unique and interesting. All sorts of costumes were worn, including some young fellows in soldiers' uniforms, and there was no little variety in the luggage carried. Some staggered under very heavy loads. Quite a number of cameras and kodaks were to be seen. The trail led through a rich savanna, soil which is undoubtedly adapted to the raising of sugar cane, rice, and coconuts. Many palmetto and palm trees lined the way. One could not well view the scenery without stopping, for fear of losing one's footing. Thorns were troublesome and easily



Author on Road to La Gloria, Jan. 8, 1900.

penetrated the wet shoes of the weary travelers. The colonists all agreed that this road was the freest from dust of any they had ever trod.

At last, after two hours of toil and discomfort, we came in sight of dry land and the camp. We had crossed



The First Women Colonists of La Gloria.

two small creeks and seen a few unoccupied native shacks. No part of the land had been cultivated.

As we approached our destination we passed two buxom women sitting on a huge stump. They were clad in shirt waists, belted trousers, and leggins, and wore broad hats of a masculine type. We silently wondered if this was the prevailing fashion among the women of La Gloria, but soon found that it was not. Even the pair that we had first seen came out a few days later in dainty skirts and feminine headgear. Indeed, we found La Gloria, in some respects, more civilized than we had anticipated.

It was late in the afternoon of Monday, January 8, 1900, that the one hundred and sixty members of the first excursion to establish the first American colony in Cuba, reached the camp which occupied the site of La Gloria city of to-day. We found about a dozen tents, and as many

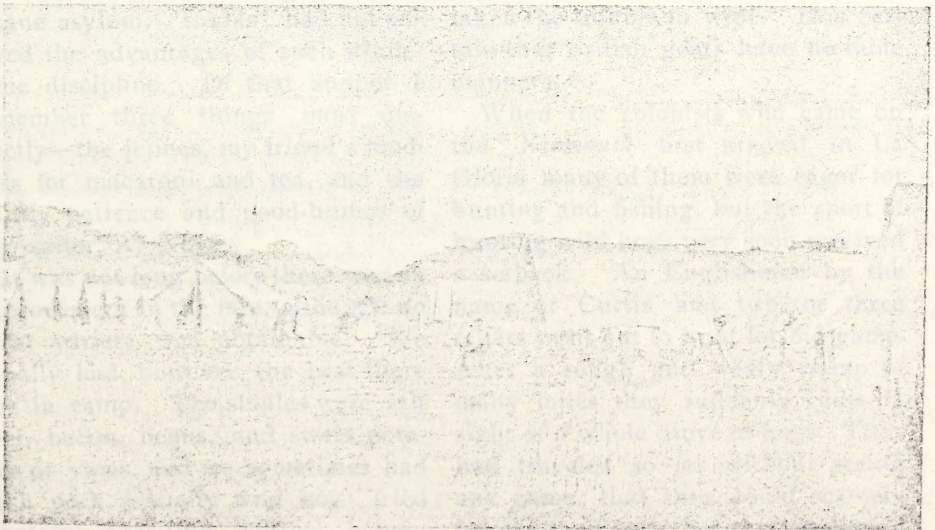
more native shacks occupied by Cubans who were at work for the company. The Cubans numbered about fifty, and the American employes nearly as many more. There were also a few Florida and other settlers who had reached the spot early. Altogether, the population just before our arrival was about one hundred, seven or eight of whom were women.

The first few days after our arrival we led a strange and what seemed to many of us an unreal life. Shut in to a small open space by a great forest, with no elevation high enough for us to see even so much of the outside world as hills, mountains, or the sea, it almost seemed as if we had dropped off of the earth to some unknown planet. Day after day passed without our seeing the horizon, or hearing a locomotive or steamboat whistle. We had no houses, only tents, and there was not a wooden building of any sort within a dozen

miles. At night the camp was dimly lighted by flickering fires and the starry sky, and through the semi-darkness came the hollow, indistinct voices of men discussing the outlook for the future. There were always some who talked the larger part of the night, and others who invariably rose at three o'clock in the morning; this was two hours before light. In the deep forest at night were heard strange sounds, but high above them all, every night and the whole of the night, the harsh, complaining note of a certain bird who seemed to be eternally unreconciled to the departure of day. I think it was a bird, but it may have been the wail of a lost soul.

It was lonesome there in the wilds of Cuba in those early days of the new colony, and doubtless there was some homesickness, but the reader should not gain the impression that the pioneers were downcast and unhappy. On the contrary, they were delighted with the climate and the coun-

try, despite the difficulties encountered in entering it, and the deprivations which had to be put up with. From the first, the colonists, generally speaking, were more than cheerful; they were happy and contented. Buoyant in spirits, eager to explore and acquire information concerning the surrounding country, they enjoyed the pioneer life with the keenest relish. They laughed at the hardships and privations, made friends with each other and with the Cubans, and tramped the woods and trails with reckless disregard of mud and water and thorny underbrush. The men were astonished to find themselves in such excellent health; the more they exposed themselves, the more they seemed to thrive, until nearly every man in the colony was ready to say that he was better physically and mentally than when he left home. It was the same with the women, whose improved health, entire cheerfulness, and evident contentment were a revelation to the ob-



La Gloria, Cuba—Looking North.

Photograph by V. K. Van De Venter, Jan. 23, 1900.

server. There are many women who take as readily to a pioneer life as do the men. This was notably the case in La Gloria.

I shall never forget my first supper in La Gloria. It was at the company's restaurant. We were crowded together on long, movable benches, under a shelter tent. Before us were rough board tables innocent of cloth. The jejines (gnats or sand flies) swarmed about us, disputing our food and drink and even the air we breathed. The food was not served in courses; it came on all at once, and the "all" consisted of cold bread without butter, macaroni, and tea without milk. There were not even toothpicks or glasses of water. Amid the struggling humanity, and regardless of the inhumanity of the jejines (pronounced by the Cubans "haheens"), my gentlemanly friend from Medfield, Mass., sat at my right and calmly ate his supper with evident relish. He was fond of macaroni and tea. Alas! I was not. At home he had been an employé in an insane asylum. I, alas! had not enjoyed the advantages of such wholesome discipline. Of that supper I remember three things most distinctly—the jejines, my friend's fondness for macaroni and tea, and the saintly patience and good-humor of our waiter, Al Noyes.

It was not long before there was an improvement in the fare, although no great variety was obtainable. We usually had, however, the best there was in camp. The staples were salt beef, bacon, beans, and sweet potatoes or yams, and we sometimes had fresh pork (usually wild hog), fried plantains and thin, bottled honey. We often had oatmeal or corn meal

mush, and occasionally we rejoiced in a cook whose culinary talent comprehended the ability to make fritters. The bread was apt to be good, and we had Cuban coffee three times a day. We had no butter, and only condensed milk. It was considerably later, when I ate at the chief engineer's table, that we feasted on flamingo and increased our muscular development by struggling with old goat. If it had been Chattey's goat, no one would have complained, but unfortunately it was not. Chattey was our cook, and he kept several goats, one of which had a pernicious habit of hanging around the dining tent. One day, just before dinner, he was discovered sitting on a pie in the middle of the table, greedily eating soup out of a large dish. Chattey's goat was a British goat, and had no respect for the Constitution of the United States or the table etiquette which obtained in the first American colony in Cuba. The soup was dripping from Billy's whiskers, which he had not even taken the trouble to wipe. It is certain that British goats have no table manners.

When the colonists who came on the *Yarmouth* first arrived in La Gloria many of them were eager for hunting and fishing, but the sport of hunting wild hogs very soon received a setback. An Englishman by the name of Curtis and two or three others went out to hunt for big game. After a rough and weary tramp of many miles they suddenly came in sight of a whole drove of hogs. They had traveled so far without seeing any game, that they could scarcely believe their eyes, but they recovered themselves and blazed away. The

result was that they trudged into camp some hours later triumphantly shouldering the carcasses of three young pigs. The triumph of the hunters was short-lived, however. The next morning an indignant Cuban rode into camp with fire in his eye and a keen edge on his machete. He was in search of the "Americanos" who shot his pigs. He soon found them and could not be mollified until he was paid eight

How much longer the Cuban would have continued to bring in dead pigs had he not been made to understand that he would get no more money, cannot be stated. To this day, Curtis and his friends do not know whether they actually killed all those pigs. What they are sure of is that there is small difference in the appearance of wild hogs and those which the Cubans domesticate. And this is why the hunting of wild hogs



Interior Gen. Van Der Voort's House. (April, 1900.)

dollars in good American money. The next day the same Cuban rode into camp with a dead pig on his horse in front of him. This was larger than the others, and the man wanted seventeen dollars for it. Curtis *et al.*, did not know whether they shot the animal or not, but they paid the "hombre" twelve dollars. The following day the Cuban again appeared bringing another deceased porker. This was a full grown hog, and its owner fixed its value at twenty dollars. Again he got his money, and the carcass as well.

became an unpopular sport in La Gloria. •

I was deeply impressed by the courage and self-reliance of the colonists. From the start they showed a splendid ability to take care of themselves. One day early in February a white-bearded old fellow past seventy years of age, with blue overalls on and a hoe over his shoulder, appeared at the door of General Van der Voort's tent.

"General," he said, "if a man owns a lot, has anybody else a right to come on to it and pick fruit of any kind?"

"Not if the owner has a revolver and bowie knife," laughingly replied Van der Voort.

"Well," said the man, "I just thought I'd ask ye. A couple o' fellers (Cubans) came on to my lot to-day while I was at work there and began to pick some o' these 'ere guavas. I told 'em to git out, but they didn't go. Then I went for 'em with this hoe. One of 'em drewed his machete, but I didn't care for that. I knew I could reach him with my hoe before he could reach me with his knife. They went off."

General Van der Voort laughed heartily, and evidently was satisfied that the man with the hoe was able to protect himself without the aid of the La Gloria police force.

The old man's name, as I afterwards learned, was Joseph B. Withee. Some of the colonists who had become intimately acquainted with him familiarly called him "grandpa," although he was not the oldest man in the colony. His age was seventy-one years, and he hailed from the state of Maine. None of his family or friends had come to Cuba with him, but he had grown children living in the Pine Tree state. Alone and single-handed he began his pioneer life in La Gloria, but he was not daunted by obstacles or fearful of the future. On the contrary, he was most sanguine. He worked regularly every day clearing and planting his plantation, and was one of the first of the colonists to take up his residence on his own land. He soon had vegetables growing, and had set out strawberry and pineapple plants, besides a number of banana, orange, and lemon trees. It was his boast that he had the best

spring of water in the colony, and it certainly was a very good one. Mr. Withee declared that his health was much improved since coming to Cuba, and he felt ten or fifteen years younger. Everybody in the colony could bear witness that he was remarkably active and industrious. Once his relatives in Maine, not hearing from him, became alarmed, and wrote to the company asking if he were alive and in La Gloria. I went down to his plantation with the letter, and asked him if he was alive. He thought he was, and suspended work long enough to sniff at the idea that he was not able to take care of himself.

Mr. Withee was wont to admit that before he came to Cuba he had a weak back, but the only weakness we were ever able to detect in him was an infirmity of temper which foreboded pugnacious action. Most assuredly he had plenty of backbone, and his persistent pugnacity was highly amusing. He was always wanting to "lick" somebody, and I know not what my fate will be if we ever meet after he reads these lines, although we were excellent friends in La Gloria. I can imagine that my friend Withee was brought up in one of those country school "deestriacts" where every boy had to fight his way step by step to the respect of his associates, and where it was the custom for the big scholars to attempt each winter to thrash the teacher and throw him into a snowdrift. If so, I will warrant that Withee was held in high respect.

Withee had a great idea of standing up for his rights, and for a long time he was on the war-path, as he confided to me, in pursuit of a sur-

veyor who had cut down a small palm tree on his plantation. He didn't know which individual of the survey corps it was who perpetrated the "outrage," but if the old man found out, one of Chief Kelly's men was in for a good licking. Of course, the surveyor was entirely innocent of any intent to injure the property of Mr. Withee or anybody else, and cut the tree while running a survey line. It was some months after this, in September, that the spirit of Withee's Revolutionary sires joined issue with his fierce indignation, and produced fatal results—fatal to several chickens that invaded his premises. A neighboring colonist, who lived on the other side of the avenue, kept a large number of hens, and allowed them free range. They developed a fondness for wandering across the road, and feeding in Withee's well-stocked garden. They didn't know Withee. The old man sputtered vehemently, and remonstrated with the owner—but the chickens continued to come. Finally, Withee went to a friendly colonist and borrowed his gun. Soon after his return home, one of the detested hens wandered nonchalantly across the dead line, and presently was minus a head. Another essayed the same feat, with the result that there were two headless chickens in La Gloria. Withee's aim was as good as when he used to shoot chip-

munks in the Maine woods. The owner of the hens heard the reports of the gun, and came over. He was told to go home and pen up his poultry. Taking the two dead chicks, he went to the Rural Guards and entered a complaint. While he was gone, Withee reduced the poultry population of La Gloria by one more. The owner of the hens returned, accompanied by Rural Guards, several prominent Cubans, and a few colonists. They had come to take the gun away from Withee. The old man stood the whole crowd off and told them to keep their feet clear of his place. They obeyed the order, but told him he must kill no more chickens under penalty of arrest. He told them to keep the chickens off his premises under penalty of their being killed. The old man was left the master of the situation, and the hens were restricted to a pen.

The end of the first year found the colonists in good health and spirits, and increasing in numbers. Improvements, though slow, are steadily going on. Much clearing and planting of pineapples, fruit trees, vegetables, etc., have been done, and the town is being built up with stores and dwelling houses. The neighboring country is also being settled by Americans. Altogether, the indications are that the La Gloria colony will prove permanent and successful.

SNOWFLAKES.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

Oh, crystal snowflakes falling here below,
Which the cold breath of Winter downward flings,
What are they? Ah, perhaps this child will know,
She calls them feathers from the angels' wings.

33.

BYGONES—SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF NORTHFIELD.¹

By Lucy R. H. Cross.



HE story of border and pioneer life is always an interesting, but not always a pleasant, one.

Variety it may have, and every day adventure, comedy, and tragedy, perhaps, though it might

Give you no pleasure
Or add to your treasure
Could I weave it into a song.

Will Carlton says:

"It isn't the funniest thing a man can do,
Existing in a country when 'tis new.
Nature, who moved in first a good long while
Has things already somewhat her own style,
She don't want things exposed from porch to
closet
And so she kind-o-nags the one who does it.
She loves her ague muscle to display
And shake him up most every other day.
She finds time 'mong her other family cares
To keep in stock good wildcats, wolves, and
bears,
And those who've wrestled with his bloody
art
Say, 'Nature always takes the Indian's
part.'"

Canterbury, which means Northfield as well, was for a long time the extreme border town. It was granted to Richard Waldron and others in 1727, and was incorporated in 1741. The Scotch Irish from Londonderry took possession of the Merrimack River Intervale in 1721. An old house near the site of the "Muchido" was used as a fort, and must have seen many sieges, for when it was torn down, bullets were found embedded in the oaken walls, and others

between the walls and wainscot. There was also a fort farther back on the hill, commanded by Capt. Jeremiah Clough, which was also a depot for provisions and a rendezvous for provincial troops during Lovewell's and the French and Indian wars, and a strong guard was always kept there. Not only did the garrison have to contend with wild beasts, and the more cruel Indian, but there was a bitter jealousy between them and the Rumford colony just below them.

Canterbury was a New Hampshire settlement, incorporated by the New Hampshire government, and settled by New Hampshire people, while Rumford was settled by Massachusetts people, and incorporated by the "Great and General Court," and the people looked to it for help and protection. They were angry that Canterbury was supplied with provisions and a competent force of troops, and this feeling did not entirely die out, until the brave soldiers of the two settlements had fought side by side in the many fast-following wars.

Capt. Jeremiah Clough, who was later well known in Revolutionary history, was here furnished with scouts, who roamed the wooded acres of Northfield long before a settler dared choose a home away from under the shelter of the fort. Many of the muster rolls of Captain Clough are

¹ Read before the Northfield and Tilton Woman's Club, Nov. 17, 1900.

still in existence. In the spring of 1743 he had twenty men for thirty-nine days. March 8 the house of representatives voted to pay him £16, 12s., 10d.

The next November he had six, and in April and May, 1744, seven men. June 2, 1746, the house voted to pay him £18 for "ye defense of the government." In anticipation of the Indian War in 1746 the garrison was strengthened and he had eleven scouts.

Captain Clough went along the Winnipiseogee river as far as the "great pond," with a force of nineteen men. He used to furnish the bread but their meat was supplied by the game in the forests through which they passed. It was through and through these forests bordering the Merrimack and Winnipiseogee rivers, on whose banks large numbers of Indians built their wigwams and on whose waters they paddled their canoes, that the scouts passed, and from their ranks came the first settlers of the "north fields" of Canterbury, at the close of the Indian War.

It is thought that Jonathan Heath built his hut on the Merrimack interval two years before Benjamin Blanchard brought his family to Bay Hill in 1760. He was then forty-one years old, and his father was killed at the fort, twenty-two years before. From this time to 1776 those about the fort moved to the north and established homes along the river. Among others John Forrest came to the Leighton place, near Franklin Falls, in 1774. He had nine children. His son William cleared a few acres near the center of the north fields, put it into grain and the next year went to Bunker Hill.

He returned sick and wounded and resumed his life-work, farming. He planted his corn himself sixty years in succession and was absent but once from the annual town-meeting. He died at eighty-seven, leaving fourteen children and forty-one grandchildren. He was a firm Democrat, as were all his sons and grandsons. He drew a pension for many years. His brother James went nearer the river to the east. His descendants have through the successive generations been celebrated school teachers and prominent business men of the town. This is the only one of the twelve families of Forrests whose descendants still remain in town, while of the twelve families of Rogers not one is left.

Mr. Shubeal Dearborn purchased his farm, according to the deed, in 1779. He was married in homespun at twenty-six, and began housekeeping without a bed or crockery, in a house with but one pane of glass. Frugality and industry in time made him the possessor of a good house, well furnished, and the fine farm until lately in the possession of his great-grandson, the late John S. Dearborn. He was obliged to haul his building material from Portsmouth with an ox team. It is said a cradle, for the numerous children who came to gladden the home, was hollowed out of a log, and had done duty as a sap trough, before the rockers were attached to it.

There have been twenty-four families of Dearborns in town, and it seems to have been a family of physicians, as twelve have taken medical degrees, and several of them have been noted practitioners.

Twenty-six physicians claim Northfield as their birthplace, and fourteen

others have practised here for longer or shorter periods. Dr. Nancy Gilman was the first woman in the state to study and practice medicine. Dr. Richard S. Moloney, after leaving Northfield, succeeded Hon. John Wentworth as the U. S. Senator from Illinois at the age of thirty-nine. He died in Nebraska in 1891.

The following named persons from the "north fields" served in the Revolutionary War and were at Bunker Hill:

Lieut. Jno. Gilman, 1st Lieut. Charles Glidden, Shubeal Dearborn, Nathaniel Dearborn, George Hancock, Jos. Hancock, John Cross, Reuben Kezar, Nathaniel Perkins, Jr., ¹Joseph Glines, Abner Miles, Jonathan Wadleigh, John Dearborn, David Kenison, Richard Blanchard, William Hancock, Parker Cross, ¹Nathaniel Perkins, William Rines, William Forrest.

The following persons served elsewhere in the Revolutionary War:

Lieut. Thomas Lyford, ²Phineas Fletcher, Jonathan Leavitt, Benjamin Collins, Benjamin Glines, Thomas Cross, Isaiah Willey, Robert Perkins, David Morgan, ³Benjamin Drew, Wadleigh Leavitt, Edward Dyer, John Rowen, Robert Foss, John Willey, Mathew Haines, William Glines, Moses Cross.

The following persons who had served in the Revolutionary War had their residence later in the town (in 1854):

Capt. James Shephard, Ensign Abraham Brown, Ord. Sergt. Samuel T. Gilman, Mathew N. Sanborn, Samuel Haines, Morrill Shephard, John Shephard, Samuel Dalton, Joseph Mann, Surgeon George Kezer, Levi Morrill, David Clough, Perkins Pike, Jonathan Gilman, Jonathan Ayers, Edward Fifield, Jotham Sawyer, John Rollins, John Sutton, Elias Abbott, Abner Flanders, Samuel Dinsmore, John Dinsmore, Isaac Richardson, Jacob Richardson, Joseph Ellison, Caleb Aldrich, Jonathan Wadleigh, Moses Danforth, Henry Danforth, Jedediah Dan-

forth, Stephen Haines, Samuel Goodwin, Jesse Carr, Joseph Clisby, Samuel Rogers, James Muchmore, William Danford, Samuel Rogers, Robert Forrest, Henry Tibbets.

This list comprises one captain, three lieutenants, one adjutant, three orderly, and several other sergeants.

John Dinsmore was one of General Washington's body guard. He drew \$96 a year pension. He died in 1846, aged ninety-four. He was a fierce Democrat and became so enraged at his brother for once selling his vote for a new pair of pantaloons that he had nothing to do with him thereafter.

Elias Abbott was in Bedel's Regiment, Captain Osgood's Company, list of Rangers sent to Canada to fight Indians in 1776, and was placed on the pension roll, Dec. 15, 1830. He drew \$96 a year.

Moses Cross was with Capt. James Shephard, Continental Line, Northern Army, and drew a pension from July 21, 1836.

Joseph Clisby drew \$70 a year. John Dinsmore first drew \$70, then \$96, from June 16, 1819. Samuel Dinsmore drew \$96 a year.

Samuel Goodwin was with Colonel Wingate, Captain Calef, and later Captain Salter, in the artillery at Fort Washington; later with Capt. David Place at Seavey's Island, Nov. 5, as matross man. He was later with Colonel Wingate and Capt. James Arnold at Ticonderoga.

Caleb Aldrich, under Colonel Reed, Captain Hinds, went to New York. He was pensioned Dec. 6, 1832, at \$80 per year.

Lieut. Charles Glidden was in the French and Indian War, and was at the taking of Quebec by General

¹ Died at Bunker Hill.

² Died at Yorktown.

³ Died in army camp.

Wolfe in 1759, and at the taking of Montreal by General Amherst in 1760, and afterward an officer in the Revolutionary War. His commission was signed by General Washington, and is still preserved by his descendants. He was later a prominent citizen of Northfield and was the delegate of the town to the convention at Exeter when the Federal Constitution was adopted in 1788. His neighbor, the grandfather of Wesley Knowles (?) was taken prisoner at the surrender of Fort William Henry, and still another neighbor was in Stark's Company of Rangers.

William and Francis Kenniston were in Capt. John Moore's Company of Rangers from April 24 to July 16, 1756.

Captain Pevey also took a company to join the Rangers, among whom we find the names of Edward Presby, Nathaniel Keniston, and Benjamin Rogers. They were to serve from May 1 to Nov. 26, 1756. These were sent to reinforce General Stark who was with the Rogers Rangers.

The following soldiers of the War of 1812 were under Colonel Steele in Capt. Ed. Fuller's Company, and were mustered in Sept. 28, 1814, for sixty days:

Benj. Rollins, John Marden, Samuel Carr, Jr., Benjamin Morrill, Ephraim Cross, Milton Giles, James Otis, and David Keniston, Jr.

The latter was always called "Infant David," either because he belonged to the Infantry, or because of his immense size and height.

Jonathan Gile and a friend, whose name has been lost, were transferred from this company to the Fourth United States Regiment, Western Brigade, ordered to Vincennes and were

at the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was drowned. His friend returned with his personal effects and dying message.

Before taking leave of the military history of the town I wish to put on record the following, though it may not be in chronological order:

The following named men were mustered into the United States service from New Hampshire in the "War of the Rebellion" under call of July 2, 1862, and subsequent calls and assigned to the quota of Northfield, or went prior to the date given, or were natives of Northfield who enlisted elsewhere:

First Regiment—Abe Libby.

Second Regiment—Edmund Sanders.

Third Regiment—Peter Hilton, James Lynch.

Fourth Regiment—Benjamin Hannaford, Israel Hall, Richard Dearborn, James Tilton, Winthrop Presby, James Danforth, Aaron Veasey, Curtis Whittier, William Parsons, Abram Dearborn, John Collins, Corp. Charles Cofran, George W. Clark, Thomas Benton Clark.

Sixth Regiment—James Martin, Thomas King, John Johnson, Charles Marsh, Josiah Robbins, Charles Dinsmore, Joseph Dinsmore.

Seventh Regiment—Frank Edson.

Eighth Regiment—Gideon Coty, Corp. Charles Arlin, George Whitcher.

Ninth Regiment—Thomas Austin, Wallace Chase, Lucien Chase, Thomas Gile, Jr., Van Peabody, Walter F. Glines, Alonzo Hoyt, Charles H. Davis, Charles W. Tilton, William H. Roberts, Joseph Bennet.

Eleventh Regiment—John W. Downes.

Twelfth Regiment—Calvin W. Beck, John Dalton, Asa Witham, Ira Whitcher, George Niles, Frank Braley, Cornelius Braley, James Farley, John Keniston, George Roberts, Charles Woodward, Benjamin Clark, Byron K. Morrison, Bill Harriot, Fred Keniston, Hiram Hodgdon, sutler.

Fifteenth Regiment—Jeremiah Hall, M. D. surgeon, Albert McDaniel, Thomas G. Ames.

Sixteenth Regiment—Ervin Hurd, Rufus H. Tilton, John W. Piper.

Eighteenth Regiment—Albert Brown, Arthur Merrill, John W. Piper.

Veterans' Relief Corps—Samuel C. Field.

First Cavalry—Charles Smart, William Craigue, Asa Dart, Lucien Knowles, George Stark, Peter Casey, George Keyes, James Be Gold, John Morrow, George Smith.

Heavy Artillery—Hiram H. Cross, Albert McDaniel, Albert Titcomb, Joseph Mills Simonds, John Dinsmore.

United States Navy—Stephen Kenney, Clarence H. Abbott.

Marines—John Lyons, John Kelley, Joseph Sweeney, Joseph Perry, James McVay.

First Massachusetts Cavalry—William C. Whittier, credited to Tilton.

First United States Artillery—Abe Libby (reënlisted), James Morrison, Charles Stevens.

One Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry—Capt. William A. Gile, credited to Franklin.

Veteran Battalion—Charles Arlin (reënlisted).

Eighth Illinois Cavalry—George R. Clough, credited to Evanston, Ill.

Regular Army (under Gen. Joe Hooker)—Charles W. Clough, credited to New Boston, N. H., retired for moon blindness.

Rev. John Chamberlain was sent out by Governor Berry to look after the sick and wounded New Hampshire boys, anywhere and everywhere, and was pensioned by special act of Congress.

So let us be proud that Northfield has ever done her duty according to her strength in helping to maintain one of the grandest governments in the world. Go past our cemeteries on Memorial Day and you will see the fluttering of the little flags that show how freely her blood was shed not only for the dear old "Stars and Stripes," but for the banners our forefathers bore.

In June, 1780, Northfield was set off from Canterbury and incorporated as a parish. Mr. Nathaniel Whitcher was the prime mover. The Merrimack and Winnipiseogee rivers formed its entire western and northern boundaries. It contained 17,000 acres and

was in Rockingham county until 1823.

A portion of Northfield was combined with other territory, to form the town of Franklin, Dec. 24, 1828. But the same territory was re-annexed to Northfield, July 3, 1830, and again restored to Franklin, June 26, 1858. A part of two farms were severed and annexed to Franklin, June 27, 1861.

The first meeting the town held Nov. 21, 1780, was at the house of John Simonds. The first tax was sixty bushels of corn.

Six thousand dollars was voted for highways, allowing forty dollars for a day's work. This item is presumably a mistake, unless we may learn from it the value of continental money at that time.

The third town-meeting held May, 1787, must have been a very important one. The record shows three items of business:

Voted after choosing the moderator—

1st. To take the Buzzil family into the care of the town.

2nd. To drink two bowls at the town caust.

3d. Voted in addition to the above vote To drink six more on the town caust.

Loudon was also a part of Canterbury, set off in 1773. So, whenever we speak of dear old Mother Northfield let us not forget to think kindly of Aunt Loudon and Grandmother Canterbury.

As I have before said the first settlers were from Canterbury fort. Nathaniel Whitcher soon came from Lee and purchased 500 acres of wild land and established his four sons near and around Chestnut pond. Mr. Wesley Knowles's grandfather bought

his farm of Mr. Whitcher, it is said, for a two-year-old heifer.

Mr. Jonathan Clough came from Salisbury, Mass., with four children, in midwinter on an ox sled, with all their worldly possessions. The two sons took opposite farms on Bay Hill, which are still held in the family.

Jonathan Wadleigh, a Revolutionary soldier, came from Kingston to Bean Hill, moving later to the farm next below the reservoir. His son, Peter Wadleigh, one of the leading men of the town, was a judge of the court of sessions when Merrimack county was organized in 1823.

Four Hill brothers came from Salisbury, Mass., and bought farms on and near Bay Hill. They were coopers and were attracted by the oak timber. The Cofrans came from Pembroke, the Winslows from London, and the Browns from Nottingham.

A large family of Giles came from Exeter and purchased a large tract of land, some 414 acres, southwest of the centre of the town, where the family removed.

The Gerrishes came from Bristol, England, to Newbury, Mass., then to Boston, and Henry was one of the first settlers of Boscawen.

The Gliddens from Maine, and the Smiths from Old Hampton.

Henry Tibbetts came from the Shakers, where he had brought his family a short time before. His son, Bradbury, tiring of Shaker life ran away and took a farm in East Northfield, where his father and family came a little later. Here they both lived and died. The father had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He had a fellow soldier named Sinclair, with whom he was intimate as

they fought side by side. The latter had left a young wife in his distant home and when he fell, mortally wounded, made his friend promise if he lived to return to carry the news of his death himself to her. He complied faithfully with the wish of his friend and in due time wooed and won her for his bride. There were born to them two daughters and seven sons, three of whom, Hiram, Nathan, and Charles were physicians, and spent most of their lives in Louisiana. Charles was a surgeon in the army during the Civil War.

Capt. Isaac Glines was born in Canterbury. His mother was a daughter of the first settler, Blanchard. He learned the carpenter's trade at Salem, Mass., and used to take men and materials and return home summers and erect first-class houses. He was captain of the "Home Guards" at Salem, and after his return to live at Northfield was captain in the State Militia.

Robert Gray and "Squire" John Moloney first came to Northfield as his help. The latter became sheriff and did an extensive business in the surrounding counties. After his death his numerous family moved West. Some are now living in Chicago.

Thomas Chase came from Concord to the Cross settlement. He was by trade a baker, but his father-in-law on his marriage bestowed many broad and fruitful acres on his bride as her marriage portion. He abandoned his chosen calling and became a thrifty farmer, adding from time to time, to his extensive farm until he became possessed of some five or six hundred acres.

Dr. Alexander Thompson Clark

came from Londonderry and read medicine with Dr. Lerner of Hopkinton.

In 1802 he came to Northfield after one or two years' practice in Canada. He was Fellow of New Hampshire Medical Society and died suddenly in 1821, leaving six children.

Stephen Chace came to Northfield in 1775 and built the first fulling mill in the parts where the Granite mill now stands. He lived in the house still standing at the entrance of Bay street, where he kept tavern. He owned all the land east and south of his mill for a considerable distance. He surrendered his business to his son, Benjamin, who put in a carding machine and continued it until sold to Jeremiah Tilton, who paid \$400 for the mill and four acres of land in 1820. He lived in a tenement over the mill until his new brick house near by was built. He was twice burned out and each time enlarged his plant, doing a prosperous business until his death in 1863.

Oak Hill was for many years called Foss Hill. Two brothers of the name owned all the land between the Pond Brook (now Phillips Brook) and the Canterbury line. There was a large family of Kenistons, one of Kenisons, and one of Kennersons, no relationship being claimed.

The following is copied from an ancient book called "Miscellaneous Documents and Records relating to New Hampshire at different periods:"

Northfield Apr. the 11th ye : : 1786

This is to sartify a greeable to an Act Past the 3: ye: : 1786 a trew a Count of all the Males poles is 75 and the number of women and children is 274.

75
274

William Perkins, } Select-
William Forrest, } men.
Thomas Cross, }

I would like, if time permitted, to speak of many more of the noble men and women who came from time to time to make Northfield their home; who erected its churches, founded its schools, and gave their time and energies to the various industries of its every-day life; but I am now obliged to take leave of legitimate history, and without regard to chronology take an incident here and there, and acting the part of the oldest inhabitant bring to you in hurried detail a few disconnected stories, showing the ambitions and doings of the past.

There seems to have been something akin to rivalry even in those good old times. When Mr. Gilman built his barn, the first one in town, his next door neighbor built one twenty-five feet longer.

"Squire" Glidden, seeing no reason why he should not have as big a barn as any one, built one the next year longer by twenty-five feet and larger. Dr. Clark built a fine *two*-story house, and Squire Moloney built a finer one, close by, *three* stories high. The great September gale unroofed this house and when it was repaired one story was taken off.

Squire Moloney and Squire Glidden were always candidates for political honors, and were buying votes the whole year round. Some of Moloney's purchased votes went one year to elect Mr. Glidden, so the former charged the latter, for a whole barrel of rum, as the price of the votes he had stolen.

Ezekial Moore used to carry the mail on horseback from Concord, through Canterbury, over Bay Hill, as far as Gilmanton Corner. So you

see "Rural Delivery" is no new thing. He began in 1798, and gave his business to his neighbor, Tallant, in 1812—fourteen years.

The first manufacturing within the limits of the town was by four Cross brothers on a brook bearing their name, now called Phillips Brook, entering the Merrimack opposite the Webster place, where the Plummer brothers now reside. Here, close to Oak Hill, they established a grocery store, tailor's shop, carding machine, and fulling mill, sawmill, cooper's shop, grist-mill, and a jewelry manufacturing shop, making a specialty of gold beads. Other business gathered around then, such as shoeing shops for man and beast, and a shop where earthen and wooden ware was made. Their freighting was all done by boats on the Merrimack, and a ferry connected them with Boscawen.

Some of this business went later to the Centre, after the building of the Old Meeting House. Of the four sawmills, three tanneries, and four cooper's shops, once doing good business in town, not one remains.

The earliest schools were often kept in private houses. The first houses were all of the same general style, made of logs, with a rock chimney at one end, where, in winter, a roaring fire was kept, with unseasoned, uncleft wood. There were two holes on either side of the walls, each furnished with a single pane of glass. There was one on Bay Hill, one at the Centre, and Hodgdon, and perhaps one at Oak Hill, and only male teachers were employed.

Master Gleason at the Centre, had from sixty to eighty pupils. He boarded round and John Forrest was charged with the duty of carrying him a bottle of cider each day. Once by mistake or purposely the bottle was filled from the vinegar barrel. At the usual time, after the wear and tear of the morning hours, the master repaired to the closet, where the cider was wont to be kept, and dispensed with a good stout drink before he discovered his mistake. Speechless with rage and vinegar he could only shake his fist in the face of the boy, at the same time giving such power of expression to his face as would have been highly applauded on the stage. John was promised a good flogging and the master wore a sour look the rest of the day.

Dudley Leavitt, the astronomer and almanac maker, used to teach at the Hodgdon, and board with his sister on Bean Hill, always going on foot. Masters Thorn, Bowles, and Sutton were the most ancient teachers, most of whom excelled in arithmetic. It is said that Master Thorn, being cornered by Moses Batchelder on a sum, went to Master Abram Simonds, one of the best learned men of the town, who refused to assist him, but that he sat down with Benjamin Winslow, who could not cipher but who did it in his head, while the teacher wrote it down in figures.

Sally Thornton was the first female teacher. She used also to preach.

It was a long established custom for the big boys to sell the ashes and buy rum for the last day of school. Good Mother Winslow being present, once, when forestick, backlog, and all came

rolling out on the hearth and nearly suffocated them all before they could be righted, spoke right out, and said, "It were better to sell the ashes for shovel and tongs than to buy rum for the scholars." She was silenced at once by a voter present, who said, "Let 'um have their rum—let 'um have it. It'll do them as much good as salt does sheep once in a while." And so the ashes did not go for shovel and tongs.

I should not wish to say that Northfield people were worse than others in using spirituous liquor, but the first traders all kept it, and Saturday nights, men, boys, and all were in the habit of going with their jugs for a large or small quantity of it. No public gathering was in order without it. Mr. Jeremiah Kimball, who traded at the Centre many years, used to say, "He had sold rum enough there to fill the whole valley, so that a vessel could float above the treetops, straight from Sanbornton Bridge to the Canterbury line."

Let it be said to the credit of the good people, however, that right there the temperance reform began in this wise. There was to be a quarterly meeting at the Old Meeting House, and Squire Samuel Forrest, who often went with his team to Portsmouth for supplies for the merchants and others, was charged with the duty of delivering a barrel of New England rum in season for the anticipated gathering. No reason was given for the delay, but the good cheer did not arrive until time for the afternoon service. The meeting was postponed, and the barrel tapped without being unloaded from the wagon, and all drank their

fill. Elder Mahew Clark was to preach the afternoon sermon. As he ascended the long stairs to the little pulpit beneath the sounding board, he looked down on the elders and people half asleep from the effects of their libations.

He took for his text, "Woe to drunkards of Ephraim." Nothing like that sermon was ever heard before, either in manner, matter, or effect.

Rum began at once to be excluded from religious gatherings, funerals, and weddings, and Mr. Forrest is said then to have declared that he would never haul another drop of rum from Portsmouth or elsewhere. Rev. Liba Conant, who long preached there used to relate that he once attended an ordination at Loudon, where liquor was furnished and a fife and drum were used to call the people to the afternoon service.

Mr. Moses Winslow says that while the town was hesitating over the building and location of the Old Meeting House, Mr. Peter Wadleigh and others began one on the plain, just above Kendegeda brook, but it was burned, perhaps purposely. There is no record of it.

The Old Meeting House was built by the town and money appropriated for some years to pay for preaching, and a committee chosen to see to the supply at each annual town-meeting.

The first bridge over the Winnipisegee river was a few rods east of the present structure, by the Firth mill, and was made of birch logs in 1763. The town voted \$300 "old tenner," to help build it, and it was used for

horses as well as pedestrians. It was over this bridge that Mr. Runnels says the Burleys passed on their way to their new home in Sanbornton. Let us imagine we are in sight. First comes Mrs. Burley on horseback, with the two youngest children in her arms. Behind her was a bag containing a bushel and a half of meal. In a bed tick, thrown over the horse, was the barnyard poultry. There were holes cut in the lower portions, on either side, for breathing places for the birds, out of which their heads protruded. Mr. Burley followed on foot, with the two older boys and two cows.

A better bridge was built with the assistance of Canterbury, in 1784, which was carried away by an ice freshet in 1824. Another took its place at once. This one fell in 1839, with a six-horse stage full of passengers on it. None of them lost their lives, but several were thrown into the water and otherwise injured, and later recovered damages of the town. But one of the horses was rescued.

There was also a bridge over the river, close by the Holmes, now the "Tilton mills," built by subscription. Squire Nathaniel Holmes was the prime mover. Mr. John Dearborn, father of Joseph P., furnished the lumber and much of the labor. Mr. Holmes wished to use a house standing over the river as a boarding house. He purchased the Philip Clough farm of which this house was the center, embracing the land where the first seminary stood, and as far south as the fair grounds. To improve its value, he laid out a three-rod road, across the farm to the Colony road, buying a strip of land of Mr. Cate. This road, past Mr. Holmes's house,

by the mill, over the bridge, and as far south as the Colony road, was on his own land and was never a highway until Park street was laid out, in 1857, and extended across the plain to the Kendegeda bridge.

An old sawmill stood at the east end of this bridge, which was built in old Colonial times, no one knows when. It was purchased by the railroad and in course of time demolished. The bridge, too, was not a very substantial structure. One end fell into the river, and the other was pulled down.

The route of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, as first surveyed, in 1844, after crossing the brook on the plains, bore to the east, crossing the fields back of Jason Foss's buildings and B. F. Cofran's, along the side of the hill to a point a little above the "Granite Mills," where the depots were to be located. The village people were not thus to be left out, and raised such a clamor that the present course was granted, thus adding two long cuts and two bridges to the cost of construction.

The road was opened to Sanbornton Bridge, May 22, 1848, with great rejoicing. All day the citizens of Northfield and Sanbornton Bridge were transported to Concord and back free of charge.

Mr. Hunt, in his Centennial address, tells of a Mrs. Colby who used to warp her webs on the apple trees; also of the many women and children who used to braid hats and pick berries, sometimes for the entire support of large families, but Mrs. John Simonds without doubt excelled

them all. Her son, Thomas, used to tell of a fine suit of clothes she wove and made for him, using only bear's hair and thistledown, and that they passed for broadcloth when he wore them up to Danville Green to muster.

It was quite the custom for the female teachers, even if they had fifty or sixty scholars and boarded round, to spin and weave a web of cloth each term in some friendly home in the neighborhood.

Mr. Dockham, who had charge of erecting the first seminary building, told me that it was begun without any plans or estimates. They were to erect a house seventy feet long, forty wide, and two stories in height.

Those of you who remember the location of the "United Panoplian" reading-room, and the primary school-room will not wonder at their unsuitable location. Warren Hill made the bricks for it from the clay bank, back of the Granite mills, Colonel Cofran burned them, and Isaac Bodwell laid the walls.

¹In December, 1835, Rev. Geo. Storrs attempted to deliver an antislavery lecture in the Methodist church, now the town house, but was dragged from his knees while in prayer, preliminary to his address, by a deputy sheriff on a warrant charging him with being an idle and disorderly person, going about the town and county disturbing the public peace.

His trial took place the next day and he was acquitted.

Northfield cannot boast of any man of extraordinary fame. We have furnished no president, no governor, no Hobson or Dewey, but among the

residents of the olden time was a pre-eminently lazy man and a wonderful story teller. The former, William Glines, was generally known by the attractive name of "Old Cartnap," as were his descendants to the latest generation. The old fellow had met with the men of the neighborhood to work out the highway tax. He was slow and in everybody's way, and gladly accepted their suggestion to get under a cart by the roadside, and sleep while they worked out his tax. Just how much he slept is not told, as he was pelted from time to time with clods and dirt by the fun-loving men and boys. His mother was a Cartwright, a noble family in Boston, and thus had a right (wright) to the Cart. His wife, Hannah Hancock, was a niece of John Hancock, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Let it be said also that his seeming indolence may have been caused by the hardships of his youthful service in the Revolutionary War in which he suffered the privations of prison life. Two of his sons, who went to the West, became prosperous and wealthy men, the one at Findlay, and the other at Marietta, Ohio.

The story teller, Grandsire Hall, used to sit on winter evenings, in the chimney corner, and tell of the wonderful things that used to happen when he was a boy. He used to tell of a snow storm that came the last day of April. At first, it was only an inch of show and an inch of hail on top of it. Then for years, it was a foot of snow and a foot of hail on top of it, and as time passed on it became a rod of snow and a rod on top of it.

¹ Greeley's "History of the Great Rebellion."

Mr. Simonds, familiarly called

"Uncle Tom," was very weather-wise, and used to go about the neighborhood announcing a storm coming, as his eye, that wasn't there, had pained him all night, and the almanac said the moon was "apodging."

But the quaintest of all quaint people was the family of Sergeant Blanchard. His two dwarf sons, stubbing about town, wearing stovepipe hats given them by the fun-loving boys, were, like "Falstaff's recruits," intensely comical. Nature had played havoc with them physically, with such wonderful uniformity, that half the well matched yokes of oxen in town, for years, were named for them, "Billy and Jerry." The father had been in the army and was every inch a soldier.

It is said that at his wife's funeral, dazed by his grief, perhaps, and having in mind the long procession as it followed him over the snow, thought he was conducting a dress parade, and called out "Halt!" He then proceeded to tell them that "forty year ago I shot a 'beer' on this very spot." Then calling out "forward march," they proceeded. A few months later his daughter went in haste to a neighbor's and said, "Dad's mighty bad off! Aint gwine ter live long, want to get something good to read to him. Wont yer lend me yer last year's almanack!"

Warren H. Smith was for many years preëminently the business man of the town. He began building railroads in 1847, more than a half century ago, when thirty years of age, having previously for some years

farmed extensively in summer and engaged winters in lumbering. His first contract commenced two miles below Sanbornton Bridge and extended to Warren, sixty-four miles. Later from Warren to Wells River, twenty-two miles. Then, in 1848, he built five miles on the Manchester & Lawrence, also from Wells River to St. Johnsbury in 1850. He then went to Connecticut in 1853, for a contract on the Fishkill & Providence, and thence to Tennessee. He built eleven miles on the Suncook and fifteen on the Sugar River road, twenty-five miles from Cohasset to Duxbury, thirty-eight on the Montpelier and Wells River, and nine and a half on the Franconia Notch. Nearly all these contracts included grading, track laying, masonry, and bridging, and required a large force of laborers.

Joseph Gerrish was for many years the leading farmer of the town. His farm consisted of many acres of both intervale and upland. He erected spacious barns and a large and commodious house. He possessed good horses, ample means, and a family of thirteen children. He lived generously and was looked up to and respected as one of the most substantial farmers in the town. He died in 1851, leaving three highly cultivated and fruitful farms to his sons, none of whom now live, and scarcely an acre of land still remains in the family name. Mr. Gerrish, in the early part of the Revolutionary War, erected a still and manufactured whiskey from potatoes of his own raising, but abandoned the business after peace was restored.

¹ Hon. Asa P. Cate was perhaps the most eminent public man of the town where he spent the whole of his useful life. He was a lawyer of note, a judge of Probate for Merrimack county, a senator and president of the senate, a liberal friend of the New Hampshire Conference seminary, superintendent of school for many years, county solicitor, railroad commissioner, his party's candidate for governor, and the founder of the Citizens' National Bank.

He had also the following military record: He was lieutenant of the Second Company of Light Infantry in the Thirty-eighth Regiment in 1833, promoted to captain the year following, major in 1837, lieutenant-colonel the next year, and colonel in 1839.

I cannot close without paying due tribute to the natural beauty and attractiveness of this my native town, to the dear ones long since passed on before, who watched over my childhood and the earnest teachers who guided my wayward feet along the often rugged path of knowledge, to the man of God who so earnestly set before us the things that make for peace and right living, to the noble

institution which was once the joy and pride of us all, where noble and wise men and women showed us the curious things of nature, art, and science, which have made so many of our lives rich in thought, feeling, knowledge, and reminiscence.

Coming back after some years' sojourn upon the prairies of the West I appreciate more than ever the charming variety of hill and dale and noble forest. How forcibly does my heart respond to the sentiment expressed by the poet Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," a sentiment assented to by so many, who, in distant homes, long ever for the dear scenes of childhood:

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,

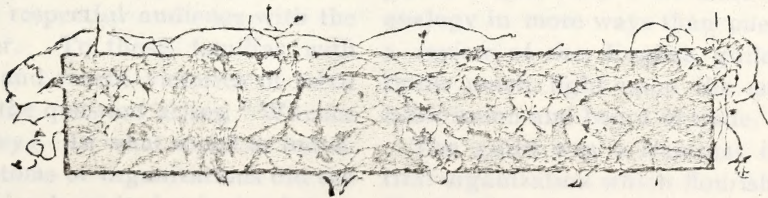
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue

Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

I still had hopes my long vexations past
Safe to return—and die at home at last.

¹ George H. Moses in *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

NOTE—Authorities drawn upon: Runnell's "History of Sanbornton;" Potter's "Military History of New Hampshire;" "Adjutant General's Records;" Professor Hunt's "Centennial Address;" "Papers of the Late Judge Nesmith;" Mrs. Mary A. Jones; Mrs. William Clough; Mrs. Jason Foss; Mrs. F. S. Spencer, and others.



THE ENGLISH GUILD SYSTEM.

By George W. Parker.

THAT capital must henceforth reckon with organized labor is conclusively demonstrated by the outcome of the recent great Pennsylvania coal strike. The prominent position and important function of the labor union as an industrial-social fraternity, enabling the laborer to demand just wages and assuring him the moral and financial support of his fellow-workmen is evident to all. From small beginnings the labor union, like the grain of mustard seed, has waxed and increased until to-day it basks in the genial rays of success. Almost every conceivable department of industrial activity is to-day represented in the immense army of organized labor, which is arrayed for aggressive action only when such aggressiveness is imperatively demanded as a means of self-preservation. Submitting his grievances to arbitration, the laborer now has those who champion his cause, and who, through the strength afforded them by united thousands, are in a position to command a respectful audience with the employer. To those familiar with growth and recent victories of labor unions, the question arises, "Whence came they? In what social or industrial customs or organizations did the labor union have its beginning?"

Simultaneously with the growth of trade unions might be noted another

mercantile organization, whose purpose, likewise, is self-protection, but which looks also to the expansion of trade and commerce and general municipal improvement. The board of trade combines in almost every city the more progressive citizens, especially the mercantile classes, and seeks to promote the general social and material welfare of the community. Measures for the public weal, fairs, carnivals, trade week, are all promoted by the board of trade, together with any other methods for extending trade, municipal improvement and the general economic good. In so far as this mercantile protective organization seeks to establish uniformity in the prices of commodities, prescribes methods, or makes any other regulations looking to the protection of the interests of its members, it corresponds closely to the merchant guild of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In fact, it may safely be asserted that the board of trade and labor union had their origin in the merchant and craft guilds respectively. So close is the analogy in more ways than one, that a review of the English guild will throw much light upon the modern labor union and board of trade.

The guild was a fraternal, industrial organization which flourished in England, France, and Germany from the twelfth to sixteenth centuries. There were two varieties, merchant

guilds and craft guilds. The general purpose of these was to encourage and protect home industries, manufactures, and commerce by means of rules for the regulation of trade. The guild merchant existed earlier, and was composed of merchant citizens and craftsmen, enjoying certain privileges and under obligation to regulate production of goods, market prices, and distribution.

Craft guilds were the outgrowth of merchant guilds and mark the differentiation of trades. They were composed of masters, individuals who carried on the business on their own account, journeymen, skilled workmen receiving wages, and apprentices, who served a certain time, usually seven years, to learn the trade. Like merchant guilds, they were intimately connected with municipal administration, fulfilling industrial, social, philanthropic, political, and religious functions. The main objections to the guild system are that it necessitated industrial uniformity, and thus discouraged competition, that it tended to create class distinction, and that its connection with municipal administration changed its proper function to that of a semi-political organization.

From a careful study of the guild system and the times in which it was a powerful influence, it will be seen that it fostered and developed those elements of national life on the proper growth of which depends a nation's material well-being. If we seek to ascertain the departments of social activity, on a right ordering of which economic progress is essentially dependent, we find that finance is determined by various other branches,

chief among which are industries, commerce, education, and society, in its limited sense of social organizations. This fact we immediately recognize in the pecuniary affairs of a nation, which are improved by an increased manufacture, sale, or exchange of commodities, an extensive foreign trade, a high degree of intelligence among the merchant class, and a healthy, well-balanced social life.

The guild encouraged and protected all branches of social activity. It matters not in what department we search, in every branch the influence of the guild organization is seen. Thus industry was promoted by measures protecting home industries and restricting the introduction of foreign manufactured articles. Partial or complete monopoly of home trade was secured by restrictions, placed on all who were not members. Guild members could buy and sell before any others, and all who did not belong to a guild were also compelled at times to pay taxes. As the use of articles of foreign manufacture was regarded as detrimental to the best interests of the home producer, their introduction was restricted. In the process of production and consumption guild supervision was still more marked. Raw material was, in most cases, hard to obtain by reason of its scarcity, remoteness of market, poor means of transportation, and the limited resources at the command of individual masters. Combined purchases were made by the guild, and the whole amount was divided among the masters at reasonable prices. To guard against fraud in the manufacture of materials, the

quality of goods and fair prices were guaranteed by the guild, and, to protect itself, it exercised, through its warden, the right to regulate apprenticeships, tools, time, methods of work and materials used. Disputes in trade matters were commonly referred to the guild for settlement.

Commerce was encouraged by a policy which looked to English prestige among maritime nations as its ultimate aim. To be sure, commerce was not yet developed to an extent comparable with that which it has since attained, but the first steps taken now were conducive to lasting results. Wider commercial privileges were obtained by the establishment or patronage of foreign staples, which were ports for commercial exchange. These were also established at home, and in these home interests were protected. One of the most important measures taken was the requirement that the conduct of England's trade should be in the hands of English shippers and in English manned ships. Necessities and desirable products were imported without duties. Such a policy tended to furnish a basis of naval power through the merchant marine thus established.

Education was less frequently the object of careful supervision, yet this was also fostered, as is shown in the ordinances of some of the guilds returned in obedience to the writs of Richard II. These provided for schools and furnished schoolmasters. Schools were comparatively few in those days and methods of instruction were correspondingly crude. Industrial education was chiefly sought after, and nearly all teaching was domestic, being done by the

master or his wife after work. The guild required masters to teach apprentices a trade, and the rudiments of an education.

That social life was strengthened is shown conclusively. This was done through measures that were social, philanthropic, eleemosynary, economic, and religious. One of the most noticeable facts of guild organization is that in nearly all women were admitted on an equal footing with men. The guild was a confederation of the weak, based on mutual self-help and protection. Its philanthropic and eleemosynary work was most important. Sick, poor, and aged members were cared for; losses by robbery were made good; funeral rites were performed over the dead, and attendance was compulsory; loans of money were advanced, and sometimes marriage doweries were given. In some instances travelers were fed and lodged, roads, town walls, and bridges were repaired and churches ornamented. The destitute dead were buried at the guild's expense; widows and orphans were relieved, and mutual assistance was rendered whenever there was lack of work. The connection of the town guild with traveling plays and productions of their own at fairs was most marked at York and Coventry. The plays were often of a religious setting but always interesting, and through them increased trade was brought to a town.

Religious faith was intensified and worship was provided for and sustained. Pilgrims were fed, sheltered, and assisted. A high code of morality and social discipline was maintained. Masses for deceased members were held and at these prayers

were prescribed for the members. A common chapel or altar was sustained and church ornaments were supplied. Some of the guilds were created for the preservation of sacred rites, relics, or worship of patron saint. The ecclesiastical element is most conspicuous in the guilds of Norwich. This is seen especially in the Guild of St. George, St. Katherine's Guild, the Guild of St. Christopher, the Tailors of Norwich, and the Young Scholars at Lynn.

The guild system was an immediate cause of the establishment of a national financial policy. Although this policy was better developed later under the mercantile system, yet its foundation may be seen in the great impetus given trade, which, in turn, created a demand for money, and an increased appreciation of accumulated treasure. It was the policy of England at that time to hoard up the precious metals and to prohibit their circulation to foreign parts. This policy was afterwards abandoned, through the advocacy of Thomas Mun, as being destructive to a favorable balance of trade.

Though it is asserted by some that the guild necessitated industrial uniformity and discouraged competition, the assertion has little weight as an objection. At this time new processes had not yet been introduced, so that industrial relations were stable. Manufacture was still conducted on the domestic plan and the output was not in excess of the demand. Hand work did not produce implements and materials in such abundance as machinery soon afterwards did, and consequently there was no sharp competition as to-day. The distinction between employer

and employed was not pronounced, for industries were in an embryonic state and had not yet become sufficiently extensive and diversified as to require large expenditure of money in conducting them. Master, journeyman, and apprentice worked side by side on the same social plane, and it was only a matter of time when the apprentice might become a master. Thus we see that in many respects uniformity was desirable for the stage of development in which industry was now conducted. Individual masters could not advantageously both buy material and manufacture and sell goods. When the guild bought the raw material needed by all, and apportioned it equally among the masters, receiving therefor a reasonable compensation, it was done for the general welfare. Under guild supervision the rights of all were protected equally, and the scarcity of complaints is a valuable testimony for guild justice. A uniform grade of goods was conducive to constancy in trade. The customer then had a guarantee that all the material was of a standard quality, and greater confidence was thus felt than in later times of "shoddy" material, produced oftentimes under individual competition on the *laissez-faire* principle.

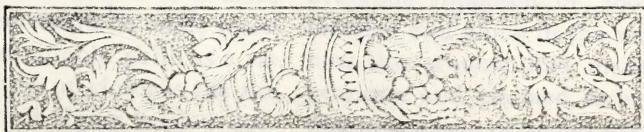
Although objection is made that a class distinction was created, this is far from being true. On the contrary, membership in the guilds was open to the industrious and upright of all classes. We know from Chaucer's prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" that persons of high estate did not hesitate to belong to the fraternities, and to appear in public in the uniform livery prescribed. The

Guild of the Trinity at Coventry could count Henry IV and Henry VI among its brethren. The Guild of St. Barbara of St. Catherine's church, near the Tower of London, boasted of Henry VIII and Wolsey. Gentlemen of noble birth, lords, and knights, who did not accept the privilege of membership offered them, would not be deeply concerned whether artisans and farmers had organizations or not since they would not frequent the company of those whom they regarded as inferiors. It is sufficiently evident from the records that the best of spirit prevailed among members of all crafts and stages of society.

The connection of the guild with municipal government was a necessity of the times. Neither was very highly developed and each had much to gain by coöperation. The guild had not existed long and municipalities were coming into being, thus, by mutual assistance, the highest interests of each were subserved. The municipality was benefited by the regulation of the guild in industries and those interests which affected the welfare of the town or city. On the other hand, municipal regulation of the guild, in order to secure good quality, fair prices, wages, and con-

ditions of work was necessary. Communication and transportation were then but poorly developed. The roads were in wretched condition, and canals and railroads did not then exist. The guild was the chief agency in establishing the independence of municipalities. Among the townsmen it secured an increasing cohesion and unity by the fraternal bonds of obligation put upon them. In many instances it procured the emancipation of towns by buying charters and extended privileges. In the extension of the franchise the guild was a most important factor. Membership in the order for a year and a day made a tenant in villainage a free man, as all its members were. Freedom, justice, and self-government were insisted upon.


The guild system, we have seen, was the product of its times, and, in many respects, resembled its modern substitute. It was of great benefit to industry when industry could not regulate its own methods and details. Incidentally "it fulfilled a variety of functions for the discharge of which, in later times, a more distinct and complicated system has supervened." It was the soul of industry, the center of social life, and precursor of municipal corporations.



THE STATEMENT OF ADAM MORE.

[Copyright by the author.]

By S. I. Litchfield.

Y experience was still meager and my income woefully small, when by some unexplained turn of the wheel of Fate, a case was placed in my care which well nigh caused me to cry 'peccavi'! I could not discover by the most attentive study one scrap of evidence from which to build a successful case, to say nothing of a logical argument, and if that of which I am going to tell you had not come to my knowledge just in the nick of time I am afraid I should not have succeeded."

Thus spoke James Hobart to a number of boon companions as they sat one evening about his cozy hearth. Hobart was one of the keenest lawyers for miles around and this preface interested us greatly. A close observer and student of human nature, he had risen to success by incessant hard work and application to business, and his past experience was full of incidents, some pathetic, some romantic, and some unusual, such as come but seldom to a man. But any of them could be made interesting by his inimitable skill as a raconteur. We drew up closer to the fire and lighting fresh cigars settled ourselves to listen.

"A lady came to my office one day, a little pale lady, the lines of whose face bespoke suffering and disquiet,

one of those irresponsible people whom the Almighty never intended to buffet alone the trials and hardships of existence. Totally unacquainted with business or anything pertaining to it; a frail little woman who was reduced to tears by pity and went into hysterics at a hard word, but, withal, a lady, with that indescribable something about her which stamps a woman, or a man as to that, as belonging to the upper class.

"She claimed to be the widow of Reuben Keister of the once great firm of Lombard & Keister, whose immense properties had lain in chancery since the death of Nathan Lombard, nearly twenty years before. Lombard had died unmarried, and no one supposed he had a single relative in the whole wide world, until recently a distant cousin had come forward and laid claim to the fortune. Reuben Keister had died very suddenly, at his office, of apoplexy, so it was said, and some five years before his partner, and as no claim had been made upon his share of the business, everyone supposed he, too, was unmarried and alone in the world. And now this woman had made her appearance and claimed to be his wife. She told a tale of secret marriage, an oath to her husband to keep silent until he gave her permission to tell about it, long years of concealment in accordance to her vows, and then

privation and the pinch of poverty had compelled her to make herself known and advance her claim. She told me these few meager facts with much of hesitancy and diffidence as though even now the strength of her vows were upon her, and respect for her dead husband's wishes was her paramount desire. Of documentary evidence she had absolutely none. Her marriage certificate had been among her husband's papers, and at his death these had mysteriously disappeared. This in itself was a suspicious fact, but it had not appealed to her, so simple-minded was she. Taken altogether it was a most unsatisfactory story, yet she told it with such a look of honest pleading in her eyes that I was forced against my better judgment to believe her and take up the case, besides, if, by any chance I should win, it would be of much value to me.

"I persuaded her to go over the story again and questioned her exhaustively, but did not gain any knowledge beyond what she had vouchsafed at the first recital. This was scanty enough. She could not even remember the name of the town in which she was married; it was somewhere in the West, in Illinois, she thought. You can see what a subject I had to work upon.

"In order to forestall the other claimant the suit must come before the bench in January, and this was November; short time you will admit to procure evidence, convincing evidence, in a case which involved millions.

"Well, I worked hard. I just buckled right down and brought every faculty to bear on the work in hand. I advertised in almost every

paper in the West. I made a trip out there myself, in fact, I resolved myself into a private detective. I searched every bureau of information at my command. I left no stone unturned. I grew hollow eyed and thin in my anxiety, but not one atom of corroborative evidence could I find, still I did not question the woman's veracity, although I am forced to believe that Mrs. Halliday (Majory Keister's mother) and I were the only people in the world who placed even the semblance of confidence in her assertion.

"December came and was drawing to a close with still no advance made, when, one bitter cold evening, as I sat alone in my chambers pondering over the unrequited efforts of the past month, a note was brought to me. It was in a scrawling, scarcely legible hand and read,

" 'Come at once to No. 7 Baskin St., and you shall learn something about the Keister case.

" 'ADAM MORE.'

" 'Adam More!' said I to myself, 'why, that is the name of Lombard's private secretary!' I had learned of him and his peculiar attachment to his employer during my researches, and my heart bounded in anticipation of what he might be able to tell me.

"I hurried into my warmest outdoor clothes and started forth to obey the summons. The air was full of minute particles of frozen moisture and the keen wind dashed them against my face with stinging violence, but, bowing my head, I hastened forward, unmindful of the extreme cold. Baskin street was in an out of the way part of the city, but after fifteen minutes hard walking I arrived at number seven. A small, old-fashioned,

two-storied dwelling house, standing a little back from the street with small yard at the front, were the points I noticed as I walked up the short path leading to the door. I rang the bell and was admitted by a young woman, who, when I told her my name, turned and led the way down the hall. The house seemed buried in silence, a thick, cheerless silence, and my footsteps echoed loudly through the empty hall. My conductress opened a side door and we entered a fairly-sized room, which was evidently used as a sleeping room, for in one corner stood a great, high-posted bed, and in its pillowed depths lay a man. By the bed stood a small table, bearing a lighted lamp and littered with the paraphernalia of the sick-room.

"'Mr. More' the young woman said, 'this is the gentleman you expected,' and without waiting for any answer she withdrew.

"The occupant of the bed, I should say from what I could see of him, was, at best, an undersized man, and the sickness which held him a prisoner had emaciated him to an alarming degree. His hands, where they lay on the white bed cover, were like talons in their thinness. His face was drawn and worn, but not so much by sickness, I thought, as by the constant companionship of a troubled mind. A consuming secret had played upon him until his great eyes wore a haunted look. What added to his ghastly appearance was the livid line of a great wicked scar which zigzagged across his high, bulging forehead.

"He moved his hand toward me, and, as I advanced, said :

"'I did expect you Mr. Hobart,

though I think if you had not heeded my summons I should have mustered enough strength to come to you, for, at last, I have made up my mind to rid myself of the haunting horror which has kept me company for years.

"'Ah God! if Nathan Lombard had loved me as much as I have him I would go down to my grave in silence, come what might, but my years have grown heavy with the weight of his ungratefulness, and before I breath my last I will do justice to Reuben Keister's widow!'

"I sat down by the bedside and waited for him to continue. At last he said,

"'Nathan Lombard and I were boys together, indeed, I was brought up in his father's family, for my parents died when I was very young, and old Mr. Lombard, in the kindness of his heart, took me to live with him and gave me as good as his only son Nathan. We played together, and as we grew older studied together. Nathan was my model in all things. I loved him as if he were my own brother. He was a sturdy fellow and intelligent as could be, learning easily and seldom showing the few bad traits that he possessed, for he had a will of iron and a temper like a firebrand. I think he was insane in his moments of anger, but he held himself mostly under good control. We were both ardent students of natural history and made life a burden for the beast and birds which infested the woods about the Lombard estate. Many are the long tramps we took in search of specimens, through the lanes and valleys of that quiet country township. Those were good days

and we were happy, and the memory of them in some measure compensates me for the heavy burdens of after years.

“When he was grown to manhood Nathan’s inclinations lead him to choose a business career, and he started out in company with a man named Reuben Keister, whom he had met during a short sojourn in the city. Keister was a good man, but a Jew, and, as I continued with Nathan in the capacity of private secretary, although my duties were not arduous, Keister grew to know me as a man to be depended upon, and he respected me and took me into his confidence. The business grew, and the firm, reaching out for new fields in its steady growth, established a branch in Ceylon.

“About this time both members became acquainted with Marjory Halliday. She was a peculiar girl, weak and changeable, and at the best dominated by any mind stronger than her own. Strange to relate both Nathan and Mr. Keister, unknown to each other, fell in love with her. They were never with her at the same time or they must have known, for when one was at liberty the other was, perforce, confined to the office by the business.

“When Nathan went out to Ceylon to look after the firm’s interests I do not think that either he or Mr. Keister had attained one particle of advantage over the other in the matter of her regard, but after Nathan’s departure Mr. Keister was with her more, and as he had no rival I suppose he gained the ascendancy.

“That summer Miss Halliday went on a trip through the West. Mr. Keister was called to that part of

the country by urgent business, and, as he knew her whereabouts, met her in an obscure little village in the state of Illinois. When he came back he said to me,

““More, Miss Halliday and I were married at C— on the 14th of July, and I deemed it necessary to tell you in order that my frequent absence from business might be explained. You know her friends were averse to me on account of my religion, so we decided after the ceremony to keep it secret for a time, at least. You, I know, will respect my wishes in the matter.”

“There was no need to caution me with regard to secrecy, for I knew well that when Nathan Lombard learned of the event there would be a terrible scene, and I did not care to be the one to prompt it, and still I felt disloyal to the man whom I loved, but my dread of his terrible anger restrained me from informing him immediately.

“A little later Nathan sent for me to come to him, as the business was getting more than he could handle by himself. I went out, but still refrained from telling him of Mr. Keister’s marriage, my courage not being equal to the task, and finally the varied scenes and objects of interest entirely drove the matter from my mind. The beautiful scenery was a revelation to me, after my life between city walls, and then the wonderful birds and animals I saw, and how much I enjoyed it when on some rare occasion we were both able to take an afternoon and spend it together searching for and admiring the beautiful and peculiar forms which Nature gives to its children in tropical countries. Nathan was much

interested in the insects which we encountered everywhere, and particularly in the enormous and venomous spiders, whose bite is always fatal. A number of particularly fine specimens he secured and managed to keep them alive in captivity by careful feeding and close attention. After a short time the new manager came out and relieved us and we returned to America. I was sorry to leave the land where I had been so happy in the company of my friend and in leisure hours pursuing my favorite pastime, but Nathan was anxious to get back home and I knew he was thinking of Reuben Keister's wife.

"The voyage was finished at last and things seemed to settle down into the same routine which they had followed in the old days, but I, who knew him well, saw that Nathan Lombard was possessed by a spirit of unrest, a longing for something which seemed within his reach yet always eluded him, and I knew this something was his partner's wife, and I knew also that this condition of affairs could not last for a great while for the nature of Lombard could not endure uncertainty.

"One day I was working in a tiny room which opened out of the private office in which Nathan sat at his desk, busily employed on some neglected correspondence, when a clerk from the counting room opened the office door and ushered in Marjory. I trembled, for something told me that Nathan would take this opportunity to tell her of his regard. The door stood ajar between the two rooms, so that I could hear distinctly every word they uttered and before I could cross the room and close it they

had already commenced that conversation which I shall never forget.

"*"Ah! Mr. Lombard"* she exclaimed, "I did not know you were here. I called to speak to Mr. Keister concerning some books that he was to purchase for me."

"*"I am sorry, Miss Marjory,"* he had risen, for I heard him push back his chair, "my partner has gone down town but will return very soon. Won't you be seated? Do," he continued, "I have something to say to you." She took the proffered seat and he stood before her.

"*"Miss Halliday! Marjory!"* he commenced, "can you not see that which fills my whole soul! I love you! Do not tell me that I am repugnant to you!"

"*"Mr. Lombard,"* she cried, "tears in her eyes, "you do not realize what you are doing. I can not listen to such words from you. Be silent, I beg of you, and let me go!"

"*"No,"* he returned, "you shall not go until you have explained why you may not listen to the honorable proposals of a man who loves you!"

"*"Oh! Mr. Lombard,"* she sobbed, "Mercy! pity me! I can not listen neither can I tell you why," and she covered her face with her hands. Upon the left hand was a curious ring which had been worn by Keister, and had been given to her more because she admired it than as a wedding token. Nathan's glance fell upon it and he recognized it instantly.

"He gasped, and starting forward seized the hand.

"*"By what right do you wear that ring?"* he hissed.

"Then one of the peculiarities of her temperament showed itself, for,

throwing back her head she answered defiantly,

““By that right which renders it impossible for me to listen to your proposals!” and she sank into the chair again in a perfect storm of sobs and tears.

““The secret was out.

““A look came into the face of Nathan Lombard which filled me with fear; a look of inexorable hatred, an expression of such fiendish ferocity as one sees only once in a lifetime. But he did not say a single word. Turning, he walked across the room and stood by the window until he had regained his composure, then he returned to the sobbing woman still seated in the hard office chair.

“““Mrs. Keister,” he sneered, “between you the secret has been well kept. I wish you much joy with your husband.”

““Without a word she rose and started for the door, but when half-way to it she hesitated and said timidly, and very pleadingly,

“““You will not tell, will you?”

““He gazed intently at her for a moment before he answered,

“““It would be a pity to spoil so pretty a romance. No, I will not tell.” And I, who knew him, felt he would keep his word.

““She went out, and next day we heard she had gone on a long visit to friends in a distant city. Nathan flung himself into a chair and sat for a long time with his head clasped between his hands, his elbows on his knees. I waited until he left the office; then I folded up my work and went out also. I cannot describe the feeling which took possession of me—a vague impalpable premonition of

something terrible, which was about to happen, but habit was so ingrained in me that I pursued my routine duties in my regular way.

““Much to my surprise Nathan came to the office next morning and was cheery and pleasant through the entire day, discussing matters of business with his partner in his usual manner and showing no sign of resentment towards him, but once or twice, when he thought himself unobserved, I caught him fix such a look of concentrated and malignant hatred upon Keister as caused my very heart to chill with horror.

““Things went on in this way for just two weeks, when Mr. Keister, on coming in one morning, complained of a very bad headache; Nathan sympathized with him and advised him to rest, but Mr. Keister was a determined man and concluded to work as long as possible. About 10 o'clock I was obliged to go into the inner office and surprised Nathan standing before an old bookcase at the farther end of the room. I say surprised, for he turned hastily at my entrance and thrust some object which he held into his pocket and said snappishly to me,

“““I do wish, Adam, you would get over that uncomfortable stealthiness of yours. You make me cringe!”

““I was hurt, but saying nothing I went about my business. Shortly after, Mr. Keister returned and continued to complain of his head. Nathan, rather to my surprise, was full of solicitude, and, after sundry suggestions of remedies, exclaimed suddenly,

“““Why, it's the very idea! I wonder we did not think of it before. You shall lie down on the watch-

man's bed and have a good snooze, and still be close at hand in case of necessity."

"This bed was a curious affair. It had been picked up at some auction sale by one of the firm and installed in the office both on account of its usefulness and its curiosity as a piece of antique furniture. It was built on the trundle bed manner, and when not in use was pushed under the old bookcase I have mentioned, and a folding cover let down, thus concealing it entirely from view. The man who stayed at the office nights used it between his rounds, and not unfrequently I had known of Mr. Keister or Nathan sleeping on it if, perchance, they should unexpectedly return to the city late at night from some business trip.

"Mr. Keister demurred at first but Nathan was kindly insistent, and turning back the cover shook up the mattress and finally persuaded him into lying down. From my desk, in the little room adjoining, I watched them. It seemed so strange to me, for I knew that Nathan must hate him and still he was so kind that I could not understand it at all.

"Nathan, as he sat in his chair opposite the bed was in such a position that he and his partner were both plainly within my range of vision. He had entirely forgotten my presence. He sat intently watching the recumbent figure. As Mr. Keister closed his eyes the face of Nathan Lombard changed, every feature was so convulsed by such a spasm of malignant fury that his countenance no longer resembled that of a civilized man. He waited until Mr. Keister sank into a troubled sleep, then, rising, he walked to the

fireplace. Looking cautiously about he drew some tiny objects from his vest pocket and threw them into the fire. Almost immediately tiny flames leaped from each tiny object, and a faint but penetrating odor crept through the room. It was familiar to me and almost involuntarily I recognized the thin aromatic perfume of the Goraka apple's seed. Many times we had smelled it in the forests of Ceylon and commented on its fragrance, but what could it mean in that stuffy old office? Nathan turned, and my eyes followed him. I was spellbound. I could not move or utter a sound. Until this day I am unable to explain the terrible feeling which held me an unwilling spectator to the scene which followed.

"Nathan stood in a crouching position, his head forward, his body rigid, and his gaze fixed intently on the form of Reuben Keister.

"Oh, horror! the memory of it comes back to me as fresh as if it were but yesterday. There in the couch with the man I saw, O God! one of those fearful Cingalese "Jungle spiders," a scolopendra, which had been attracted by the peculiar odor of the burning apple seeds. It was fully three inches in length; its purple body distended with rage; its beady protruding eyes fixed with a baleful glare of impotent fury upon its reclining victim. I gasped. The slight sound was enough. With a movement as nimble and quick as lightning it struck the bare neck of the sleeping man again and again with its venomous fangs. He did not move, and even as I watched the sleep into which he had fallen was turned to the stupor of death. The slight sound I had made in my hor-

ror and dismay served to attract the attention of Nathan. He stepped swiftly into the room until he stood over me.

"“Ah! you were here, you prying old wretch. You saw my revenge and wait only for an opportunity to deliver me to justice. But my justice shall intervene!” His face was convulsed. I crouched in my chair. He grasped a heavy paper weight which lay upon the table and raised it in the air, and then—then he did that which changed my love to hate, my worship to execration, my heart to stone. He struck me again and again—you can see the terrible scar he made—me, his best friend!

"“I could have shielded him from all else, but that I could not forgive. The silence I have maintained all these long and weary years has been from love and respect for the kind-hearted old gentleman, who was once so good to me.

"“How many days I lay in unconsciousness, I cannot tell, but when I came to myself I was in my own

bed, to which I had been carried by some of my fellow clerks.

"“Apoplexy was the cause named for Mr. Keister’s sudden death and he was, as is too often the case, quickly and quietly buried.

"“Nathan lived abroad until his death, traveling from place to place, and when he died the papers concerning Keister’s property, which always had remained in the business were sent to me. I have never examined them. The very sight of them was a horror to me. I suppose the certificate you need must be among them. They are in that japanned box on the dressing case. Take them and leave me now, for I am tired.’

"So ended the old man’s story. I found the box and in it a bundle of papers marked Keister. Running them through I found that of which we stood so greatly in need. I won Mrs. Keister’s case and thereby achieved some measure of renown.

"A few days after, when I went to see Adam More, they told me he had died the same night that I was there.”

THE CENTURY OPENS AS A FLOWER.

By Adelaide George Bennett.

The century opens as a flower,
Its slow-maturing fruit shall be
The great inevitable dower
Of an unborn posterity.

Its slow-maturing fruit—ah, me!
Who kens if it be sweet or sour?
What seer of potent destiny
Can tell within his little hour?

IN MEMORY OF THE PORTLAND.

Who kens if it be sweet or sour?

And yet we cultivate the tree,
While sunbeams shine and storm-clouds lower
And rivers merge into the sea.

And yet we cultivate the tree,

The tree whose branches wide shall shower—
No one knows what—we only see
The century opening as a flower.



IN MEMORY OF THE PORTLAND.

[Lost in the great storm of November 24-25, 1898.

By Walter Cummings Butterworth.

'T was on a cold November day,
Just past the glad Thanksgiving,
A fair ship sail'd upon the bay
With twice one hundred living.

All day long, a high wind strong
Had held its ceaseless roar ;
All day long, the whitecap's song
Had broke along the shore.

Yet on that grim and fateful night
A ship sail'd o'er the wave,
O'er the dark ocean's trackless flight,
To fill an unknown grave.

There came a tempest on that night,
The waves like mountains rose,
And none return'd to tell their plight,
Not one their sea-grave knows.

'T is long now since an angry ocean
Rang out its heartless chime.
So calm the seas, their gentle motion
Hints nothing of the crime.

Yet somewhere 'neath those rolling waves
That yon shining whitecaps crown,
Lie twice one hundred nameless graves
Where the "Portland Boat" went down.

HER WOMANHOOD'S LESSON.

By Mary Albertine Fisk.



NESTLED among the New Hampshire hills is a little factory village whose inhabitants are largely of pure English stock.

The chief mill-owner himself a man whose boyhood had been spent in an English home over the sea, thought little of American ways of manufacture, and when laborers were scarce sent over to his native town for the weavers and finishers. These brought with them many of their quaint customs and modes of speech, although the younger ones became readily Americanized.

The noon whistle had blown and out poured the operatives.

"No work for the weavers until the new wheel is set," passed from mouth to mouth.

In the sweet summer sunshine that afternoon Martha Haliday walked across the meadow. The hum of bees amid the crimson clover filled the air with the sound of Nature's activity.

"Summat's wrong wi' Bess that she weren't at the mill to-day. I've long thought there'd be more to that affair wi' Harris. If he's done harm to her—" A dark look crossed her face. Without kith or kin, her lonely heart had made Bess its idol.

Leaving the meadow she crossed the highway and entered a neat, new cottage. There was no appearance of life about the place. She entered

the kitchen, but that, too, seemed deserted; however, guided by a slight sound, she passed to a recess formed by a jutting chimney. There stretched upon a wide lounge lay Bess, her yellow hair rough and tumbled, her face buried in the pillow.

"Bess, what's the matter, child? Art sick?" A low moan was the only reply.

"Bess, 'tis Martha; what ails thee, dear?"

Bess raised herself and threw her arms around her friend and hid her face on the kindly shoulder.

"Is it Harris? What has he done to thee? If he's harmed thee, lass —." Again a dark look rested on her face boding ill for the one who injured her darling.

"No, he's as good, as kind as ever, but oh, Martha, my heart is breaking!" A dry sob swelled in her throat.

"And thou canst not tell me?"

"Aye, Martha, but I will, and thou shalt tell me what to do. You don't know, for you weren't here then, how Harris had always lived in this little village. We went to school together, but he went away and stayed until he had grown into the grand man he is now wi' his education and fine manners. He never took notice o' me until Tim Murley brushed against me at the mill gate and nearly knocked me over. Harris was just coming out fro' his book-

keeping and saw Tim. He laid him flat and turned and raised his hat to me. Well, after that I saw him often on the road or by the gate as I came from work. 'T was little more than this until one night he stopped at the gate and asked me for a rose. Then he asked if he might come in. He came often after that.

"One evening he asked me to go down to the park to hear the band play. You remember the first time our boys played, Martha. Well, we walked about talking o' the music and how well the boys were doing for the first time, when somebody passed us. Before they got out of hearing we heard them say, 'There's Harris and his sweetheart; I hear they're to marry soon.' Then something else was said that made Harris turn white wi' anger, and I started away from him, hot wi' shame, but he laid a hand on mine and said, 'Come wi' me, Bess, for I have summat to tell thee.'

"I went wi' him until we came to one of the park benches. He said, 'Sit down here and I will tell thee.'

"He was still for a moment and then said; 'Bess, you know of the years I was away from the village and I have told you how I struggled for my education. At last I got a position at Lowell's and every cent I got I saved for my bit machine. I've told you all this, but not of another thing. Mr. Lowell's daughter was most kind to me. She had dark hair and her eyes were blue, not brown like thine, but somehow you make me think of her. A look in your eye now and then is like hers.'

"My foolish heart, Martha, gave a throb at this. Then he said, 'She came often to the office for she aided

her father about the business. One day they had started with a party for the mountain climb when a telegram came for him. I went to the house, but they had gone, so I followed. They were near the top when I caught up with them, and had broken up into groups. I came upon Miss Lowell suddenly as she stopped alone by the chasm where a river cut deeply in bygone years. She started at the sight of me and swayed on the brink. I sprang and caught her just in time. As she lay in my arms a great wave of love came over me. I kissed her eyes and mouth. She stirred and whispered faintly that she was glad to owe her life to me. Others came up and I gave her to their care and went away. It was all so sudden—our loving—as this sounds. We had met almost daily. I was not one of them, they were far above me, but what did I care. I had her love and was as happy as a king.

"I asked her father for her hand as a man should, much fearing the answer would be "No," as it was. I was spurned for a fortune-hunter. I could stay there no longer and came back home. Naught broke in upon my weary heartache until I first saw thee. Something even then reminded me of her. It drew me to you, and as the days passed and we were together much, a feeling grew up in my heart for you like that I had borne for my lost love. Will you take that love, Bess? See, I have not wooed you dishonestly, concealing a past love. I will be kind and loving to you, dear.'

"All the time he was talking about her my heart grew cold and colder until I thought I was dying; but

when he said he loved me as he had her my heart leaped and I felt such a warmth, Martha!

"You know I've been out often for the sewing and getting ready for the little house. How cozy it was to be! Harris said that one day, mayhap, we would have a grand house like the master's and be grand folk ourselves. I only laughed wi' him an' thought how snug our home would be. Time was getting short and so I asked out this morning for the week. I took some bit of sewing to finish under the trees at the top of the hill. I thought I would be alone but Harris was before. I stopped just a moment to look at him before I went back, for I would not have him think I sought him there. Oh, why did I stop? I heard him groan an' crept nearer to know if he were hurt. 'O, Zaidie, that we should be parted again! My darling, how can I give thee up?' I heard him cry. Oh, Martha, he loves her more than me! And I heard him say, 'To think that I might have thee now.'"

The rapid, almost incoherent recital had been broken by tearless sobs from an aching throat. Martha's strong arms had been around the slight form all the while. At last she broke the silence that fell.

"Bess, dear, hast seen him since?"

"No, Martha."

"And when he comes?"

"Martha, I canna, canna bear it."

"What does the heart say is best for thee and him?"

"Martha, I canna gi' him up!"

"Dear lass, think of the long years to come knowing thou wast second in his love!"

"Martha, thou hurtst so!"

"I know lass, have I not known heart-break too?"

"You?"

"Yes I, but no more of that now. If he comes to-night what'll there be to say to him?"

"Need there be aught said?"

"Dear Bess, think what is right and best. If it be right hold him."

"He will not ask release," came proudly from the girl's lips. "He is a man and will not go back on his word."

"Then on thyself depends the future. In days to come couldst thou always bear wi' him in all things knowing thou hast not all his heart?"

A moan was the only answer.

"And when the little children climb around thy knee they would love thee, perhaps, but would war in hate wi' each other because of the parent's divided love. Bess, darling, for thy own sake and others think carefully."

Silence fell in the little kitchen. The twilight fell and flooded the room in gloom. Martha stepped quietly about, brought brush and comb and smoothed the girl's tumbled hair. Bess submitted passively, while Martha robed her in a pretty cotton gown.

The moon had just begun to rise, casting large shadows of the grapevine on the piazza floor, when the click of the gate was heard. Bess moved mechanically out to the door, and as Harris advanced up the walk sank into a chair where her face was shaded. She greeted him soberly, then silence intervened, each constrained by depth of feeling. At last he broke the silence.

"Are you sick to-night, Bess?"

You are getting too tired with all this sewing."

"No, I'm not sick, but"—she stopped, not knowing what to say.

"What is it, Bess?" His voice was kind but there was a weary note in it that struck the girl's sensitive ear.

"I've summat to tell thee that's hard to say,"—her voice took on that tense tone it had held while she had told her story to Martha.

"Speak, dear lass, you're surely not afraid of me." He drew nearer as he spoke but she kept him back by her manner.

"Harris, don't think ill o' me but I was on the hill this morning and you were there, and—"

"You saw her picture with *come* written upon it?"

"Nay, but I heard you cry with all your heart in the words, 'Zaidie, how can I give thee up?'"

"And what would you say to me to-night?" His voice was a little hard. He did not know what to expect, jealous faultfinding, recrimination, a burst of anger, anything might have come from this girl's lips, so changed was she from the gay creature of but yesterday.

"Tell me this, Harris, has her father consented? Is she ready to have thee come to her?"

"Yes," he answered desperately. "My machine is a success and I am on the road to be a rich man sometime. Since it is wealth her father worships she can have her wish, now when it—" he checked the words.

"Nay, Harris, 't is not too late. See, I give thee back to her."

"Bess, dost thou not love me?"

She leaned forward and he saw the look of a wounded animal in mortal pain in her brown eyes.

"Bess, I have hurt thee, and I meant to be so kind! Say no more, I am yours if you will take me."

Bess answered his question.

"Aye, I do love thee Harris, and how much you can never know. I love you so much I am sending you to her. Say to her for me you are not the worse lover for having given a little love to a lonely girl like me. Your heart has always been hers, I only filled a small empty place. Go back to her, Harris, wi' my blessing."

A new glory shone in the girl's dark eyes. It had been hard, but love had conquered self.

"And you, Bess?"

The glory faded and an unutterable weariness settled on her face.

"I have work, Harris, I shall live out my life as 't was meant."

"Bess, Bess, I'll never leave thee."

"Go, Harris, you must. Now leave me. I am too tired to-night to talk longer, but go and be glad in your love for her."

He rose, bent low over the extended hand with the homage one might pay a queen and went. Martha Haliday had lighted the rooms and sat waiting her darling's return.

Bess entered as one in a dream. The lamplight fell upon her white face and wide eyes. She met Martha's glance bravely. Martha almost started at the change. For Bess, girlhood had gone, womanhood begun. She had learned woman's first lesson, renunciation.

"Hark, hark! there was love on the air,
 She leaned forward and he saw the
 look of a wounded animal in mortal
 pain in her brown eyes.
 "Hark! I hear that there, and I
 meant to be so kind! Say no more,
 I am young if you will take me."
 His answer to his question
 "Oh, I do love her! I do love her
 how much! You can never know,
 how you so much I am waiting for
 to hear. Say to her for me, for she
 and the woman I love are waiting for
 a little love to a little girl like me.
 (There heart has always been beat)
 only filled a whole empty heart. (He
 back to her. He was not so much of
 A new glow shone in the girl's
 dark eyes. It had been a long time
 but her company will
 "And you are?"
 The girl looked and an answer
 with weakness came to her lips.
 "I have weak, Hark! I shall live
 out my life as I can mean."
 "Hark, Hark! I'll never leave thee."
 "Oh, Hark! you said, 'You
 love me, I am too true to change.'
 take longer, but go and be glad in
 your love for her."
 He rose, bent low over the girl
 leaped back with the woman and
 might pay a guest and went. Hark
 Hark! and lifted the woman and
 sat waiting her darling's return.
 "Hark entered as one in a dream."
 The lamplight fell upon her white
 forehead with care. She met Hark's
 glance bravely. A flash of anger
 at the change. For Hark's attitude
 had gone, womanhood began. She
 had learned woman's first lesson, re-
 volution.

"You are getting together with all this
 sewing."
 "No, I'm not sick, but"—she
 stopped, not knowing what to say.
 "What is it, dear?" His voice
 was kind but there was a sharp note
 in it that struck the girl's sensitive
 ear.
 "I've summed up all these things
 hard to say,—but you tell me that
 tense tone it had held with the high
 cold set eyes in Hark's.
 "Speak, dear, how can you be so
 not afraid of me?" He knew better
 as he spoke but she knew her back
 by her manner.
 "Hark, don't think it's a secret
 I was on the hill this morning and
 you were there and—"
 "You say her picture with you
 written upon it?"
 "Yes, but I heard you say with all
 your heart in the words 'I will give
 can I give thee up?'
 "And what would you say to me
 to-night?" His voice was a little
 hard. He did not know what to ex-
 pect, jealous, trembling, trembling
 then a burst of anger, nothing might
 have come from the girl's lips so
 changed was she from the girl who
 true of but yesterday.
 "Tell me this, Hark! has her
 father returned? Is she ready to
 have her come to?"
 "Yes," he answered desperately.
 "My machine is a success and I am
 on the road to be a rich man some-
 time. Since it is worth her father's
 worship she can have her wish now
 when it," he checked the words.
 "Yes, Hark! I'm not too late.
 See, I give thee back to her!"

HARRY BINGHAM AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

By William C. Todd.



THE writer, whose friendship for the Hon. Harry Bingham dates back to college days, took a carriage drive of several weeks with him, three years ago, through parts of New Hampshire and Vermont. We passed through his birthplace and other towns associated with his early years, and visited the school district where he had taught while in college, as was the custom of students at that time to earn money for their college expenses.

Old men and old ladies, too, need not be told of the way district schools were managed sixty years ago. In summer they were taught by ladies, when young children only attended; but in winter the grown boys and girls were pupils as the only means of gaining the little education common to that period. The discipline was not gentle as now, but the birch was the great means of encouragement to mental improvement, and was applied with no distinction of sex.

As might be expected, grown boys and girls did not always relish this method of punishing bad behavior and bad scholarship, and a battle often ensued between teacher and pupils. The teacher, not unfrequently, was unequal to his combined scholars, and was dismissed by them from the schoolhouse, and, as

a result, from the school, in which course, too often, the parents were proud of the "smartness" of their children, and showed no disapprobation. Naturally, in selecting a teacher, regard was had to his physical qualities to know if he could manage unruly boys.

In the district where Bingham was to teach, the pupils had, the winter before, with no action of the school committee, dismissed the teacher, and their performance had encouraged them to a repetition, if possible. Mr. Bingham had been told all this, and prepared himself. The boys had given out word that the teacher would not stay long. He learned the names of the leaders, and, on a slight disobedience, gave one of them as severe a whipping as he dared inflict, and then dismissed him saying, "I do not call this a whipping; it is my most gentle punishment. The next time you will learn what I call a whipping, and so will the other boys."

Soon after one of the parents told Mr. Bingham that the boys had been asked when they were to have their contest with the teacher, and the reply was, "We've gi'n it up—he's too much for us."

There was no more trouble. Teacher and pupils understood each other. They were the best of friends and all went well thereafter.

SEPARATION.

Hervey Lucius Woodward.

As the twilight deepens round me,
 By my lattice here I stand ;
 See the waves go rolling madly
 Over miles and miles of sand.

Sad are thoughts which rise within me,
 Thinking of a foreign land ;
 Love, I would that I were with thee
 And could press thy loving hand.

There I longed to dwell forever,—
 Ever happy, Love, with thee ;
 Came the tidings,—we must sever,—
 Oh, how hard it was for me !

Long in hope and expectation
 Have I waited, watched for thee,
 While each daily, hourly station
 Seemed a century to me.

As I watch the silv'ry brightness
 And the shadows speeding on,
 See the glory of the fulness
 Of the moon upon the lawn,

Think I how my days are moonlight,
 How my nights are shadows grown
 Pierced by the steely starlight,—
 Happiness I have not known.

HEART.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

Heart, faithful heart, throbbing on in my breast,
 Staying no moment, ne'er pausing to rest,
 Sending the blood with thy rhythmical beat
 Into my head, to my hands, and my feet.

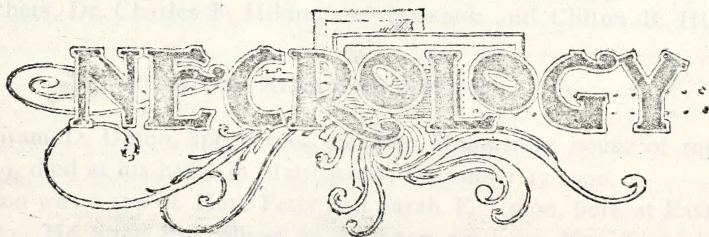
Dost thou remember, dear heart, dost thou know,
One blessed day, in the years long ago,
One word was spoken, 't was scarcely a sound—
Only a whisper—and how thou didst bound?

Dost thou remember, O suffering heart,
One wretched day from all others apart
When sorrow came with a burden so chill
Thou at the moment came near standing still?

Heart, faithful heart, what extremes thou hast known,
Now like a feather, now heavy as stone,
Merrily measuring moments that please,
Beating alarm at approach of disease.

Heart, one we love has been placed in the tomb,
Close in the casket, enshrouded in gloom;
Never will throb again, nothing can thrill
That precious heart lying cold and so still.

Heart, warm with feeling, there cometh a day
When thou wilt lie in that very same way,
When thou hast ended thy service to me,
Tell me, my own heart, where then shall I be?



JOSEPH W. HILDRETH.

Joseph Wyman Hildreth, long prominently identified with railroad affairs in this state, died at his home in Manchester, December 2, 1900.

He was a son of Clifton B. and Eliza S. Hildreth, born in Boston, June 3, 1826. He was educated in the Franklin school and Comer's Commercial college in Boston, and adopted the profession of a civil engineer, removing with his family to Concord in 1849. He was engaged for some time on the Concord & Claremont railroad, but in 1852 went west, and was engaged as surveyor and engineer on different railroads for five years, returning to Concord in 1857, when he entered the Concord railroad freight house as a clerk, from which position he was promoted to a

clerkship in the general office, and later went to Portsmouth as agent of the road, remaining several years, till he returned to Concord to become general freight agent and assistant superintendent. About twenty-five years ago he became the agent of the road at Manchester, and assistant superintendent of the Manchester & Lawrence, the duties of which positions he faithfully discharged until 1891, after the roads had been absorbed in the Boston & Maine system. In later years he has been engaged in special service in different lines by the Boston & Maine.

Mr. Hildreth had long been prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship. His association with the latter fraternity dates from 1848, when he became a member of the Suffolk lodge, I. O. O. F., of Boston. One of the pleasant associations in the life of Mr. Hildreth was the fiftieth anniversary of this event. In 1898 Suffolk lodge invited him to Boston and held elaborate anniversary exercises in honor of his becoming a member of the lodge a half century before. At that time there were but two other members of the lodge who were members when Mr. Hildreth was admitted. When Rumford lodge of Concord was instituted Mr. Hildreth transferred his membership to the new organization, being one of its charter members. He was also a member of Strawberry encampment of Portsmouth. He united with Blazing Star lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Concord in 1857, and subsequently with Mt. Horeb Commandery, holding all the offices up to that of commander, and was also at one time grand commander of the grand commandery of the state. For twenty-three years he served as grand treasurer of the grand commandery, the grand council, and the grand chapter.

In politics Mr. Hildreth was a Republican, but never sought official position, holding only one office, that of representative from his ward in Portsmouth in 1876.

In May, 1858, Mr. Hildreth was married to Miss Sarah Cutler of Nashua, who died two years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George E. French, and by two brothers, Dr. Charles F. Hildreth of Suncook and Clifton B. Hildreth of Manchester.

HON. HIRAM D. UPTON.

Hon. Hiram D. Upton, speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1889, died at his home in Manchester, December 1, 1900.

Mr. Upton was a son of Hon. Peter and Sarah E. Upton, born at East Jaffrey, May 5, 1839. He fitted for college at Appleton academy, New Ipswich, and at Kimball Union academy at Meriden, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1879. He immediately entered upon a business career, becoming a clerk in the Monadnock National bank at East Jaffrey, of which his father was president, and the following year, when twenty-one years of age, was made cashier, which position he held until 1886, meanwhile entering upon extensive financial operations on his own account, and laying the foundation for what subsequently became one of the most important investment agencies in the state. He soon became president of the Northwestern Trust Company, with headquarters at Fargo; North Dakota, which was emerged in the New Hampshire Trust Company, organized in 1885, of which Mr. Upton was at first the treasurer and subsequently president, continuing until the collapse of the organization during the depression of 1893, at

which time its assets were quoted at over \$6,000,000, giving some idea of the magnitude of its operations.

Having removed to Manchester, where the headquarters of the New Hampshire Trust Company were established, Mr. Upton also engaged extensively in real estate operations in that city. He built the Monadnock block, the largest in the city at that time, and subsequently, acting for the trust company, erected The Kennard, the finest business block ever built in the state.

He took an active interest in politics as a Republican, and was elected to the legislature from ward four, and chosen speaker of the house in 1889, being one of the youngest men ever called to that position. He also presided over the Republican State Convention in 1893.

Mr. Upton was a prominent Free Mason, and a member of Trinity Commandery, K. T., of Manchester. He married Miss Annie Perkins in 1879, who survives him with several children.

LEWIS C. PATTEE.

Lewis C. Pattee, born in Canaan, November 24, 1832, died at Winchester, Mass., November 29, 1900.

Mr. Pattee was the son of Daniel, Jr., and Judith (Burley) Pattee, and a grandson of Capt. Asa Pattee, one of the first settlers of that town who removed there from Warner. He received a good English education, and upon attaining manhood engaged in the lumber business in Canaan and Enfield, subsequently removing his residence to Lebanon.

Aside from his extensive lumber business in Canaan and Enfield, he was for many years associated with the late Ira Whitcher in the lumber business in Woodsville, under the firm name of the Woodsville Lumber Company, and was also interested in the extensive lumber operations of the firm of Pattee & Perley at Ottawa, Canada, of which his brother, Gordon B. Pattee, was senior partner. He was for years a member of the Pattee Plow Company at Monmouth, Ill., which is extensively engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements. He had in recent years spent several winters at Riverside, in Southern California, where he was interested in orange culture. Some years since he engaged in railroad investments, and was a director of the Concord & Montreal railroad and a large owner of its stock.

Mr. Pattee was a Democrat in politics and took much interest in the cause of his party and in public affairs, and while residing in Lebanon he served six years as one of the commissioners of Grafton county, and was twice elected sheriff, filling the office with dignity and ability.

Upon his removal to Winchester, Mass., about a dozen years ago, he actively identified himself with the interests of that delightful suburban town, in which he owned and occupied an elegant estate on Church street. He was president of the Coöperative bank, a trustee of the Savings bank, and a liberal supporter of the Unitarian church, whose fine stone edifice was erected by a committee of which he was chairman. For the last four years, though a staunch Democrat he had served on the board of selectmen of his overwhelmingly Republican town, for the past three years being chairman of the board.

Mr. Pattee married, in 1858, Miss Rebecca Perley of Enfield, by whom he had six children, only two surviving, a daughter and one son, Frederick L. Pattee, who is actively engaged in the lumber business.

GEORGE P. TITCOMB, M. D.

Dr. George P. Titcomb, a well-known physician of Salisbury, died at his home in that town, December 3, 1900.

He was a son of Jeremiah and Rebecca (Pittsury) Titcomb, born in that part of Salisbury which is now Webster, September 8, 1843. After receiving a good academic education he studied medicine in Concord and at Philadelphia, and commenced practice in the town of Danbury where he was located when the War of the Rebellion broke out. He enlisted in the Fifth New Hampshire regiment, and was subsequently placed in charge of an army hospital. Retiring from the war he resumed practice at Danbury, but removed to Salisbury in 1868, and was ever after there engaged in practice, establishing an excellent reputation.

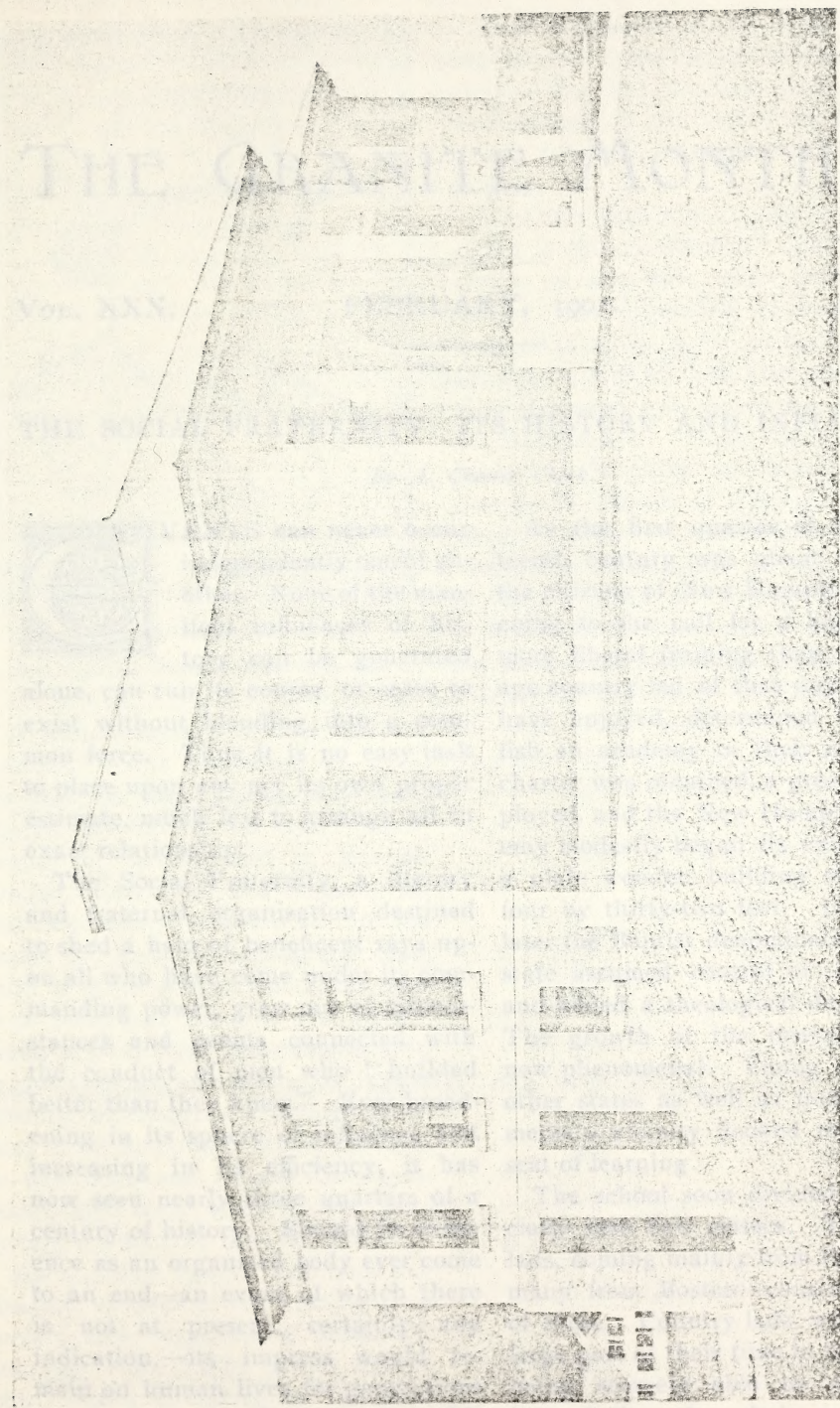
He married, upon his return from the army, Clara J. Parsons of Salisbury, by whom he is survived with two sons, William N., of Concord, and Fred P., of Northampton, Mass. He was a member of Meriden lodge, A. F. & A. M.; and a charter member of Bartlett Grange.

QUINCY A. GILMORE.

Quincy Adams Gilmore, born in Newport, March 1, 1825, died at Pasadena, Cal., December 13, 1900.

Mr. Gilmore was a son of the late Hon. Thomas W. Gilmore of Newport. He fitted for college at the Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and graduated at Dartmouth with the class of 1845. He devoted himself to teaching for four years at Haverhill, Mass., and four years in Boston, after which he studied law and subsequently removed to Iowa, where he engaged extensively in real estate business and gained a competency therein, removing to California some years ago, where he thereafter resided.

January 8, 1859, Mr. Gilmore was united in marriage with Ann M., daughter of the late Jonathan M. Wentworth of Newport, who died some two years ago, leaving two sons and two daughters.



THE GORDON-NASH LIBRARY, NEW HAMPTON, N. H.
(Present home of the Social Fraternity Library.)

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

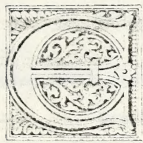
VOL. XXX.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2.

THE SOCIAL FRATERNITY: ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE.

By A. Chester Clark.

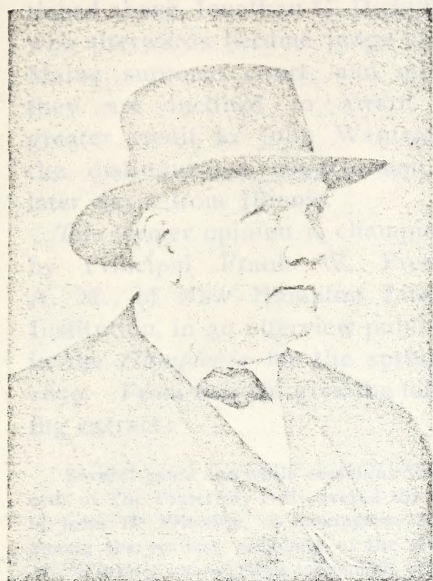


EVENTS can never occur independently one of another. None of the manifold influences of history can be generated alone, can run its course, or cease to exist without blending into a common force. Thus it is no easy task to place upon any act its own proper estimate, much less to arrange all in exact relationship.

The Social Fraternity, a literary and fraternal organization destined to shed a halo of beneficent rays upon all who have come under its commanding power, grew out of circumstances and events connected with the conduct of men who "builted better than they knew." Ever broadening in its sphere of influence and increasing in its efficiency, it has now seen nearly three quarters of a century of history. Should its existence as an organized body ever come to an end—an event of which there is not at present, certainly, any indication,—its impress would remain on human lives for generations yet to come, as witness to its noble career.

As the first quarter of the nineteenth century was about to close, the citizens of New Hampton, awakening to the call for a higher and more liberal training than the average country lad of that day seems to have enjoyed, determined to establish an academy in their midst. A charter was obtained, a preceptor employed, and the New Hampton Academy modestly began its existence in a plain wooden building of twenty-four by thirty-two feet. Five years later the Baptist denomination of the state assumed control of the school and added a theological department. The growth of the institution was now phenomenal. Young men from other states as well as from the immediate vicinity flocked to the new seat of learning.

The school soon divided itself socially into two classes. The richer lads, coming mainly from the cities—many from Boston—constituted one of these. Country lads, who spent a large part of their time in farm labor, being scarcely able to spend one term during the whole year at the academy, made up the other.



Hon. John Wentworth.

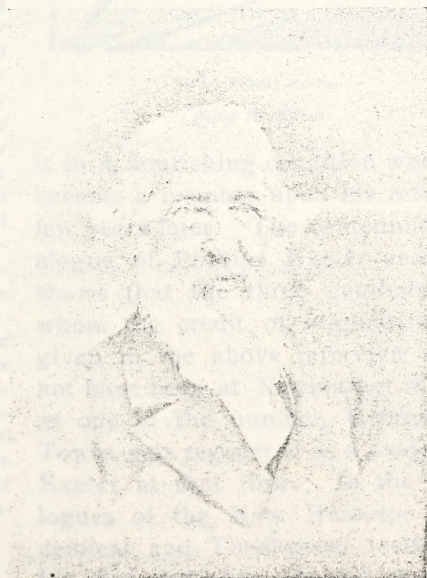
One of the Founders of the Social Fraternity.

A student society—"The Literary Adelphi"—was organized in 1827. At first it was successfully conducted, all having an equal opportunity for development in forensic combat, dissertation, and declamation. But this society soon drifted into the hands of the more aristocratic class until a large proportion of the student body had none of the advantages to be derived from membership in such an organization. A future member of congress, a college president to be, and many others destined to win fame and fortune for themselves and their *alma mater*, were among the number thus deprived.

As a protest against this class distinction, several of the leading non-society men organized a temporary debating club, "The Social Fraternity," fated to exert an influence second to no society of its kind in New England.

Such in general are the facts leading to the organization of this society. The time of organization as well as many of the details attending it are, however, a subject of much dispute.

Two very dissimilar opinions have arisen in this connection. The supporters of one view claim that the society was organized perhaps as early as 1826, certainly not later than 1829, by a trio of men who came to New Hampton from a private school in Newmarket. These men were John H. Winkley of Barrington, George W. Towle of Epping, afterwards colonel of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion, and George Nealey of Northwood. The other class place the date more definitely. They declare it to have been in the winter of 1830, and, while giving much credit to the three gentlemen men-



Col. George W. Towle.

One of the Founders of the Social Fraternity.

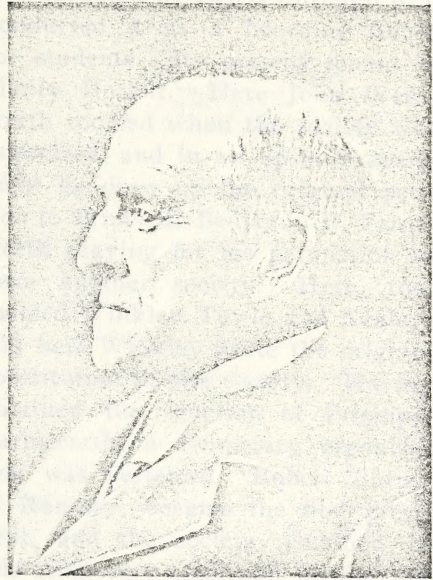
tioned above, Jonathan G. Dickinson, who afterwards became judge of the Maine supreme court, and others, they are inclined to award the greater credit to John Wentworth, the distinguished congressman, in later days, from Illinois.

The former opinion is championed by Principal Frank W. Preston, A. M., of New Hampton Literary Institution, in an interview published in the *Hamptonia* for the spring of 1899. From this we give the following extract:

"Several years ago while searching the records of The Fraternity I discovered the name of John H. Winkley, of Barrington, N. H., among the earliest members of the society. Mr. Winkley was a fellow-townsmen of mine and a very old man. I afterwards called at his home in Barrington and asked him something concerning the early history of the society. Mr. Winkley told me he was instrumental in forming the Social Fraternity. He said that he with George W. Towle and George Nealey in the winter of 1825 (?) attended a private school in Newmarket. While there these three with others formed a debating club and called it The Social Fraternity. In the following winter these three young men came to New Hampton. Although prominent members of the school they were not invited to become members of the Literary Adelphi, then the only literary society. The matter of forming another society was talked up and finally Mr. Winkley drew up a constitution, based upon that of the Newmarket debating club, which he presented to Principal Farnsworth with the project of forming a new society. Mr. Farnsworth permitted a temporary organization to be perfected, largely as an experiment, and meetings were held in the chapel hall. John Wentworth was a member of the society, but being much younger than some of the others, took a less prominent part in its affairs. The experiment was a success, and a permanent organization was perfected the following winter, 1826 or 1827. Mr. Winkley showed me what he said was the original draft of the constitution written by himself and submitted to Mr. Farnsworth for approval."

The preponderance of evidence, however, points to 1830 as the true date, rather than to either of those

mentioned above. A letter in the possession of the writer from Rev. Oren B. Cheuey, D. D., the venerable founder and ex-president of Bates college, states that he has no knowledge of the existence of the Social Fraternity when he was at New Hampton in 1829, although he found



Hon. Robert Burns.

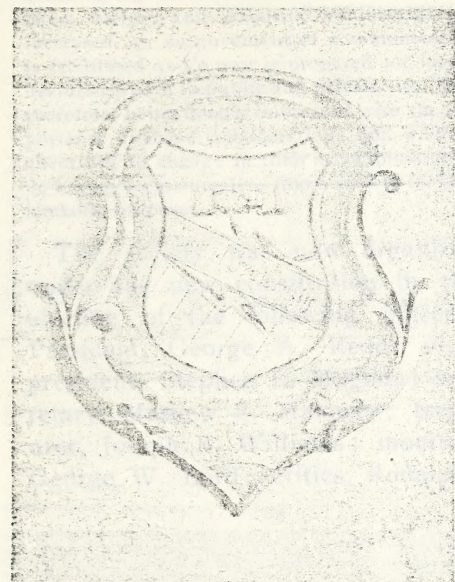
First President.

it in a flourishing condition when he became a member upon his return a few years later. The centennial catalogue of Phillips Exeter academy shows that the three gentlemen to whom the credit of organization is given in the above interview could not have been at Newmarket in 1825 as one of the number, George W. Towle, was registered as a student in Exeter at that time. In the catalogues of the New Hampton Academic and Theological institution for 1826 and 1827, original copies of which are before me, there is no mention of any of the three. An

original copy of the catalogue for 1828 is not at hand, but a reprint of this again reveals their absence as does also the original catalogue for 1829. All three names, however, appear in the catalogue for 1830, the only one in which all are found, showing conclusively that if, as every

in existence. Thus it appears that the actual date of organization was 1830.

The events of which we speak cluster around a house of ancient date still standing at the "Old Institution" near the early site of the first academy building. In those days it was occupied by Lewis Burleigh who conducted it as a boarding house for students. Its present tenant is Henry Durant. Here John Wentworth roomed when the society was organized, and in an upstairs apartment he drew up the original petition to Principal Benjamin F. Farnsworth praying for his permission to form another society. Here, too, roomed Winkley, Towle, and Nealey; and here Winkley wrote the original constitution of the society. Having obtained the sanction of Principal Farnsworth, a temporary organization was perfected. Robert Burns, of Rumney, became the first president, and the society remained in this temporary condition during the winter.



The Emblem of the Social Fraternity.

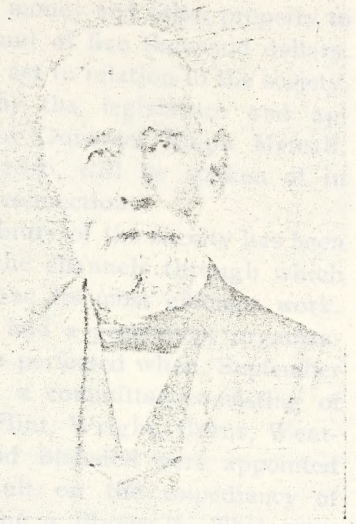
one admits them to have been, they were at all instrumental in forming the Social Fraternity it was in that year. Programmes of the anniversary exercises of 1828, 1829, and 1830 are also before me. In the first two no address before the Fraternity is mentioned. At the anniversary of the latter year the first address to this organization was delivered by Charles W. Emmons. It would seem that a society meeting with the phenomenal success which all agree attended the early days of the Social Fraternity would have received such a recognition even in the first two years mentioned, had it been

The new organization flourished. Led by some of the ablest men who have received their academical training at New Hampton it could not do otherwise. Wishing to perpetuate their work so that others could reap a benefit from it, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for its permanent existence. This committee reported August 13, 1831, and their recommendations were immediately adopted. This constitution makes known the reason for the existence of the society in the following preamble:

Universal intelligence is highly important, both with a view to the advancement of morals and the extension of the equal rights of man.

It may be said to be the life and soul of its possessor, and the great source upon which individual and national happiness depends. It is, therefore, the duty and should be the aim of every person to use his utmost endeavors, rapidly to accelerate its extension. It is abundantly evident that the establishment of literary societies has a very important tendency to promote this noble object. By these societies the perceptive powers are disciplined and invigorated, a correct taste is produced, a more ardent and general thirst for knowledge is excited, literary and scientific attainments are increased, an improvement of communication is facilitated and a way is prepared for future usefulness both in public and private life. We, therefore, being deeply impressed with the importance of these considerations, and wishing cheerfully to engage in their accomplishment, do hereby form ourselves into a society for that landable purpose.

The society was now organized under the new constitution by the election of the following officers: President, George A. Read; vice-president, Stephen L. Magoon; secretary, Mathew S. Maloney; treasurer, Joseph B. Williams; monitor, George W. Lord; critics, Rodolpho

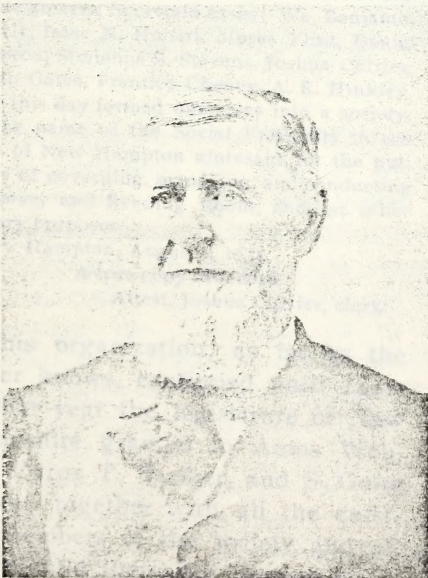


Rev. Amos Webster.

One of the Three Original Corporators.

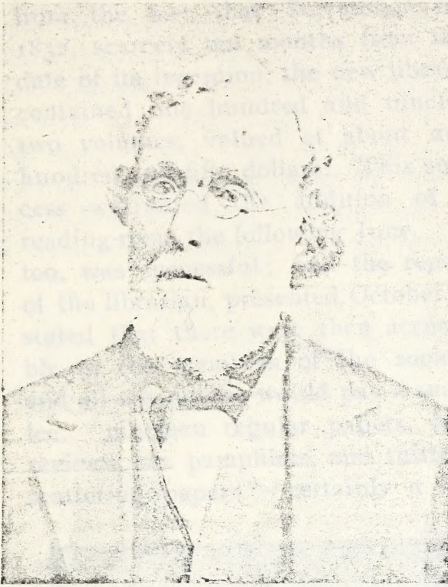
Parker, Moses D. Flint, and William Butterfield. That the flower of the youth then gathered at New Hampton was now arrayed under the shield, the emblem of the new society, is shown from this list of officers. Vice-president and monitor afterwards became distinguished lawyers. William Butterfield, one of the critics, was later secretary of state for New Hampshire, and for many years editor of the *Patriot* of Concord, while Mathew S. Maloney, the secretary, was later a millionaire merchant of New York city.

The society was now fully and permanently established, but in order to exercise corporate powers it reorganized August 6, 1833, according to the laws of the state. This act was recorded by James Simpson, town clerk, in the books of the town of New Hampton. The record is as follows:



Rev. Stephen Gano Abbott.

One of the Three Original Corporators.



Judge Stephen Gordon Nash.

Donator of the Gordon-Nash Library.

State of New Hampshire,
Strafford ss.

New Hampton, August 6th, 1833.

In pursuance of an act passed July 1st, 1831, authorizing persons to assume and exercise corporate powers, in certain cases; We, Benjamin Brierly, Isaac N. Hobart, Moses Flint, Daniel Mattison, Simmons S. Stevens, Joshua Currier, Josiah Gates, Prentice Cheney, A. R. Hinkley, have this day formed ourselves into a society, by the name of the Social Fraternity in the town of New Hampton aforesaid, for the purposes of governing, managing, and conducting a Library and Reading Room, and for other literary purposes.

New Hampton, August 6, 1833.

A true copy of record.

Attest, Joshua Currier, clerk.

This organization, as far as the writer knows, continued until 1847. In that year the legislature of New Hampshire granted to Amos Webster, Cyrus T. Tucker, and S. Gano Abbott, together with all the existing members of the society and all who should thereafter become members, a charter which created them into a corporation by the name of

the Social Fraternity, and gave them power to hold books, furniture, apparatus, money and other property to the amount of five thousand dollars. Another act in relation to the society, passed by the legislature and approved by Governor Ralph Metcalf, July 9, 1856, will be spoken of in another connection.

The library of the society has been one of the channels through which it has done its most efficient work. Scarcely had a permanent organization been perfected when, September 30, 1831, a committee consisting of Messrs. Flint, Wright, Burns, Wentworth, and Blaisdell were appointed "to consult on the expediency of establishing a library." This committee seems to have assumed that its duties extended even to the accomplishment of this undertaking, for, Nov. 11, six weeks later, the following record appears:

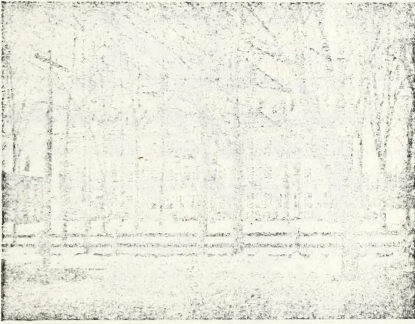
The committee appointed to advise means respecting the establishment of a library reported that they had attended to their duty and had procured books to something more than the amount of their funds, and that they would prepare a constitution for the government of the same which should be presented at the next meeting of the society.

The zeal with which the society now prosecuted this work is shown



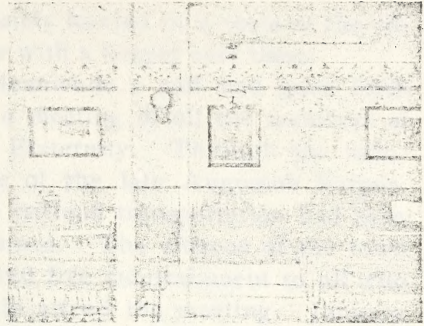
A Corner in the Social Fraternity Reception Room.

from the fact that September 26, 1832, scarcely ten months from the date of its inception, the new library contained one hundred and ninety-two volumes, valued at about one hundred and fifty dollars. This success warranted the addition of a reading-room the following June. It, too, was successful; and the report of the librarian, presented October 4, stated that there were then accessible to the members of the society and all others who would pay a small fee, "nineteen regular papers, four reviews, six pamphlets, and thirteen scattering papers"—certainly a lib-



Randall Hall.

eral supply for those days when modern journalism had scarcely begun its career. No effort was spared in the equipment of either reading-room or library. A friendly but strenuous rivalry with its brother society spurred the Fraternity on in its laudable endeavors. Oftentimes the citizens of the town as well as other interested persons assisted in the enterprise. One lengthy report of important repairs made on the reading-room has come down to us. It shows expenditures of nearly one hundred and twenty dollars on the room in Randall Hall now used as the Social Fraternity reception room. The li-



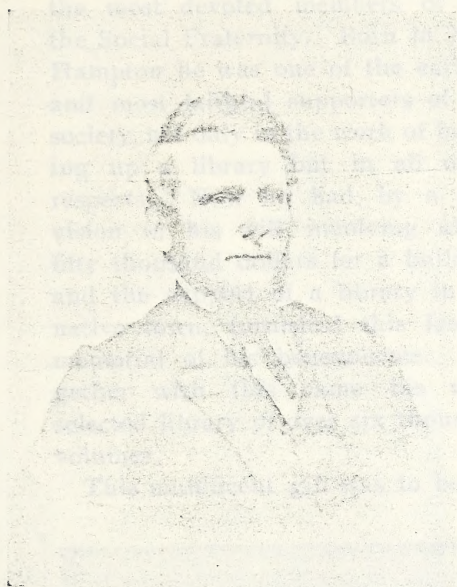
No. 1 Chapel Hall.

brary now firmly established in the hearts of many soon became the pride not only of the community but of the friends of education wherever it was known. But it was destined soon to become the object of one of the fiercest contentions that ever took place in the usually peaceful village of New Hampton, as will presently appear.

The New Hampton Academical and Theological Institution was well patronized, but the cash receipts were not sufficient to meet the expenditures. The school had hardly any endowment and it was feared its doors must be closed. In the midst of these difficulties inducements were offered for its removal to Fairfax, Vermont. The future of New Hampton as an educational center hung in the balance. The Anniversary of 1852 came. As the exercises of that day drew to a close Principal Eli B. Smith arose and announced that when New Hampton Institution should again open its doors to the public it would be at Fairfax, Vermont.

Those favoring this removal now attempted to get possession of the libraries of the three literary societies: The Social Fraternity, The Lit-

erary Adelphi, and The Germanæ. Others wished to keep the books at New Hampton. The libraries would certainly have been taken away before the scheme could have been thwarted had it not been for the timely interference of Captain John M. Flanders, a citizen of the village.



Judge Jonathan G. Dickinson.

Justice Maine Supreme Court.

He had seen their growth from the start and knew something of the self-denial required in building up these valuable collections of books. He held a small bill against the Adelphi, and succeeded in finding an outstanding account against the Fraternity which he purchased. A writ of attachment was then hastily made out against each society. Armed with these documents Captain Flanders, with the local sheriff, went to the society rooms at the "Old Institution," served the papers, boxed up the books and soon after had them

securely located in a room at the village with a keeper over them.

Meanwhile a call had gone forth for a meeting of all the members of the Fraternity. Through the influence of the late Augustus Burpee, free railroad transportation had been obtained. The citizens of the town offered free entertainment to all who would attend the meeting. January 1, 1853, the society convened to decide the question as to the future location of its library. Many members were present from other states. The contest was a spirited one. Hon. George G. Fogg, of Concord, later a United States senator, seems to have been the leader among those who opposed the change. He offered and championed the following resolution:

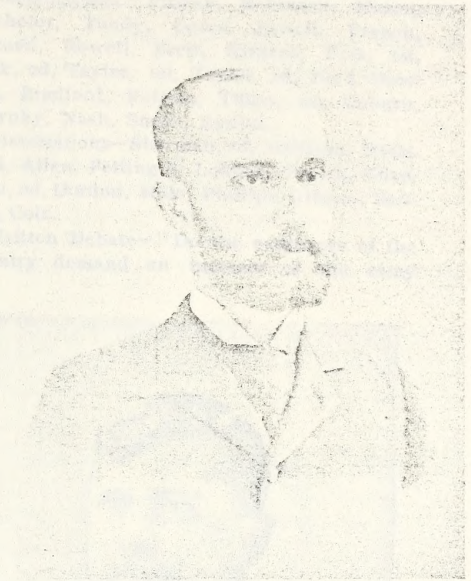
Resolved, That it is expedient for the Social Fraternity to remain under its present organization and at its present location, and to accept the proposition of the citizens of New Hampton in their circular of the sixth of January, instant, signed by Hon. H. Y. Simpson and others.

The vote was finally taken and four fifths of the assembly favored the resolution. It was a great victory for New Hampton, as well as for the Free Baptist denomination which was then attempting to establish an academy in place of the one just removed. Although the library survived these difficulties, the reading-room was not afterwards continued. The books of the Adelphi were also saved to the town, but all the property of the Germanæ was taken to Fairfax. As a safeguard against similar difficulties in the future, the legislature was soon afterwards petitioned to amend the Fraternity charter. This was done and now a provision of the act of incorporation provides, "That the said

Social Fraternity shall be forever located at New Hampton."

The next episode in the history of the library itself occurred in 1896. At the anniversary exercises of that year the Gordon-Nash library was dedicated. Hon. Stephen Gordon Nash, judge of the superior court of Suffolk county, Massachusetts, was one of the most devoted members of the the Social Fraternity. Born in New Hampton he was one of the earliest and most faithful supporters of the society, not only in the work of building up a library but in all other respects. Now he had, by a provision in his will involving about fifty thousand dollars for a building and the support of a library in his native town, furnished this lasting memorial of his benevolence. Together with this came his well-selected library of over six thousand volumes.

This munificent gift was to be for

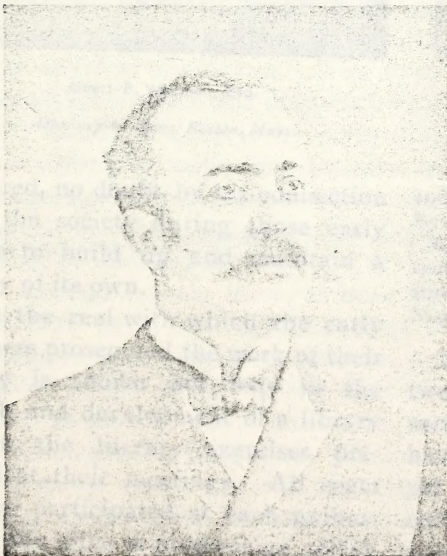


Hon. Daniel S. Chase.

Ex-Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.

the use of "residents, students, and sojourners." A clause provided for the setting apart of special alcoves in this building for the use of his old society. With characteristic broad-mindedness he extended a similar privilege both to the Adelphi and to the Germanæ. After due deliberation each of the three societies decided to accept the proposition.

Accordingly the books of the Fraternity, numbering 1,741 volumes, are now safely installed in this new and elegant fire-proof structure—the pride of both school and town. Under the same roof are the libraries of the Literary Adelphi and of the Germanæ and the private library of Judge Stephen Gordon Nash,—containing 1,645, 845, and 6,455 volumes respectively. Thus the total number of books available is 11,006. In connection with the library there is also furnished, through the generosity of



Hon. George E. Smith.

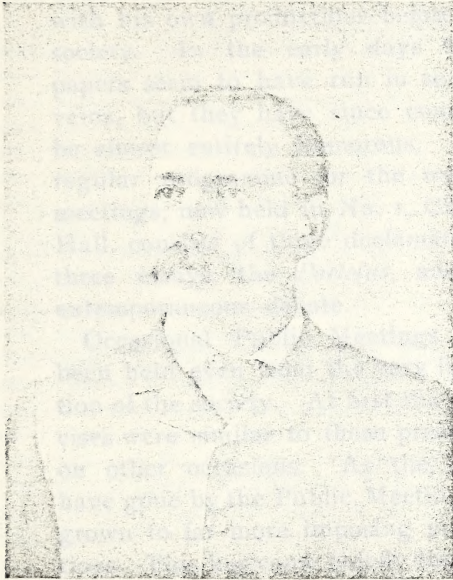
President Massachusetts State Senate.

the donor, a reading-room supplied with a large number of the choicest periodicals of the day. This magnificent gift comes to the community largely through Judge Nash's membership and interest in the Social Fraternity; for, although the love of books must have been innate with him, this love was awakened and

Declamations—Pitman, Robinson, Mason, Bachelor, Tandy, Gates, Sewell, French, Lerner, Rowell, Brett, Sargent, Fisk, 1st, Fisk, 2d, Taylor, 1st, Taylor, 2d, Ford, Sumner, Bradford, Folsom, Tilton, 1st, Coburn, Murphy, Nash, Smith, Rodliff.

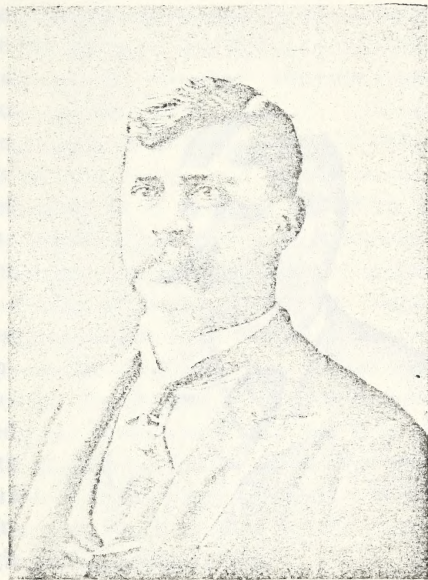
Dissertations—Sherman, 2d, Mattison, Hanaford, Allen, Pettingill, Lobdell, Brown, Chapman, 2d, Gordon, Hale, Phillips, Gilman, Bartlett, Cole.

Written Debate—"Do the exigences of the country demand an increase of the army



Albert P. Worthen, Esq.

Attorney-at-Law, Boston, Mass.



Prof. Charles L. Sawyer, A. M.

Minneapolis, Minn.

nurtured, no doubt, by his connection with the society during those early efforts to build up and maintain a library of its own.

But the zeal with which the early members prosecuted the work of their society is shown not only in the growth and development of a library but in the literary exercises presented at their meetings. All seem to have participated at each gathering. We give a programme which occurred at the regular meeting, October 13, 1836:

and navy?" Affirmative, Ruggles. Negative, Rowe.

Extemporaneous Debate—"Ought the representative to be bound by the will of his constituents?" Affirmative, Bean and Kenney. Negative, Storer and Chapman, 1st.

It would seem improbable that twenty-six declamations, fourteen dissertations and two debates should have been presented at one session, yet many such programmes are recorded. Declamations, dissertations, a written and an extemporaneous debate, as above, continued to constitute the regular order of exercises for

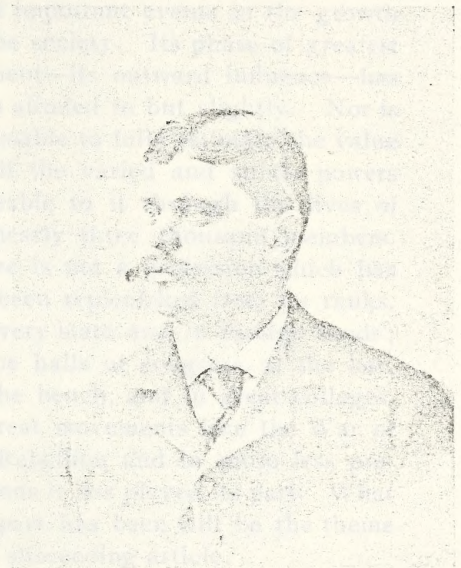
a number of years. The first change of note came at about the year 1840. A paper was introduced. It was called the *Pactolus*, after the mythological river in whose waters Midas, doomed to have all he should touch turn to gold, bathed, and turned its sands into golden grains. An editor was appointed who received contributions from others and read the same with his own productions before the society. In the early days these papers seem to have run in serious veins, but they have since come to be almost entirely humorous. The regular programme for the weekly meetings, now held in No. 1, Chapel Hall, consists of three declamations, three essays, the *Pactolus*, and an extemporaneous debate.

Occasional Public Meetings have been held even from the very inception of the society. At first the exercises were similar to those presented on other occasions. As the years have gone by the Public Meeting has grown to far more imposing proportions. This has come chiefly through the addition of a drama. Now these occasions which occur once each year are looked forward to by many who are willing to make long journeys to witness them. Some come even from out of the state to renew their allegiance to their old society.

Another custom in vogue from the earliest days has been to elect a member each year to deliver an address to the society at the anniversary exercises. This has been the crowning honor sought by "Fraters" for many years. It has sometimes been awarded for marked oratorical ability but perhaps more of the time for special services rendered the society. The list of those who have

attained to this honor contains a number of men who have since become prominent in their respective callings. The list is as follows:

- 1830. Charles W. Emmons, Boston, Mass.
- 1831. Jonathan G. Dickinson, New Chester (now Hill), N. H.
- 1832. George A. Read, Attleboro, Mass.
- 1833. Henry M. Nichols, Enfield, N. H.
- 1834. Stephen L. Magoon, New Hampton, N. H.



Clarence B. Burleigh.

Editor Kennebec Journal, Augusta, Me.

- 1835. No record.
- 1836. William G. Mickell, New York, N. Y.
- 1837. John J. Rowell, Andover, N. H.
- 1838. Benjamin Cole, Orford, N. H.
- 1839. No record.
- 1840. Gilbert Robbins, Keene, N. H.
- 1841. William W. Kaime, New Brunswick, N. J.
- 1842. John L. W. Tilton, Lowell, Mass.
- 1843. Phineas Stowe, Boston, Mass.
- 1844-1848. Records lost.
- 1849. George D. Henderson, Portsmouth, N. H.
- 1850. Elbridge Gale, Bennington, Vt.
- 1851. William L. Picknell, North Fairfax, Vt.
- 1852. Sylvester W. Marston, Medway, Mass.
- 1853. No graduating exercises.
- 1854. Henry F. Woodman, New Hampton, N. H.
- 1855. No record.
- 1856. Ancil N. True, Moultonborough, N. H.

1857. Ami R. Dennison, Phillips, Me.
 1857. Henry P. Lamprey, Concord, N. H.
 1858. John M. Pease, Dakota, Mich.
 1859. John T. Storer, Lawrence, Mass.
 1860. James D. Davis, Lowell, Mass.
 1861. No record.
 1862. John E. Dame, Farmington, N. H.
 1863. No record.
 1864. Charles D. Thyng, New Hampton, N. H.
 1865. Warren L. Noyes, No. Tunbridge, Vt.
 1866. No record.
 1867. Jonathan Smith, Peterborough, N. H.
 1868. Samuel Piper, Holderness, N. H.
 1869. George E. Smith, New Hampton, N. H.
 1870. Joseph L. Caverley, Barrington, N. H.
 1871. Horace F. Giles, Sanbornton, N. H.
 1872. Burton Minard, North Queens, N. S.
 1873. Jacob S. Neal, Barrington, N. H.
 1874. Eugene A. Ordway, Meredith, N. H.
 1875. William Cummings, New Bedford, Mass.
 1876. Charles G. Emmons, Bristol, N. H.
 1877. Frank W. Preston, Barrington, N. H.
 1878. Willis D. Shaw, Manchester, N. H.
 1879. Josiah H. Quincy, Rumney, N. H.
 1880. Daniel S. Chase, Meredith, N. H.
 1881. Albert P. Worthen, Bristol, N. H.
 1882. Charles L. Sawyer, Wadley's Falls, N. H.
 1883. Clarence B. Burleigh, Augusta, Me.
 1884. Everett A. Pugsley, Rochester, N. H.
 1885. George W. Brown, Water Village, N. H.
 1886. Nelson G. Howard, Strafford, N. H.
 1887. Fred S. Libbey, Wolfeborough, N. H.
 1888. Herbert L. Buzzell, Plymouth, N. H.
 1889. Samuel E. Worthen, Bristol, N. H.
 1890. Frank Pearson, Madison, N. H.

1891. John Potter, Griswold, Conn.
 1892. Amos O. Benfield, Fremont, N. H.
 1893. Herbert M. Thyng, New Hampton, N. H.
 1894. John W. Butcher, Dallas, Texas.
 1895. James D. Child, New Hampton, N. H.
 1896. Charles H. Hawkins, Meredith, N. H.
 1897. Warren R. Brown, Centre Harbor, N. H.
 1898. Henry E. Stickney, Campton, N. H.
 1899. John A. David, Chelsea, Mass.
 1900. Daniel R. Chase, Orford, N. H.

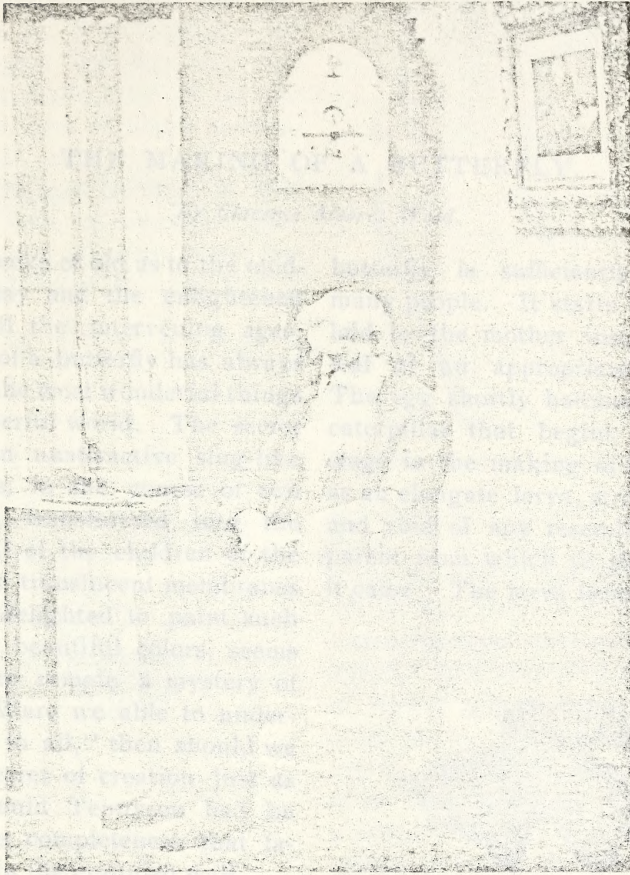
Thus far we have been able to give only the merest outline of the most important events in the growth of the society. Its phase of greatest moment—its outward influence—has been alluded to but slightly. Nor is it possible to fully estimate the value of all the varied and subtle powers traceable to it through the lives of its nearly three thousand members. There is not a profession which has not been replenished from its ranks. In every state and in foreign lands; in the halls of congress, at the bar, on the bench, and in great colleges, in great movements like the War of the Rebellion and in those less pretentious it has played its part. What this part has been will be the theme for a succeeding article.

[To be concluded.]

O MEMORY, HOW BRIGHT THY DREAMS.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

Within the antique low-ceiled room,
 While flickering shadows come and go,
 He sits and dreams amid the gloom,
 Of scenes and friends of long ago.
 And far away adown the years,
 Forgetting all their grief and pain,
 The golden dawn of life appears,
 And he relives his youth again.



Sees faces that have long been hid,
'Neath Summer's bloom, and Winter's snow,
Hands crossed beneath the coffin lid,
Clasp his in warmth as long ago.
Again he holds in fond embrace,
A being young and wondrous fair,
The sunlight on her upturned face,
There is no grave dust in her hair.

O Memory! how sweet thy dreams,
How fair the pictures that ye paint,
Round each familiar face there gleams
The golden halo of the saint.
And o'er the homestead gray and old,
By some mysterious spell of thine,
There drift no clouds, thy sky is gold,
Thy rude hearthstone a hallowed shrine.

THE MAKING OF A BUTTERFLY.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

To the Greeks of old as to the moderns of to-day and the enlightened people of all the intervening ages, the making of a butterfly has always been one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful world. The secret by which an unattractive slug-like caterpillar is, in the course of two brief weeks, transformed into the most ethereal of the children of the air, on whose translucent membranes Nature has delighted to paint such delicate and beautiful colors, seems likely ever to remain a mystery of mysteries. Were we able to understand it "all in all," then should we get at the secret of creation just as surely as would Tennyson had he known in its completeness that famous flower in the crannied wall.

In its external features the life of a

butterfly is sufficiently familiar to many people. It starts with an egg laid by the mother insect upon the leaf of an appropriate food-plant. The egg shortly hatches into a tiny caterpillar that begins this second stage in the making of the butterfly as an elongate larva, strange in form and void of any resemblance to the parent from which so shortly before it came. The larva feeds and grows.



Fig. 2. The Caterpillar of the Monarch Butterfly.

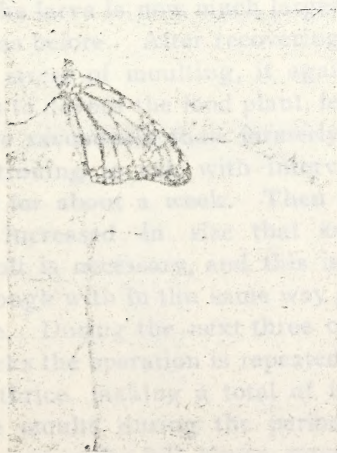


Fig. 1. Monarch Butterfly.

In a few days its skin is stretched on account of the increase in size, for with insects and related creatures the skin is not continually increased from growth within itself. Instead of this a new skin is formed beneath the old one, and the latter is sloughed off much—much as a snake from time to time casts its scaly covering.

In this moulting process the skin upon the head splits apart along the middle line of the upper surface, and the break is continued straight backward through several of the body rings. By various more or less violent movements, the caterpillar man-

ages to withdraw its head from the old covering, and then to escape entirely, leaving the cast skin—an *exuvium*, the naturalists call it—at one side. In the case of many species, the caterpillar, after resting awhile for parts of its new covering to harden, calmly eats its exuvium, presumably that the presence of the latter may not be a sign to some bird or

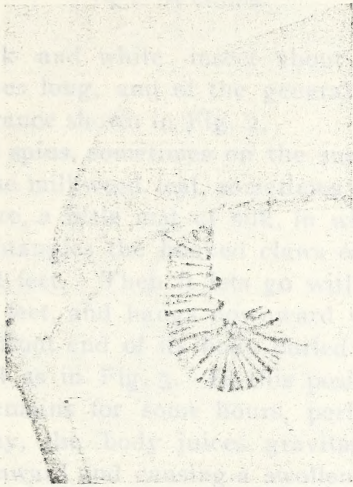


Fig. 3. The Caterpillar hung up for Pupation.

other enemy that a caterpillar is in the neighborhood.

The larva is now much larger than it was before. After recovering from the stress of moulting, it again begins to devour the food plant, feeding more ravenously than formerly, and continuing to eat, with intervals of rest for about a week. Then it has so increased in size that another moult is necessary, and this is gone through with in the same way as before. During the next three or four weeks the operation is repeated twice or thrice, making a total of four or five moults during the period from the egg to the full grown caterpillar.

After the last of these larval moults,

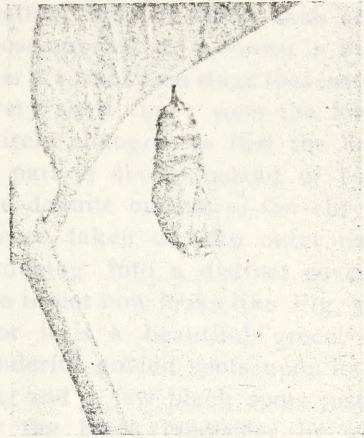


Fig. 4. The Transition Stage between Larva and Chrysalis.

the caterpillar feeds for a week or ten days. Then apparently the prodigious appetite it has shown throughout its life becomes satisfied, for the insect becomes restless and wanders about. It is searching for some sort of shelter where it may spend the quiet pupal period, when it shall be utterly helpless to escape the attack of its many enemies. Having found a sheltered corner of a fence or some similar situation, it proceeds to spin a silken web upon the underside of the chosen board, in which a little later it entangles its hind feet and hangs downward preparatory to becoming a chrysalis.

The bare outline that I have thus given would apply to many species of butterflies. Among others it fits the beautiful Monarch butterfly, so familiar to everyone who goes afield from midsummer until autumn. The eggs of this regal insect are deposited on the leaves of milkweed, upon the substance of which the resulting caterpillars feed from the time of hatching until they become full-grown.

The full-grown caterpillar of the Monarch butterfly is a good-sized



Fig. 5. The Chrysalis.

black and white insect about two inches long, and of the general appearance shown in Fig. 2.

It spins, sometimes on the surface of the milkweed leaf, sometimes elsewhere, a little mat of silk, in which it entangles the hooked claws of its hind feet. Then it lets go with its hind feet, and hangs downward with the front end of its body curled upward as in Fig. 3. In this position it remains for some hours, perhaps a day, the body juices gravitating downward and causing a swollen appearance on the lower segments. Then the skin splits apart and it is wriggled off by the contortions of the body. When it finally drops away there is left a strange-looking



Fig. 6. The Chrysalis showing Markings of the Butterfly.

creature, broader below than above, whose appearance is shown in Fig. 4. This is a transition stage that lasts but a very short time; soon the form is entirely changed, so that the broadest part is above instead of below. The definite outline of the chrysalis is soon taken on, the outer tissues hardening into a distinct covering. The insect now looks like Fig. 5; in color it is a beautiful green, with wonderful golden spots upon its surface, and a few black spots just below the black cremaster by which the chrysalis is connected with the

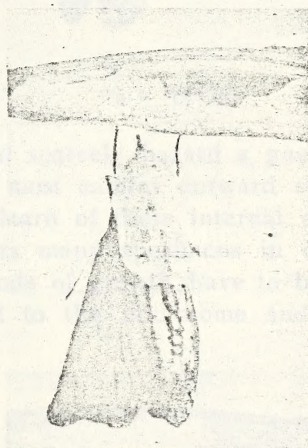


Fig. 7. Butterfly newly emerged from Chrysalis.

web of silk upon the leaf. The black spots, the cremaster, and the white silken web are plainly shown in the picture.

In this quiet chrysalis the insect remains for nearly a fortnight. Then the structure of the forthcoming butterfly begins to show through the thin outer covering (Fig. 6) and you know that the period of the chrysalis is nearly ended. If you keep watch you will probably see the sudden bursting of the outer envelope and the quick grasping of its surface by

the legs of the newly emerged butterfly. Its wings at first are short and crumpled (Fig. 7), bearing little resemblance to those of the fully developed butterfly. But as it hangs there with one pair of legs holding to the empty chrysalis and the other

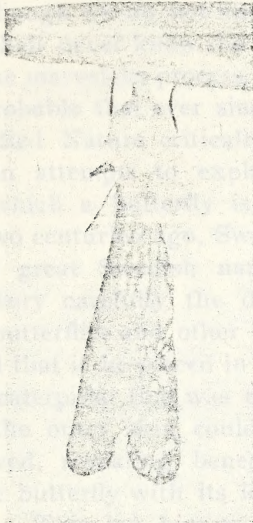


Fig. 8. Butterfly with wings developing—back view.

to the leaf above, the wings rapidly lengthen, hanging limply downward as the body-juices penetrate the veins. A little later they expand in the other direction, the hind wings reaching full-size before the front ones as Figs. 11 and 12. Finally both pairs of wings are fully expanded, and the butterfly is likely to walk to the top of the support where it rests for an hour or two while its tissues harden before it attempts to fly.

Such in brief outline is the process by which a butterfly is made so far as it is to be determined by external observation. But these are only the visible results of invisible internal processes, of the nature of which we

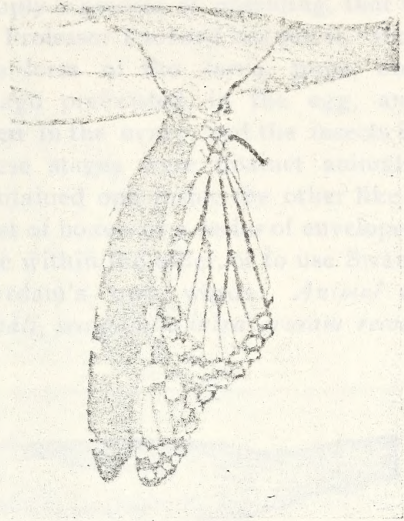


Fig. 9. Front view.

could scarcely hazard a guess from the most careful outward scrutiny. To learn of these internal developments many specimens in different periods of growth have to be sacrificed to the microtome and micro-

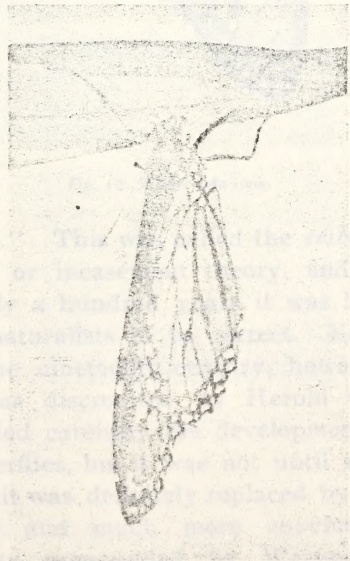


Fig. 10. Another front view.

scope, so that by careful study the variation in the structure and position of the minute cells of which the insect is composed may be determined. During recent years great progress in such knowledge has been made, so that we have a fairly complete idea of the method of development, although we do not know and perhaps shall never know the "all in all" of the marvelous process.

It is probable that ever since men have studied Nature critically there have been attempts to explain the way in which a butterfly is made. Nearly two centuries ago, Swammerdam the great Swedish naturalist, studied very carefully the development of butterflies and other insects. He found that if he placed in boiling water a caterpillar that was ready to pupate, the outer skin could easily be removed, revealing beneath the immature butterfly with its legs and antennae. This led him to believe

that the process of development was simply a process of unfolding, that is as Professor Packard has put it, "that the form of the larva, pupa, and imago preëxisted in the egg, and even in the ovary, and the insects in these stages were distinct animals, contained one inside the other like a nest of boxes, or a series of envelopes, one within the other, or to use Swammerdam's own words: *Animal in amali, seu papilio intra erucam recon-*

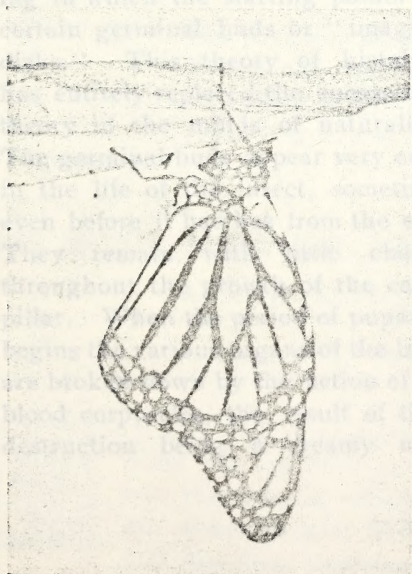


Fig. 11. A side view.

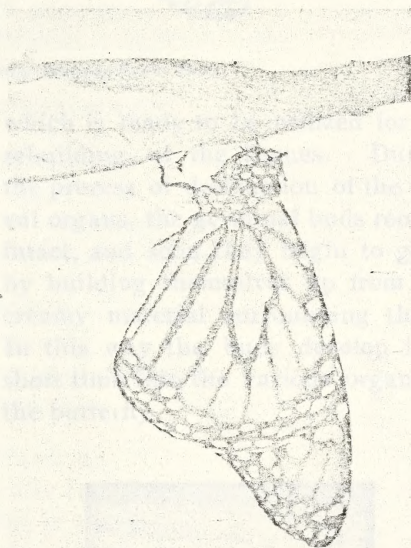


Fig. 12. A later side view.

ditus." This was called the *emboitement* or incasement theory, and for nearly a hundred years it was held by naturalists to be correct. Early in the nineteenth century, however, it was discredited by Herold who studied carefully the development of butterflies, but it was not until 1864 that it was definitely replaced by another and much more convincing theory propounded by Weismann, the great German zoölogist.

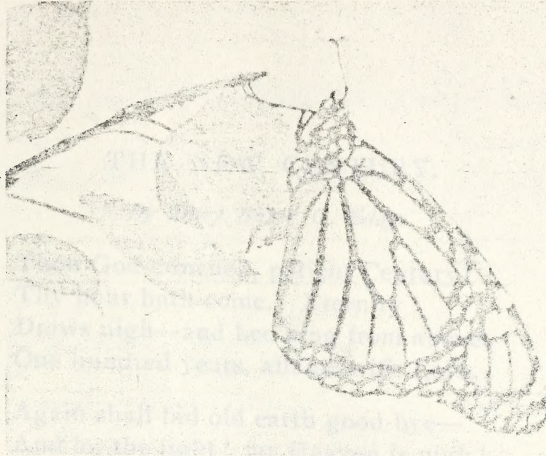


Fig. 13. Mature Monarch Butterfly resting on Poplar leaves.

By careful studies in which the modern methods of microscopic research were employed, Professor Weismann found that instead of the organs of the adult butterfly being present in the caterpillar, they really result from the breaking down of the various tissues of the larva, followed by a remarkable process of rebuilding in which the starting points are certain germinal buds or "imaginal disks." This theory of histolysis has entirely replaced the encasement theory in the minds of naturalists. The germinal buds appear very early in the life of the insect, sometimes even before it hatches from the egg. They remain with little change throughout the growth of the caterpillar. When the period of pupation begins the various organs of the larva are broken down by the action of the blood corpuscles, the result of their destruction being a creamy mass

which is ready to be utilized for the rebuilding of the tissues. During the process of destruction of the larval organs, the germinal buds remain intact, and soon they begin to grow by building themselves up from the creamy material surrounding them. In this way the buds develop in a short time into the various organs of the butterfly.



Fig. 14. The empty Chrysalis.

THE NEW CENTURY.

By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Thou God-crowned, patient Century !
Thy hour hath come. Eternity
Draws nigh—and bec'ning from above,
One hundred years, aflame with Love,

Again shall bid old earth good-bye—
And lo, the light ! far Heaven is nigh !—
New themes seraphic, Life divine,
And bliss that wipes the tears of time

Away, will enter, when they may—
And bask in one eternal day :
'Tis writ on earth, on leaf and flower—
Love hath one race, one realm, one power.

Dear God ! how great, how good Thou art
To heal humanity's sore heart ;
To probe the wound, then pour the balm—
A life perfected, strong and calm. .

The dark domain of pain and sin
Surrenders—Love doth enter in,
And peace is won, and lost is vice :
Right reigns, and blood was *not* its price.

January, 1901.

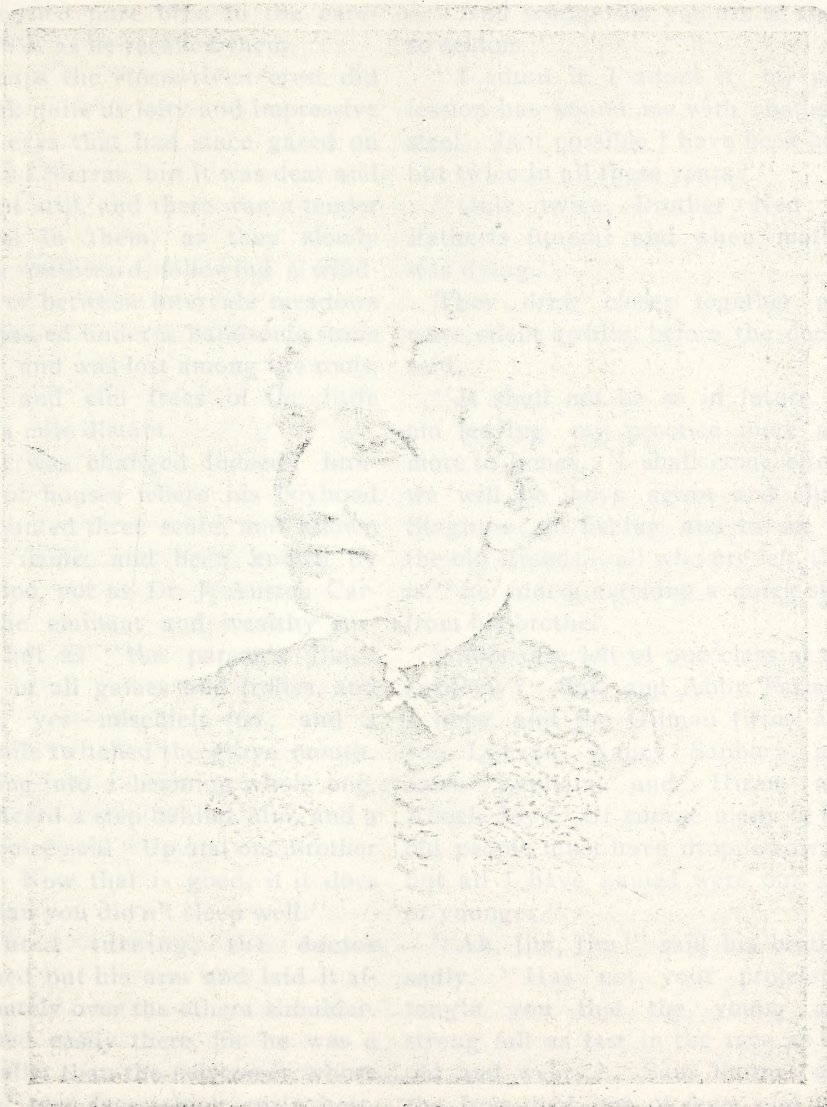
A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

By Laura D. Nichols.

I.



R. CARLYLE came down stairs half an hour before the time at which his sister-in-law had told him that breakfast would be ready. The front door was open and he stepped out upon the piazza into the crisp sunshine of a New Hampshire October, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction as he drank in the peaceful beauty of the landscape. Northward, on his left, rose in pasture slopes and shaggy woods and granite ledges,—Staghorn mountain,



REV. MARY BAKER EDDY.

Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.

every foot of which he had traversed in boyhood, — bird-nesting, fishing, picking berries, setting snares and traps, picnicking, and gunning; days that seemed pure bliss to the careworn man as he recalled them.

Perhaps the storm-riven crest did not look quite as lofty and impressive to the eyes that had since gazed on Alps and Sierras, but it was dear and honored still, and there was a tender dimness in them, as they slowly turned southward, following a winding river between intervale meadows till it passed under a handsome stone bridge, and was lost among the roofs, spires, and elm trees of the little town, a mile distant.

That was changed indeed; hundreds of houses where his boyhood had counted three score, and known all by name, and been known by them, too, not as Dr. J. Austen Carlyle, the eminent and wealthy surgeon, but as "the parson's Jim," leader in all games and frolics, and — well, yes — mischief, too; and a half smile twitched the grave mouth, widening into a beaming whole one, as he heard a step behind him, and a quiet voice said "Up and out Brother Ned? Now that is good, if it does not mean you didn't sleep well."

Without turning, the doctor stretched out his arm and laid it affectionately over the other's shoulder. It rested easily there, for he was a head taller than the newcomer, whose smiling rosy face, thick curly hair, and square-built figure contrasted strongly with the lean height, scholarly stoop, careworn brow, and reserved gravity of the elder man.

"Indeed, it does not, Brother Charles," he answered. "I slept as no man can who does not know the

relief of getting away from a telephone, as I have not since I was a boy. Happy fellow that you are to live here always!"

"And scamp that you are to come so seldom!"

"I admit it, I admit it; my profession has bound me with chains of steel. Is it possible I have been here but twice in all these years?"

"Only twice, Brother Ned: at Father's funeral and when mother was dying."

They drew closer together and were silent awhile, before the doctor said,

"It shall not be so in future. I am leaving my practice more and more to James. I shall come often; we will be boys again and climb Staghorn, go fishing, and to see all the old friends.—all who are left, that is," he added, catching a quick sigh from his brother.

"Who are left of our class at the academy? Sam and Abby Farmer, I hope, and the Gilman twins, and Joe Lincoln, Nancy Sanborn, and Love Lapham, and Hiram and Enoch Joy? Of course many of the old people must have dropped away, but all I have named were our age or younger."

"Ah, Jim, Jim!" said his brother sadly. "Has not your profession taught you that the young and strong fall as fast in the race as the old and weary? Sam Farmer and the Joys died, one of fever and two in battle at New Orleans in '63. Abby lives alone on the old place; Nancy married and went to California; Joe Lincoln, poor joking Joe, fell into bad company and died of delirium tremens at thirty; the Gilman twins served in the war, and

John married and stayed in Baltimore. Henry came home but died of consumption soon after."

He paused; the doctor's shocked face silenced him. Its softened reverent feeling would have been a revelation to his fashionable patients, who considered him so curt and unapproachable.

"And little Love?" he inquired at last. "Don't tell me that tender little butterfly came to grief too."

"Yes, that was the saddest of all. Her careless lightness of nature was her ruin. She was engaged to Joe Lincoln first, but jilted him for a worthless city scamp, who deserted her; and whether it was that, or remorse when Joe died, she fell into despondency and took her own life."

"That tender, timid little thing! Afraid of a rude word—afraid in the dark—went out *so* into the great uncertainty! Oh, it is hard to believe!" He took a few hurried steps away, then returning, said gently, "Abby Farmer then, is the only one you can take me to see?"

"Yes, and glad enough she'll be! The same plain, downright, honest soul; old-fashioned, sensible, and clear-headed. I was in the post-office one day when a letter was handed to her addressed 'Miss Abbie Farmer.' Her scorn was refreshing to see. She had half a mind not to take it, and I, to humor her, took a pen and turned the *ie* into a *y*. She laughed then, and said it was from one of her city cousins, and to pay her, she'd sign her name Abigail in full—the little goose!"

"She lives on the old farm you say?" the doctor asked, looking up the mountain road for the unpainted

house and the red barn he remembered well.

"Yes, the butternut trees have grown so that you can't see the roofs now; but there's the top of the old Lombardy poplar."

"Yes, yes, I see it now. Shall we walk up after breakfast and surprise her?"

Before his brother could answer, a rush and a scramble were heard on the stairs and in the hall, and out ran two sunburned boys of eight and ten, the younger shouting "Father, isn't it Sunday? Jamie says it isn't, and he's going fishing!"

Then both at once saw the amused look of their unknown uncle, and fell into bashful propriety, uttering stiff "good mornings," and subsiding into silence behind their father, as a sweet-faced lady appeared in the doorway, and summoned all to breakfast.

The doctor's quick ear caught a triumphant "Yah! What did I tell you! 'Tis Sunday—see!"

He turned and gently pulled the speaker's ear, as he asked,

"What makes you so sure, my man?"

"Why, them, of course!" cried the triumphant one, forgetting his grammar, as he eagerly pointed his chubby forefinger at the baked beans, brown bread, and fishballs on the table, while Jamie hung his head in mortified defeat.

"Oh, does that settle it?" laughed his uncle, and then it was his turn to be mortified, for his brother was waiting for silence to ask a blessing on the food. "I beg your pardon, brother Charles," he said afterwards, "I am glad you keep up our father's custom. Your boy here seems to

have an original way of deciding the day of the week. I am sorry to say that I had forgotten—"

"That beans and fishballs belong to Sunday morning?" interrupted his sister-in-law, smiling. She was unwilling to have her children hear him say that he had forgotten the day, and his keen glance of discovery brought a blush to her cheeks, but she met it bravely, and it changed to respectful admiration as he responded with double meaning.

"You are right, Sister Ellen, I have been an exile from New England so long, I have forgotten much that I am glad to recall. Does every roof in town cover this same bill of fare this morning?"

"I think you would surely find one dish or the other," she said. "Some prefer the beans and brown bread Saturday night, but one or both belong to the day as regularly as—"

"As the church bells," said her husband, adding, "You know Ellen is a born and bred Hillsborian, as I am, and we delight in keeping up all the old ways. I suppose Sister Cornelia has her Knickerbocker dishes equally sacred in her eyes."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "but if she could taste these, we might make a Yankee of her even now;" and as he passed his plate for another fishball he added, "I suppose, however, Brother Charles, you do not go so far as to set in the stocks or burn as a witch, any non-bean-cooking house-keeper?"

"Hardly, but I assure you it requires more courage than you think to go contrary to the rest in a little place like this. It would be a brave woman who should habitually wash any day but Monday, for instance."

But here an unexpected interruption came from the youngest member of the family, a grave-eyed young person of three, who had been regarding her uncle with solemn disapproval, ever since his last speech, and now, in clear tones, addressed him: "My papa not name Sharles; name Henwy A'zander Tarilyle."

Everybody smiled, but even the boys forbore from laughing, well knowing that the little maid could not endure ridicule. Her lip would have quivered and hot tears been shed, had anyone indulged in mirth.

"I was puzzling over that, too," said Miss Antoinette, a pretty sister of the hostess, who sat opposite the doctor, and had been introduced as Miss Andrews, on his arrival the night before.

He smiled both at her and at his baby corrector as he answered,

"You are right, little Miss Primrose. Brother Henry A'zander, will you explain?"

And he, turning to the young lady, said, "The doctor and I belong to the good old days when people read and loved and quoted Dickens, and the Cheeryble brothers were such favorites of ours that we dubbed each other 'Ned' and 'Charles,' and are still boys enough to keep it up when we get together. I fear from your face that 'Nicholas Nickleby' was not a textbook at Vassar. You may even be among the scoffers at dear old Boz, to whom, I am not ashamed to say, I owe some of the happiest hours of my life. Do you remember, Jim, how father used to bring home the weekly numbers of 'Copperfield' and 'Bleak House,' and we would struggle to get through our lessons

in time to hear him read them aloud before we went to bed, and how dear little Mother softly rose and stopped the clock when Steerforth was shipwrecked?"

"Indeed I do! and how you wrote me years afterwards, when I was in Paris, of your taking Father and Mother both to Boston to hear him read his 'Christmas Carol' and 'Pickwick Trial,' and how they laughed and cried! Ah, young lady, I am sorry for you."

"But I thought he was considered a caricaturist," she began, but stopped in dismay at her sister's indignant "Oh!" her brother-in-law's "a libel!" while Dr. Carlyle quietly answered,

"Even granting that, you do him no dishonor. A first-class caricaturist is only one kind of philanthropist. The world could spare many a martial hero better than Doyle, Cruikshank, John Leech, Du Maurier, or our own Nast."

"Or Gibson," whispered Mrs. Henry, bringing a blush to Antoinette's face, she having recently covered a screen with her favorite's sketches.

The doctor went on, "I wish you could see how many copies of Leech are worn out in our convalescent wards; and Dickens leads them all in his knowledge of human nature. No one who knows his Dickens well can walk a city street or take a day's journey without meeting some of the men and women he sketched for us. I dare not tell you how many Mrs. Nicklebys I number among my patients. I traveled all yesterday with Dick Swiveller and barely avoided Miggs on the stagecoach. But I see you consider Henry and me very old

fogies indeed, so let us go back to our Sunday beans and Monday laundry work. What does the New England conscience prescribe for the rest of the week, Sister Ellen?"

"Ironing Tuesday; baking and churning in the middle of the week, and somewhat optional; sweeping on Friday, and more baking and a general scouring, including the children, on Saturday."

"And where does social visiting come in?" pursued the doctor. "It forms so large a part of the duty of city dames, that I am shocked by your classing it among subordinate matters."

"Oh, yes. Our country consciences are much less strict on that score. If our houses and children are clean, our pews well filled on Sunday, our gardens weeded, our pickles crisp, and our jellies stiff, we need not worry over our visiting list, and party calls are unknown."

"What a blessed place to live in!" sighed her brother-in-law. "But in view of all these rites, when can I most suitably call on my old friend Abby Farmer?"

"To-morrow afternoon," she replied. "Abby is sure to have her washing done and out, bright and early in the morning, and in and folded, and her dress changed by three in the afternoon."

"To-morrow it shall be then, and I have an idea of going alone to see if she will recognize me."

"Excellent!" said Henry, "if she does not get her eye on you in church. You will go with us this morning?"

"Certainly, I will, and this afternoon?"

"I was planning to take you to a walk through the town to see the

changes, especially our stone bridge, instead of the old covered wooden one; our library, so handsomely endowed by a generous former citizen, whose name I forbear to mention." The boys nudged each other, and were charmed when their uncle winked at them jovially, in response to their shy glances.

"And the drinking fountain in father's memory," continued the host.

"And the cemetery?"

"Yes, it is the favorite Sunday afternoon walk here."

"And will the ladies go with us?" asked the doctor. "We will promise to be as little old-fogyish as we can," and he smiled so winningly at Miss Antoinette that she was quite won over, and very proud when he personally escorted her to and from the evening service, which ended the beautiful autumn day.

* * * * *

At breakfast next day, after commenting on the unusual number of interesting young people in the congregation, Dr. Carlyle added, "But they did not view me as favorably as I did them. There was one handsome, dark-eyed fellow in particular, who gave me an almost savage glance in the porch, though how I could have injured him, I could not see," he concluded, with such an innocent tone, that his brother and sister exchanged amused looks, and Antoinette's cheeks burned, but just as she ventured to glance up at the speaker she met his eyes flashing with such mischief and triumph that her own were down-cast for the rest of the meal.

The brothers spent the morning to-

gether at Henry's mills, of which he was justly proud, as well as of the neat houses of the employés. Dr. James did not fail to notice the universal fluttering of Monday washings wherever they went, on lines, patent driers, and sunny banks, and bushes.

In the afternoon he wandered away alone towards the mountain, and about four o'clock strolled into the well-remembered Farmer dooryard, and, pausing at the well, had just drawn up a dripping bucket, as Miss Abby came round the corner of the house to get a colored apron or two, which had been left to dry in the shade on a wide-spreading elder-bush. Her white wash, as Mrs. Carlyle predicted, was already folded down for ironing.

She stopped short at sight of a stranger, and frankly stared, one hand involuntarily smoothing her gray hair, while the other bunched the patched gingham aprons behind her.

"This water is as deliciously cold as ever, Abby!" said the doctor, tossing his hat on the grass, and walking towards her, the dipper in one hand, the other out-stretched for hers.

"You've got my name glib enough," she slowly said, "but I don't know as I can call yours."

Her keen gray eyes continued to search his face; her hand was doubtfully given, but when he smiled down at her, half-amused, half-reproachful,—she gripped his hand, crying "Jim Carlyle! It ain't really you, is it?" and honest eyes met honest eyes with equal joy and questioning, till suddenly hers filled and she turned abruptly away, with a dry sob more

pathetic than tears, saying, "O Lord of love! Why ain't Sam here too?"

"Dear old Sam!" he responded, and made delay, returning the dipper to its nail, to give her time to recover herself.

"Come in," she urged, next moment. "Come right along in! I do n't care how the kitchen looks!"

"It looks as neat as a pin, as it always did," he cordially declared, and, indeed, it was shining with cleanliness; the clothes basket of tightly-rolled linen on the white wooden table; the open fire snapping cheerily, and a kettle of stewing crab-apples sending out a spicy odor.

"Oh, how pleasant and natural it all looks!" he said, leaning against the doorway, while she bestowed her aprons in the basket, and put that and her blue bowl of sprinkling water into the back room. "Give me the pail and I'll bring you in the water I've just drawn."

He spied it on the sink shelf as he spoke, and was off toward the well before she could object, giving her time, as he intended (having a wife and daughters), to exchange her blue check apron for a black silk one, and tie a soft mull scarf around her neck. She wanted him then to go into the parlor, but, knowing well its chilly primness, he begged off, and taking possession of a high-backed black and yellow wooden rocking-chair beside the fireplace, where her father used to sit in the old days, he made an excuse that his shoes were damp from his mountain walk.

"Humph!" she scoffed, half at the pretence and half at the cityfied boots, "just as if I could n't light a fire in there in a jiffy! and I will, too," she added, laughing, "or Mis'

Sanborn down the road 'll think I've lost my manners, *or turned stingy*," she muttered to herself, as she thrust a lucifer match through the sliding damper of the best-room stove.

"Why, how should she know anything about it?" he inquired.

"Oh, Jim, have you been away from Hillsboro so long as not to know that you could n't walk in that door an' she not see you, and peek through her blinds to see if there was a smoke comin' out of my parlor chimney? But there, I ought n't to be callin' you that way, Dr. Carlyle."

"Then must I beg pardon for calling you 'Abby'?"

"Oh, that's different. You're a fine city gentleman, now, and I—"

"You are my old friend," he gently answered; "Sam's sister, and I hope I shall be 'Jim' to you, as long as we both live. Sit down, and tell me all about yourself; you've made smoke enough to satisfy Mrs. Sanborn, and if you can, I want to know all about Sam, too." She gave way at once, and for an hour they lost themselves in mingled questions and answers, reminiscence and narrative, till the old clock behind them struck five, and they started like naughty children.

"Henry will think I am lost on Staghorn," said the doctor, looking for his hat. "I shall tell him it was all your fault for being so entertaining."

"And if I had a mite of cake in the house, I'd ask you to stay and take tea with me," said Abby, bluntly. "Serves me right for not makin' a good loaf Saturday! Mother never let the box get empty,

but now I'm alone, I get slack, and I never did care much for sweet cake."

"Nor I, Abby," said the doctor, knowing well that she was sincere. "I'd rather have buttered toast and stewed crab-apples (with a boyish glance at the fireplace) than all the cake that ever was frosted."

"Now *had* you? Honest Indian?" she returned, delighted. "*Then you shall*, an' if you're fibbin', it'll be a good punishment. Sam always liked rye pancakes with crab-apples, an' there's a jarful of *them*, fried fresh Saturday."

"No punishment in *that*," said the doctor, gleefully. "I always ate two to Sam's one. You couldn't hire me to go, now, and, Abby, shan't I bring you in a basket of chips, or an armful of wood, or more water? It's too dark for Mrs. Sanborn to spy me," he added roguishly, as she hesitated.

But it proved that the woodbox was well stocked, and he was only allowed to bring a pail of water, while she lit the parlor lamp and replenished the fire there.

"Almiry Sanborn shan't guess we're settin' in the kitchen, and I'll have my best chiny and table cloth at any rate."

He saw through her at once. "Mrs. Grundy rules even here," he thought, and resolving to humor his old friend, he settled himself in the very best parlor chair, while Abby stepped back and forth, getting her treasures from its cupboard, though setting the table, as usual, in the kitchen.

"There's a real good piece about Sam in that," she said, as he took up a stout "History of Hillsboro"

from the centre-table, "and of all the boys that went to the war from here. Page 209, Sam's is on, and his picture, too," and the book, taken up from politeness, proved so interesting in its biographies of old mates, that she had to tell him twice that supper was ready.

Oh, if his fashionable city patients could have seen him then! Genial, charming, even gay, devouring the spicy drop-cakes, after several slices of toast, to say nothing of home-made cheese, pumpkin pie, and crab apples, and three cups of tea.

And how his hostess' plain rugged face softened and beamed as no one had seen it since the war, and her appetite, "Why I believe even the cat noticed what a meal I made!" she said to herself, afterwards.

Suddenly the outer door opened, and a little boy with a basket came in.

"Mother's ben pickin' all the grapes, for fear they'd freeze, an' she thought mebbe you'd like some," he said with the speed of one who fears forgetting his message, his eyes meanwhile fixed in admiration of the gold band china and white tablecloth.

"Tell your mother I'm much obliged and perhaps she'd like some crab apples," said Abby, promptly emptying and refilling the basket in the pantry, and the messenger departed without another word. Abby laughed as she resumed her seat.

"Now she knows," she said.

"Who, knows what?"

"Mis' Sanborn knows that we're eatin' in the kitchen an' that I did n't make hot biscuits for you."

"Abby, you know I asked for toast! Do you really fear your neighbor's tongue? Is she a hateful

woman, or are you less independent than you used to be?"

Abby reddened. "No, she's a good neighbor, and a good woman, and I don't really care what anybody says, except—except."

"Yes?" he said, so gently, that she yielded to the rare comfort of giving a confidence, as she would have said, of freeing her mind.

"Except bein' called stingy. *That I do* mind, because I ain't so, nat'rally, an' yet, it's got to be true, or rather I have to be mean now-a-days, or else in debt, an' that's worse."

"Mean you could not be, I am sure, Abby, but I am very sorry if you have to be so economical. Didn't your father? Didn't Sam—" he hesitated.

"They done the best they could," she answered, "but Father was old, an' Sam went to the war, and the farm was run down, and Mother had a long sickness, and we had to mortgage the land. Sam never knew it, that's my only comfort, but since he died, eight years ago, it's been all I could do to pay the interest on it. For you see, I s'pose it was foolish pride, sinful mebbe, but I let it run over one year, when I put up handsome monuments for Father and Mother. I thought Sam was comin' home to take hold again,—but,—well I've been punished for doing the best I could, I've only just made up that double interest and I've pinched and pinched, and gone shabby and been stingy. *It's because it's true, that it hurts.* And I have n't seen my way yet to put up any stone for poor Sam, and I've given up goin' to the cemetery, Sundays, it makes me feel so to see people notice, but I

slip up week-day evenin's as long as there's a blow in the garden." She rose hastily dashing away a tear, and began to clear the table and pack the dishes in the sink.

"I hadn't ought to bother you with my troubles," she began presently, but he struck in earnestly saying,

"You have done just right, Abby. Who has a better right than Sam Farmer's sister to claim my sympathy and my help, too?"

"No, no!" she interrupted.

"But yes, Abby!" he insisted, rising and standing beside her.

"*You* may have forgotten, but I never have, nor can,—how Sam saved me from going down the last time, when I broke through the ice on the mill pond, risking his own life to do it! I tell you that gives me not only a *right* to help his sister in any way I can,—but makes it my *duty*. But for him I should have been laid, a mere boy, where he lies now, but I lived, and my life has been successful, useful, perhaps, and he, dear old fellow, is not here to congratulate me, to let me share my good fortune with him, but his sister is, and surely, surely, she will not refuse me the happiness, the privilege, of placing a fitting monument over his grave!"

She covered her face at his last words, but he had seen the resistance die out of it, and, as she sank trembling into the nearest chair, she drew a deep breath and said,

"Oh, Jim! *Could* you? *Would* you?"

He smiled at Sam's picture over her head, and knew that he had conquered.

When he left, an hour later, he

had a memorandum of her wishes as to the inscription and height of the stone (for it must not overtop those of the parents), and had promised that before Thanksgiving Day it should be in place, and that he would come again and go with her to see it.

"It is too good to be true," she declared in parting. "I shall wake up to-morrow and find it was only a dream. Oh, if there was something I could do for you!"

"I'll do my best to think of something before I call again," he answered, laughing.

"See that you do, and see if I don't do it 'fore you 've done askin'."

She looked almost young as she stood in the moonlight, and when he was gone, she bolted her door, and, kneeling before her father's chair, gave thanks to God.

Next morning Dr. Carlyle awoke laughing over a funny dream he had had of trying to make Abby wash on Tuesday and have fishballs Wednesday, and that Mrs. Sanborn was going to have her burned as a witch. It clung to him all through his dressing, and he whimsically resolved that this should be the favor he would ask. It would be a capital test of the power of Mrs. Grundy versus Abby's independence and wish to please him. The longer he thought of it the more his imagination

reveled in the plan. Yes, he would propose it. The only pity was he could not stay and see the plot work. But Abby would tell him all about it. It would relieve the solemnity of their agreement and give the dear old girl something to think of meanwhile. He almost cut himself while shaving, his mouth twitched so at the comicality of it, but even Henry must not know; that would spoil all.

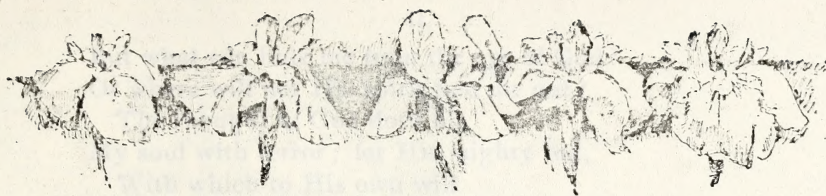
He was very merry at breakfast, and delighted the boys by asking that they might have a holiday, and show him the new path up Staghorn.

On the way he left them drinking at the well, while he hurried in, found Abby ironing, and told her he had thought of something. She could hardly believe her ears when he gravely explained that a statement had reached him that New England housekeepers were so bound by superstitious devotion to times and seasons, that no one of them would dare to wash on Tuesday, iron Wednesday, eat fishballs or baked beans Thursday, fried eggs Sunday, and roast beef in place of turkey at Thanksgiving. The words *superstition* and *dare* roused her; the wish to please him was alluring, controlling, and before she knew what she had done she promised to do all he proposed for the coming six weeks.

The next day he left town.

[To be concluded.]





A CRY.

"An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

—*In Memoriam.*

By Mary M. Currier.

I.

O that my soul might rest !
Earth, hide me from the folly and the sin
That thou hast shown me. Mother who hath brought
Me hither, in my need forsake me not,
But take me back, and deep thy breast within
Conceal me ; nor let thought that I have been
Make my long sleep unblest.

I am afraid of all my sin and sorrow ;
I fear to see to-morrow and to-morrow ;
My mirth is turned to tears,
And ashes are my raiment and my food.
My heart is all consumed. Where shall I borrow,
Or what shall do me good ;
I will refuse to live, and no more years
Shall vex me with their vanities and fears.

Vain is the help of man.
I will forsake the creatures of my race,
And find a dwelling-place
Where there shall be no sound of human voice.
No mortal being can
Do more to make my wretched soul rejoice
Than I, myself. Too much alike are we ;
Each bears the selfsame trace
Of sin, and shame, and weakness on his face.
I cannot heal myself of misery,
For faint and desolate
Am I. I can but wait
Till thou, O Mother Earth, shalt cover me.

II.

But what can hide me from the eye of God?
Or where will not His spirit find me out?

The thought of God doth fill
My soul with terror; for His mighty rod,
With which to His own will
He bends the nations, He holds over me,
And wrath and vengeance compass me about.
O whither shall I flee?
What fortress is so stout
That it can keep me in security
Until that swift, all-seeing eye is still,
And He shall not pursue
Me any more, nor seek to kill my soul;
Earth's deepest, dimmest cave,
The depths below the wave,
The darkness of the grave,
And hell itself, are naked to His view,
And will be naked while the ages roll.

III.

Where can I hide but, mighty God, in Thee?
Thyself must be my fortress, or I die.
Hear my despairing cry,
Almighty One, who fillest earth and sea,
And be my refuge and my steadfast tower
In that dread and inevitable hour
When I shall meet Thee face to face. When Thou
Shalt thrust aside the veil
That for our frailness' sake doth hide Thy brow
From Thy poor creatures now,
Screening from us Thy perfect holiness,
Thy glory and Thy power;
When every knee shall bow,
And every hesitating tongue confess
That Thou art God and we are nothingness,
Ah! what shall then avail
Angel, demon, heaven, hell, earth, or sea,
Or anything but Thee,
To pluck me out of utter wretchedness?

IV.

O that Thou wert my friend and not my foe,
And I could come to Thee
Fearless and trusting as a child doth come
Unto his mother's knee!
Then would I leave earth's turmoil far below,
And rest in Thee as in my spirit's home.

V.

Alas ! my sin makes me abhor my soul.

Mine eye can scarcely bear.

To look within and see the foulness there.

How is it, then, with Thine,

Before whose sight the heavens are not fair ?

What wilt Thou do with this vile soul of mine ?

It is a blot upon the beauteous whole

That should give pure delight to Thine, and Thee,

And all, yea, even me.

It is my sin that makes me fear Thine arm.

I have no other cause to dread Thy power.

How could it do me hurt,

However great Thou wert,

And were I frailer than the frailest flower

If I had never sinned ? I could be calm,

Untroubled, e'en before Thine awful face ;

And no more fear of harm

Be mine than haunts the lily in her place.

VI.

How weak, how wholly impotent am I !

I cannot crush myself, nor can I heal.

I can but suffer, long, and feebly strive.

Of mine own self I have no power to die,

Nor power to be alive :

Least, least of all can my dull wits devise

A way to move one sin from where it lies,

Or even one conceal.

VII.

O Thou who art almighty, hear my cry !

O take away the sin

That doth so sore afflict me, or I die !

O now mine eyes begin

To see that sin alone hath power to kill

And Thou alone canst save. Thou dost not hate ;

It is my sin that makes me desolate.

Behold my need of pardon. See the state

My soul is in, and let it be Thy will

To save from sin this being that is I.





COLONEL DAVID WEBSTER.¹

By Hon. Alfred Russell, LL. D.



OUR lives are made up of memory and hope. Hope for the republic is strengthened by recalling the toils and triumphs of the fathers. In the ode of Horace, "On the Immoderate Luxury of the Age," in which he lived, he laments the departure of sincerity and valor, and the decay of the customs bequeathed by Rome's hardy founder, and eulogizes the former devotion to public duty. He says,

"Petty was then to each man a selfish possession;

Mighty then was to all men the commonwealth's treasure."

What an illustration of these lines was the speech of John Langdon, president of the Colonial Assembly of New Hampshire at the time of Burgoyne's invasion, "I have three thousand dollars in cash. I will sell my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which I will turn into money. We will raise two regiments of men. Our friend Stark will take command of them, and we will drive back Burgoyne." This was done. Burgoyne surrendered, and Colonel Webster aided Stark.

The advance of our country in wealth and luxury, from the poor

and rude surroundings of most of our people, in the time before and after the Revolution, is without parallel in history. It is well to recur occasionally to that former time; and to look at the character and environment of the strong men who made our present prosperity possible.

Before the Revolution, the British province of New Hampshire was thinly settled, and mainly on the seaboard, about Portsmouth, and the border of Massachusetts. Few had penetrated into the hill country towards the Canada line, and along the upper waters of the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers. In 1771 the province was laid out into five counties. Grafton, the northernmost, remained unorganized until 1773. Vermont was known as "the New Hampshire Grants," and was the subject of disputed jurisdiction between the provinces of New Hampshire and New York. New Hampshire had chartered 138 towns in these so-called "grants," and they were largely under the military protection of New Hampshire. The inhabitants of New Hampshire were principally emigrants from the British Isles, or the descendants of those who had come to Massachusetts from 1620 to 1640. During that twenty years,—antedating the birth of the subject of

¹ Written for the New Hampshire Historical Society by his great-grandson, a member of the bar of Detroit, Mich.

this sketch about a century,—some twenty thousand emigrants had arrived on the coast of New England, and they multiplied for the next one hundred and fifty years, to about 1790, with very little admixture of foreign blood. The world will never forget the achievements of that people for religious and political freedom and education.

"Till the waves in the bay,
Where the *Mayflower* lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

Conspicuous among the adornments of the British house of parliament is the picture of the "Landing of the Pilgrims."

The stock from which our Revolutionary colonel, David Webster, sprang passed from Scotland, through England and Massachusetts into New Hampshire. From the arrival in America it can be followed in the records of church and town. The lonely graveyards on the hillsides or in the fence corners of the old farms hide their forgotten dust. The old slate headstones are moulded away. Yet, on many of those headstones might truly have been inscribed the epitaph, "*Siste viator! Heroem calcas!*" Stop, traveler! Thou treadest on a hero!

"It is not in Indian wars," said Fisher Ames, "that heroes become celebrated, but it is there that they are formed." It can hardly be said which menaced the infant frontier settlements most, the inexorable forces of nature in that wilderness or the red savages, set on by the French from the country of the St. Lawrence. The traditional hatred of the French and English had been transferred from the old world to the primeval solitudes of the new continent. The

former had established a chain of posts from Quebec, through the region of the lakes, to New Orleans, and their eastern camps constantly threatened the peninsula of New England.

The birth of Colonel Webster occurred a quarter of a century before the peace of 1763, which terminated the old French war, commonly so-called, in which, as a youth, he was to take part. He was born in Chester, in 1738, December 12. His father was Stephen Webster, a substantial pioneer, trained in border warfare, who married Rachel Stephens. The father of Stephen Webster was Nathan Webster, one of the first settlers of the town of Chester. The father of Nathan was also named Nathan, and lived in Bradford, Mass. His father, John Webster, emigrated from Ipswich, Eng., to Ipswich, Mass., in 1635. David was the first child of his parents. The town records of Chester contain the names and dates of birth of their five children: David, Stephen, Lydia, Sarah, and Amos. The latter was born January 5, 1748, and took part in the battle of Saratoga in 1777, where he fell at the head of the company of which he was captain. David enjoyed the training of good parents and acquired the elements of education in what was called the district school. George Ticknor, a son of New Hampshire, the eminent author of a "History of Spanish Literature," wrote that, "in New England, ever since the first free school was established amidst the woods that covered the peninsula of Boston, in 1636, the schoolmaster has been found on the border-line between savage and civilized life; often, indeed, with an

axe to open his own path." Great equality of condition then prevailed, but it was the equality of poverty. At the same time, amid all the struggle, there was sincerity and valor, contentment and happiness. Religion and education were not unprovided for. The schoolhouse and the meeting-house were there. Not long after Webster's birth, the apostolic Wheelock built the foundations of Dartmouth college in the wilderness and laid live coals on the altar of learning while yet the fire hardly flamed on his own hearthstone. Stephen Webster, David's father, was himself a schoolmaster, and taught the first school in Plymouth. But David's tastes were rather for athletic sports and hunting and fishing than for books. Of a robust constitution, and endowed with great physical strength, he became popular with his fellows in the little border community, and by his courage and manliness won the respect of his elders. When David was seventeen years old, in 1755, there was an incursion of Canadian Indians, who came as far south into New Hampshire as the confluence of Baker's river with the Pemigewasset,—the very spot where David was to establish his home years afterwards,—and there they made a prisoner of the celebrated John Stark, whose statue New Hampshire has contributed to our National Statuary hall at Washington, and carried him into Canada and sold him to the French for forty pounds. General Stark, in his old age, when the property of neighbors was being canvassed, said that if a thing is worth what it will fetch he was worth forty pounds.

In 1757, Stark, who had escaped

from Canada, coöperated with the famous Maj. Robert Rogers in forming his historic Regiment of Rangers. The first young man they picked out in Chester was David Webster. He was enlisted in Captain Hazen's company, and received the warrant of sergeant at the age of nineteen. Ebenezer Webster, father of the great Daniel, also went out with Rogers's Rangers. David served thenceforward in the old French or Seven Years' war, until its close in 1763. He went with Majors Stark and Rogers in pursuit of the enemy from Ticonderoga to Crown Point, Chambly, and Montreal. In 1760, at the age of twenty-two, he commanded the advance guard in dislodging the enemy at Isle aux Noix, the night before it was abandoned. He took part in the final engagement of the war at Chambly, and was at Montreal when the forces of General Amherst and Sir William Johnson obtained the final surrender of all Canada to his Britannic majesty. I may here observe, considering the youth of Webster at nineteen, that a majority of the soldiers who won the war for the Union a hundred years later, 1861 to 1865, were not above twenty-three.

Peace being restored, Webster returned to his home at Chester, and April 20, 1761, at the age of twenty-three, married Elizabeth Clough of that town. Eleven sons and one daughter were the fruit of that union. The daughter married Hon. Moor Russell of Plymouth, for many years of the governor's council of New Hampshire.

As Mr. Batchellor has recently shown in his "Notes on the Militia of New Hampshire," the military system of the province was in a state of

marked efficiency at the close of the old French or Seven Years' war. It was, he says, definitely established by law, and the different organizations were well equipped and efficient. The military experience of the previous century had shown the necessity of constant readiness for hostile outbreaks. Accordingly, when the northern counties were organized, two additional provincial regiments were created, one, the Eleventh, with headquarters at Plymouth, with John Fenton, colonel; David Hobart, lieutenant-colonel, and Jonathan M. Sewall, major. Webster afterwards became captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel of this regiment. Samuel Cummings of Hollis was one of the original proprietors of Plymouth. He was brother-in-law to Webster, and the latter, through Mr. Cummings's influence, removed from Chester, first to Hollis, in November, 1763, and secondly to Plymouth, after exploring the new settlement there. He returned to Hollis for the coming winter's provisions and furniture, and, in the fall of 1764, drove an ox-team to Plymouth and cleared a place for a cabin on the spot where the Pemigewasset hotel now stands, about a mile south of the junction of the river of that name with Baker's river. In October, Mrs. Webster started from Hollis on horseback, with her boy, two years old, to join her husband at Plymouth. There were only a footpath and spotted trees to guide her as she came near Plymouth. Evening was drawing in, and clouds obscured the moon. A ledge is now shown to visitors where she hitched her horse to a tree and crawled into a sort of cave to pass the night. Later, the moon came

out, and she espied an Indian camp on top of the ledge, where the savages were holding a pow-wow. At daybreak she renewed her journey, undiscovered by the red men. I doubt whether the "new woman" of the nineteenth century surpasses that pioneer woman.

The life of these frontiersmen was not by any means unattractive. They were physically strong, and had a resulting zest of life which is denied to feeble people. The woods were full of moose and the river was full of salmon, which ascended from the sea, stopped by no dams. The present countless spindles of Manchester, Lawrence, and Lowell were, as yet, undreamed of. The glorious hills uplifted the souls of the settlers and imparted something of their own loftiness.

Webster was placed on committees for building roads, bridges, mills, etc., connected with the settling of the proprietary lands, and displayed activity and good judgment. The next year, 1765, he was engaged in raising an independent company of foot, for the royal service, and was commissioned by the captain-general of the province, as ensign, May 24, 1765. The commission is now in the possession of David M. Webster, Esq., of Bridgewater, with the other commissions hereinafter referred to, and I give a copy as a curiosity:

Province of New Hampshire
(Seal)

Benning Wentworth, Esq.,
Captain-General and Governor in Chief
in and over His Majesty's Province
of New Hampshire, in New Eng-
land, &c.

To David Webster, Gentleman. Greeting.
By virtue of the Power and Authority, in and
by His Majesty's Royal Commission to Me
granted, to be Captain-General, &c., over this

His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, aforesaid; I do (by these Presents) reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, constitute and appoint You, the said David Webster, Gentleman, to be Ensign of an Independent Company of Foot in the town of Plymouth, in the Province aforesaid.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of an Ensign, in leading, ordering and exercising said Company in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Ensign—and yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from time to time receive from Me, or the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, or other your Superiour Officers for His Majesty's Service according to Military Rules and Discipline pursuant to the Trust reposed in You.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Portsmouth, the 24th day of May, in the Fifth Year of the Reign of His Majesty, King George the Third, Anno Domini, 1765.

(Signed) B. Wentworth.

By His Excellency's Command:

S. Atkinson, Jun., Sectry.

This independent company was subsequently incorporated into the Eleventh regiment, above mentioned, and, in 1773, the new royal governor of the province appointed Webster a captain in that regiment. The following is a copy of his commission, now in the possession of his grandson, D. M. Webster, above mentioned:

Province of New Hampshire

(seal)

John Wentworth, Esq.,

Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief,
in and over His Majesty's Province
of New-Hampshire in New England,
&c.

To David Webster, Esquire,— Greeting.

By Virtue of the Power and Authority, in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to Me granted, to be Captain-General, &c., over this His Majesty's Province of New-Hampshire, aforesaid; I Do (by these presents) reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, constitute and Appoint You, the said David Webster, Esq., to be Captain in the Eleventh Regiment of Militia. Whereof John Fenton, Esq., is Colonel.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to

discharge the Duty of a Captain, in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Captain; and yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from Time to Time receive from Me, or the Commander-in-Chief for the Time being, or other your superiour Officers for His Majesty's Service, according to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in You.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Portsmouth, the fifteenth Day of July, in the 13th Year of the Reign of His Majesty, George the Third, Annoque Domini, 1773.

(signed) J. Wentworth.

By His Excellency's Command:

(signed) Theodore Atkinson, Secty.

The next year, 1774, being the fourteenth year of the reign of King George the Third, Webster was made major of the same regiment, the Eleventh New Hampshire Provincial regiment, Colonel Fenton. The following is a copy of his commission:

Province of New Hampshire

(seal)

John Wentworth, Esq.;

Captain-General and Governor in Chief,
in and over His Majesty's Province
of New-Hampshire, in New Eng-
land, &c.

To David Webster, Esquire,— Greeting.

By Virtue of the Power and Authority, in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to me granted, to be Captain-General, &c., over His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, aforesaid; I Do (be these Presents), reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, constitute and appoint You, the said David Webster, to be Major of the Eleventh Regiment of Militia in this Province under the Command of Colonel John Fenton, Esquire.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Major in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Major and yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from Time to Time receive from Me, or the Commander-in-Chief for the Time being, or other your superiour officers for His Majesty's Service, according to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in you.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Portsmouth, the 18th day of June, in the fourteenth year of the Reign of His Majesty, King George the Third, Annoque Domini, 1774.

(signed) J. Wentworth.

By His Excellency's Command :

(signed) Theodore Atkinson, Secy.

Major Webster now found himself living among scenes and events of stirring interest. The divisions between the colonies and the mother country were increasing and widening. The inhabitants of New Hampshire (as of all the colonies) were not a unit. Many insisted on loyalty to the crown, and party feeling ran high. Major Webster had now reached the age of thirty-five and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all parties. Without hesitation he declared himself for independence, and his words and example were potent. The British ministry made orders forbidding the sending of military stores to America, and Maj. John Sullivan, of the Second New Hampshire regiment, with other patriots, on December 14, 1774, attacked the royal Fort William and Mary at Portsmouth, hauled down the English flag, and captured the powder, guns, and munitions of war. This occurred several months before Lexington and Concord, and is believed to have been the first hostile demonstration of the Revolution. In vain did the royal governor issue proclamations. He was soon compelled to flee from the province, and an independent colonial government was established for New Hampshire with a legislature called a congress. In September, 1775, the congress of the colony of New Hampshire appointed Major Webster to be lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh regiment, and the following is a copy of

his congressional commission, signed by Matthew Thornton, president of the congress of New Hampshire, and later a signer of the Declaration of Independence :

Colony of New Hampshire

(seal)

The Congress of the Colony of New Hampshire

To David Webster, Esquire, Greeting.

We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, Do by these Presents constitute and appoint you the said David Webster, Esq., to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eleventh Regiment of Militia within the said Colony of New Hampshire.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Lieutenant-Colonel in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both Inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Lieutenant-Colonel, and yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from Time to Time receive from the Congress of said Colony for the Time being, or (in recess of Congress) from the Committee of Safety, or any your Superior Officers for the Service of said Colony, according to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in You.

By order of the Congress :

(signed) Matthew Thornton, President.

Exeter, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1775.

(signed) E. Thompson, Secretary.

About this time, Hon. Samuel Livermore, the eminent lawyer of Portsmouth, with whom General Sullivan had studied his profession, and who was afterwards chief justice and senator in congress, removed to the town of Holderness, across the river from Plymouth, and occupied the beautiful farm, the site of Trinity church and churchyard, and where, at present, the Holderness School for Boys is established, and the residence of the family of the late Arch-Deacon Balch stands. Between Livermore and Webster a friendship sprang up which ceased only with their lives. Arthur, the son of Samuel, was after-

wards on the bench, and the grandson of Samuel, the present Arthur Livermore, also of the Grafton County bar, who now resides at Broughton House, Manchester, Eng., has furnished me with some reminiscences of Colonel Webster in his later years, which I print further on. The change from the cultivated circles and beautiful old mansions of Portsmouth to the forests of Grafton county was a sharp one for Judge Livermore. But he helped make the wilderness blossom as the rose, built a fine homestead, and elevated the tone of the new community.

When the historic battle of Bunker Hill came to be fought, at which it is pretty certain there were more New Hampshire men than Massachusetts men, and when John Stark led the left wing of the colonists with 2,000 New Hampshire men in three regiments, it is said that the sound of the battle was heard at Plymouth, and that Webster immediately gathered what force he could and hurried to the spot, and was able to bring back such an account as inspired the friends of independence.

Webster was active in encouraging enlistments and providing munitions under the orders of the congress of the colony. The following copy of a vote of the congress, August 28, 1775, shows what slender resources they had and what care they took.

"In Congress, Aug. 28th, 1775.

"Whereas, by order of Congress under certain conditions then expressed, a barrel of gunpowder was put into the hands of Col. David Webster, of Plymouth. It is now voted that said Webster for the present have custody thereof, and not part with any part unless by order of Congress, the Committee of Safety, or an attack of the enemy.

"A copy att.: E. Thompson, Clerk.

"Colony Powder."

In June, 1777, upon the retreat from Ticonderoga, Lieutenant-Colonel Webster marched from Plymouth with a detachment, collected there and in the adjacent towns, but did not arrive in time to take part. The retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga greatly disheartened the people, but resulted in spurring them to renewed exertions and increased enlistments. Col. John Stark, whose name was a tower of strength, took command of the new levies, at Charlestown, and marched for Bennington, Vt., where the British were moving to capture our military stores. Stark's famous victory in the ensuing battle, at that place, filled the country with hope and led to a determination to take the offensive against General Burgoyne. Stark found that Burgoyne would try to retreat to Canada, and moved in his rear, capturing Fort Edward, to cut off retreat. General Burgoyne's plan of campaign had been ably formed, but after the battle of Bennington he was placed on the defensive. The Eleventh New Hampshire, with Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, hastened to join the main army of the American General Gates. Capt. Amos Webster, brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, took part in the battle of Stillwater, and wrote a letter to his brother giving some account of that battle. I copy the letter which is still extant, in the possession of a descendant,—

"Stillwater, Sept. 29, 1777.

"To you, loving brother,—

"I embrace this opportunity to write you, to let you know I am in good health, and I hope this will find you the same. I would inform you that on the 19th instant we had a fight with the enemy. We, with two thousand men, fought Burgoyne's whole army; the battle lasted about seven hours; a steady fire. I,

with my company, was in the warmest part of the fire, but, through the goodness of God, I escaped, and am well. Our killed was seventy-three, and one hundred and fifty wounded; by the last account of the enemy, there were one thousand dead, taken and wounded the same. The enemy are a mile, or thereabouts, off. We hear that General Burgoyne is mortally wounded. Time being short, I shall write no more, but I remain, your loving brother,

"Amos Webster.

"Col. David Webster."

Captain Webster, as he wrote, escaped at Stillwater, but fell at Saratoga, shortly after, at the head of his company. His last words were, that victory gained, he died content. General Burgoyne fell back on Saratoga, and here took place the decisive battle of the Revolution, resulting in the surrender of the entire British army as prisoners of war, October 17, 1777. At that battle, the New Hampshire troops were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and Colonels Bellows and Morey, of Orford. No state could exhibit a nobler roll of colonels than New Hampshire with these, and Cilley, Reid, Bedel, Hale, Adams, Poor, and Scammel. Colonel Webster's joy as a patriot was dimmed by the loss of his brother (as stated above), the captain, next younger than himself. Captain Amos had been lieutenant in the Third New Hampshire Continental regiment the previous year.

In the work by Creasy, entitled, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," it is said: "No military event can be said to have exercised a more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's Expedition in 1777, at Saratoga,—a defeat which rescued the revolted colonies from certain subjugation, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their be-

half, insured the independence of the United States and the formation of that trans-Atlantic power, which, not only America, but Europe and Asia now see and feel."

On the day after the surrender Webster and his regiment were discharged. The following is a copy of the discharge, now held by a descendant:

"Headquarters, Saratoga, Oct. 18, 1777.

"These May Certify that Col. Webster, with a Regiment of N. H. Volunteers, have faithfully served in the Northern Army until this date, and are discharged with honor.

"By Gen. Gate's order.

"Jacob Bayley, Brig. Genl."

David Hobart resigned the office of colonel of the Eleventh regiment June 14, 1779 (12 State Papers, 227). David Webster was chosen colonel by the assembly in 1779.

For the remainder of the war, Colonel Webster was a member of the Committee of Safety, and had charge of supplies for the army and raising troops by enlistment and draft. June 16, 1780, the president of the state, Hon. Meshech Weare, addressed Webster a letter, of which the following is a copy, the original held by a descendant:

"June 16th, 1780.

"Sir: On receipt thereof, you are, without a moments delay, to give the necessary orders for raising the quota or proportion of men from your regiment, which you will find in the acts herewith sent you. Your men must rendezvous at Amherst by the 4th of July next, and you will take care that a trusty person or persons, conduct them to that place, where a muster-master will attend, to muster and pay them travel money from their homes to the place where they will draw provisions, and a Continental officer to give them further directions. A number of acts are sent you that each of your companies may have one, and, in case you do not procure the men by the first draft, you will understand that by the act you are to proceed in drafting until the number is completed."

"(signed) M. Weare, President.

"Colo. David Webster."

The following letter of Colonel Morey to Webster shows the need of activity in raising men, particularly for the defense of the Vermont towns:

"Orford, 17th Oct., 1780.

"9 o'clock Evening.

"To Colo. David Webster.

"Sir: By certain accounts we learn that the enemy made their appearance in Royalton and Sharon yesterday, that the former of said towns is entirely destroyed, and a part of the latter, the inhabitants taken prisoners and continued as such, except the women and small children, who are released. The party is said to be about two hundred, and, by the last account, which has just come by Major Child, are making a stand in Royalton; by one of the inhabitants that was taken and has since made his escape, we learn they shortly expect a reinforcement of about one thousand. Our men are pushing on in different quarters, but, as it is uncertain what the enemy's plan of operation may be, we think it prudent to call on our neighbors for assistance. I hope you will exert yourself to rally what men you can, and send them as soon as possible. Major Whitcomb with a party of about 160 set off today morning at day-break by way of Onion River road, with designs to cut off the enemy's retreat, thereby I fear Coos is left too naked as to men, and perhaps a party on Onion River is too powerful for him. Major Child gives us further intelligence that Colo. Warner with his Regiment is entirely cut off and Fort George taken. It seems the enemy take different routes, and use their utmost to divide our force. You will, from the accounts I have given you, forward your men that way it may seem most conducive to our safety. Hope you will take care to notify the regiment below you of our circumstances. From yours, in haste,

"Your most obt. and very humble servant,

"Israel Morey.

"Colo. Webster."

December 5, 1784, Webster was made colonel of the Fourteenth regiment. His commission is preserved, and the following is a copy:

The State of New Hampshire.

State of New Hampshire

(seal)

To David Webster, Esquire,

Greeting:

We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, Do, by these Presents, constitute and appoint you, the said David Webster, Colonel of the

Fourteenth Regiment of Militia, in the said State of New Hampshire. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Colonel in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Colonel, and yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from Time to Time receive from the Commander-in-chief of the Army, Navy and Military Forces of said State for the Time being, or any your Superior Officers for the Service of said State, according to Military Rules and Discipline pursuant to the Trust reposed in you, and to hold said Office during good Behaviour.

In Testimony Whereof, we have caused the Seal of said State to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Meshech Weare, Esq., President of our said State, at Exeter, the twenty-fifth day of December, Anno Domini, 1784, and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America, the ninth.

M. Weare.

By His Excellency's command:

E. Thompson, Secretary.

State of New Hampshire,

Grafton, ss.

David Webster, Esq., within named, took and subscribed the oath of office agreeable to the law and Constitution.

Samuel Livermore

Saml Emerson

} Comissn.

When the time came for considering the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Webster stood with his friend, Samuel Livermore, in favor of the proposed new government. The feeling of the people was about equally divided, and Webster's influence was of great value. Chief Justice Livermore was undoubtedly the ablest in argument of any man on the floor of the Exeter convention. Out of 100 members, 70 were against and 30 for the proposed new government. An adjournment was taken, the friends of the change went to work, and, on the assembling again, the vote was 57 to 47 for the United States constitution. The adoption by New Hampshire, as the ninth state, set the new government in motion.

Elected sheriff by the assembly, August 3, 1779, 8 State Papers, 826.

Webster was appointed sheriff of Grafton county in 1785, and retained the office until his resignation, in 1809, a period of twenty-four years. The red coat, drawn sword, and cocked hat of that officer are still matters of tradition in that county. Copies of his commission and letter of resignation are here given, as illustrative of that period.

The State of New Hampshire.

(seal)

David Webster, Esquire. Greeting:

We, reposing much trust and confidence in your Fidelity, Skill and Ability, have constituted and appointed, and by These Presents Do constitute and appoint you, the said David Webster, Sheriff of the County of Grafton, within the said State; And you are required and commanded to do and execute All Things in due manner which shall belong to the Office of Sheriff within the said State. And you are authorized to appoint an under-Sheriff or under-Sheriffs, and Deputy or Deputies under you from time to time, as you shall see occasion. And we hereby give and grant unto you all the Fees, Rights, Profits, Privileges, Perquisites and Emoluments of the said Office of Sheriff belonging or any ways appertaining according to law.

To Have and to hold the said Office and Place of Sheriff, with all the Fees, Rights, Profits, Privileges, Perquisites and Emoluments to the same belonging as aforesaid to You, the said David Webster, during Good Behavior.

In Testimony Whereof We have caused the Seal of the said State to be hereunto affixed. Witness Meshech Weare, Esquire, President of our said State, at Exeter, the twenty-fifth day of March, Anno Domini 1785, and of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America, the ninth.

(signed) M. Weare.

By His Excellency's Command
with advice of Council:

Joseph Pearson, Dep'ty Secy.

State of New Hampshire,
Rockingham, ss.

Exeter, April 25th, 1785.

David Webster within named personally appeared and took and subscribed the oath of fidelity and oath of office as Sheriff for the County of Grafton.

Coram Josiah Bartlett

Joseph Gilman,

Commissioners.

After a quarter of a century Sheriff Webster sent the governor the following letter:

"Plymouth, June 19th, 1809.

"Sir: At an early period in our revolutionary war I was appointed Sheriff of the County of Grafton, and have continued in the execution of the office to the present time. Desirous now to be at rest, and pass the evening of my life in retirement, I hereby resign to your Excellency and the Honorable Council my office of Sheriff, and pray the Executive to inform me to whom I shall deliver the keys of the prison, the bonds, and whatever pertains to the office of Sheriff.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, your Excellency's obedient and very humble servant,

David Webster."

"His Excellency,
Governor Smith."

After his resignation of the office of sheriff Colonel Webster passed his time in rest and quietness. He did not listen to the rude alarms of the War of 1812, but many of his kinsfolk took part in that struggle. After the peace of 1815, the old patriot continued to be a rugged figure in northern New Hampshire, as well known as "The Old Man of the Mountain" itself,—the "Great Stone Face" of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I am able to lay before my readers a sketch of Colonel Webster, as he then appeared, from the facile and accomplished pen of the Hon. Arthur Livermore, a grandson of Colonel Webster's fast friend, Chief Justice Samuel Livermore. Mr. Livermore is a native of Holderness, of the Dartmouth class of 1829, and a member of the Grafton County bar, but now an octogenarian, is living in retirement at Broughton House, Manchester, Eng. He writes me as follows:

"It must have been as early as 1818, that I, with a younger brother, had crossed the river

from Holderness to Plymouth under the care of a maid-servant, or our governess. We were within a hundred yards of Col. David Webster's house, which was then opposite the site of the present Pemigewasset House, and we were proceeding in that direction when we overtook the said Colonel Webster. I perfectly knew his form, for I had often seen him. But a sort of awe, with the bashfulness of childhood, made me averse to contact with him; and I resolved upon a rainbow or flank movement for avoiding it. But the old man saw me, of course, and hailed me, and asked me for my name, in the harsh voice which converted into terror the vague awe the sight of him had created, and confirmed my purpose of avoiding him. I had not the wit to pass on silently, pretending not to have heard his question, but, resolutely pursuing my course I irresolutely replied, 'I cannot tell.' The rear of my party soon came up, while I was still near enough to hear him say to them, 'There is a boy who says that he cannot tell his name.'

"Col. Webster was fully up to the average stature, and was not corpulent, but was portly. His walk was slow, and he supported himself by two very long canes, in the use of which his arms were extended nearly on the level of his shoulders. He wore, what I am led by a process of negative induction to pronounce to have been, a three-cocked hat, I feel sure only, that it was not a hat of any other sort known to me. It is, moreover, certain that three-cocked hats were not unknown to conservative heads at a time a little anterior; for Mr. Austin, father of the victim of Selfridge's pistol, and who subscribed 'Honestus' to his political lampoons, was in his turn satirized by Robert Treat Paine thus:

'Old Honestus's three-cocked hat,
Cover for wisdom and fat and fat.'

Austin was a remarkably lean old man.

"Never was childish fear or aversion more misplaced than was mine on the occasion described; for the old man who asked me for my name knew perfectly who I was, and would have given me both his canes to do me a pleasure.

"My grandfather, Samuel Livermore, came to Holderness to stay, in the winter of 1775-6, but had made sundry visits to make things ready on the farm he was to occupy upon the Pemigewasset, exactly where it curves into Plymouth. At this place he found Col. Webster fully established, in his retirement from arduous military service, particularly in Major Robert Rogers's troop of 'Rangers.' This troop had been organized by the recommendation of General Lord Amherst, for irregular operation against the Indians in the Lake

Country. Half a century ago, visiting Lake George, I was shown a rough precipice, which bore the name of 'Rogers's Slide' in memory of the intrepid fighter. Now this Major Rogers, and the Samuel Livermore named, had married daughters of the Rev. Arthur Browne. And thus a mutual interest was created between the two adventurers in the wilds of New Hampshire. Webster recognized in the new comer, one upon whom had fallen the mantle of his honored chief, while the stranger gratefully accepted the other's loyalty, so staunch as to endure, and to honor generations then to succeed Robert Rogers. The Ranger survives now as little better than a shadow or a myth. But in his day, he was a strong attraction to his brave troop. Among these were Gen. Stark, who defied the orders of Washington, who for some cause distrusted Rogers and interdicted all communications between him and the American camp. Stark said, 'I am honored to see and to do honor to my old commander!' The frown of Washington made poor Rogers a refugee, and he fled to England, where he lived on a few shillings a day, awarded by the overburdened British government at that time.

"Col. David Webster was Sheriff of the County of Grafton from 1779 to 1809, when he gave place to William Tarleton. The change was caused by the shifting political humor of the day, whatever may have been the color of the alleged motives. But it may not be impertinent to mind the undeniable fact that the Sheriff had determined from the beginning of his incumbency, upon a wise economy of its emoluments, for the benefit of his own family during the whole term; four, at least, of his sons, were his deputies. One who knew them all, cannot, without a disposition to mirth, try to imagine a quiet cultivation of a mountain farm in Holderness, armed with a capias and conveying his neighbor to Haverhill jail, for a debt of \$6.66! 'Days of small things.'

"Tarleton, the successor of Webster, was a sincere Democrat, and could imagine no better qualification for office than sound and absolute democracy. Consequently, Webster's deputies were retired at once, while picked men from every canton of the elect in the County, were substituted. But, alas for the plans of 'mice and men,' it was soon found to the ruin of poor Tarleton and of many besides that democracy, pure and simple, was not the security the occasion demanded. As the frogs regretted the tranquil reign of King Log, the people of Grafton bemoaned the loss of their old, well-seasoned sheriff,—nepotism and all.

"The early training of Webster, campaigning and scouting, may account fairly for a military habit of his mind, and for the careful pre-

servation of the red dress-coat that kept alive the memories of his youth. If he clothed himself with that coat, on occasions of public ceremony, the fact is by no means past belief; for Col. Brewster, who came in eight years after Webster's retirement, always on such public days wore a coat with a red collar and innumerable bright buttons. He also carried a handsome dress-sword. After the expiration of his fifteen years of unexceptionable service, his successor came in the garb of a prosperous day-laborer, and, instead of the sword, armed with a club; the cane he had selected, for its great size, deserved no other name. The learned and upright judge is the substance of his court. A well-appointed and graceful sheriff is its proper adorning.

"In the red coat, the cocked hat, and the loyal heart of the old Col. Webster and some of his children, one traces a little harmless and pleasant dramatic 'motive.' The play is 'The Ranger,' and Samuel Livermore and a son in succession take the 'title-role.' The sheriff and his generation had long ago gone to their rest, and age had settled upon the second; of whom most had followed their fathers. One remaining was plainly drawing near the end of life, and sent for my father, Arthur Livermore. 'They trouble me, Judge, by insisting that I have no ground for hope as to a future life, unless I have a change of heart. I do not understand! What am I to do? I do not suppose that I have always been a very good man; nor, indeed, a very bad one, as things go. You have been at all times my friend, and I have often taken good counsel from you. So I have sent for you, now that I greatly need it.' 'David,' was the reply, 'don't mind one word of what those people tell you. It is all d——d nonsense.' 'Well, I suspected as much, and I thank you for telling me.'

"The sheriff is, by virtue of his office, keeper of the county jail, but, in general, he creates a deputy for performing the duties of that position. Sheriff Webster, however, whether for thrift or other motive, did for a time do duty himself as jailer, living in the appurtenant rooms set apart for the accommodation of that functionary and his family. It was during the term of that residence that an event of a most tragic nature and impressive consequence occurred. One Burnham and two other men were in occupancy of one of the rooms of the jail, as prisoners for debt. Burnham was apparently one of those ill-conditioned persons whom nobody loves, but everyone likes to worry and ridicule. He was, accordingly, very soon at variance with his two associates, who, being the majority in number, were not disposed to set fair limits to their exasperating (though really harmless) practices upon the

irascible temper of Burnham. But they pushed their victim too far; so that, availing himself of a moment when an awkward exigence held one of the men helpless, he fell upon both in succession and killed them. Of course when the attendant came as usual with breakfast for three, Burnham alone appeared to take the benefit of it. It is easy to imagine the consternation the event created in the quiet little village of Haverhill, and what crowds of people hurried to the scene. Among them, late in the day, quietly came the lawyer, through whose professional agency the two murdered men had been committed to jail, and who manifestly had been speculating upon the effect the deplorable act might have upon his client; and whether anything might be gathered up from the offal to recoup impending loss. 'What are you going to do with the dead men, Mr. Sheriff?' 'Oh, I am making preparations to bury them.' 'But are you safe in doing so?' 'What says your precept?' 'And him safely keep until discharged by *due course of law!*' 'Is the act of murder in the "*due course of law?*"' Webster paused, for though a man of strong common sense, he feared the lawyers, of whom he knew only that they took a very different view of things from the obvious one in which the same things presented themselves to the common mind. Then, addressing the lawyer,—'What am I to do? If the bodies are left here, they will in three days stink so that nobody can live in the house.' The lawyer was ingenious, and by this time began to hope for a compromise with the sheriff. But he took one step more and *lost*. 'You might salt them.' 'Salt human bodies!' replied the sheriff, 'I'll be d——d if I do; but, before another day closes, I will find out what my duty is, and will do it.' He mounted his horse, and riding all night, 'over height, over hollow,' by the roughest of new roads, arrived at the house of the Chief Justice in Holderness at the moment that breakfast was being served. It need not be stated that his body was soon refreshed and his heart set at ease, by the hospitalities of the house, and the counsel and assurance he received from the Judge. The two murdered men were buried; and, in due course, the wicked man was executed on the summit known as 'Magazine Hill,' between Haverhill Corner and the Oliverian brook. The sheriff himself was present and *presided* as hangman, in the sight of an immense multitude, gathered from all quarters, far and near, to witness the ghastly spectacle. (Ex-President Cleveland once performed the same duty.)

"The epithets used for denoting the characters of men must be taken in a sense of comparison with other men; and the things they do or suffer derive their just significance

largely from surrounding circumstances of the one hundred and sixty years that have gone by since the day of the birth of Colonel David Webster, the first sixty, coinciding pretty nearly with his life, were filled with secular events, so impressive of themselves, and of consequences so grave, that the succeeding moiety of the term may aptly be termed a sedimentary period. The prevailing quiet had enabled men to cherish the arts that minister to individual, domestic and social happiness, and which were, of necessity, disregarded in the strife of the nations. The people (of New Hampshire, at least) were poor. They lived frugally, and, in general, died insolvent. The means of education were scanty, and, in all the levels of life, men trusted generally to the resources of native wit for carrying them through every crisis. There were in Plymouth two or three lawyers. The eldest of them had grown into such familiarity with the routine of his profession that, as it was said, he had only one writ, or blank, for all his entries. The party impleaded was induced to acknowledge service, thus saving the sheriff's fee, and in the sequel was held to pay upon what the lawyer was pleased to call an 'execution.' But a younger man came, and, having had intimation of the nature of his senior's practices, on one occasion asked to see his writ. 'Certainly,' said Senior, 'I will bring it into Court this afternoon.' But the document was not brought, and Junior renewed his request. 'What the devil do you want to see my writ for? Did you never see a writ?'

"In those days, one tallow candle sufficed (two were sumptuous) for lighting the parlor. In the kitchen, all that was required was one for guiding the way to the cellar. Men clothed themselves with tow in summer, and with the same material for shirts through the year. A farm laborer had for his wages eighty dollars a year, in *commodities*. There was little in the country that could rightly be called property. The few possessions one chanced to have resembled rather the *properties* of the actor,—yielding something to the dexterous manipulation of their owner, but otherwise a worthless rag. If the judges had any learning in the law, they were forced to conceal it, or to submit to the ridicule awarded to pedants. In short, few or none were qualified by education for the positions of responsibility, or by the moderate measure of wealth that might have made them independent in discharging the duties of such positions. Col. Webster was at least three times appointed to the honorable and highly responsible office of sheriff, in spite of deficiencies in education, and in spite of poverty. Frugality,—parsimony, even,—was the normal condition of life, that was little else than a

struggle against things that war against it. The appointment of his sons as his deputies was begun at the outset and continued to the end of his official life, in his seventy-third year,—a point at which men are commonly considered to have had enough of its toils and its honors.

"Among his contemporaries in the office of Sheriff are found the names of Thomas Bellows of Walpole, Oliver Peabody of Exeter, Moses Kelly of Hopkinton, and James Carr of Somersworth. With some of these names is connected the tradition of the highest personal worth and social position. To have been chosen into such a peerage creates a prestige that cannot justly be disregarded in forming an estimate of the character of Colonel Webster."

One of Colonel Webster's contemporaries wrote concerning him that "he became proprietor of valuable intervale lands, which, as the settlements increased, grew to a handsome estate. He was an enterprising, brave, liberal, honest, and useful man. He possessed the resolute spirit, and had the powerful constitution necessary and peculiar to the early settlers. He retained a remarkable degree of vigor and health until very near the close of his long life. He had survived nearly all his fellow-settlers, and passed his later years in the midst of a new generation."

Colonel Webster died in 1824, at the age of eighty-six, and was buried in the churchyard of Trinity Episcopal church in Holderness. Near by are the tombs of Samuel and Arthur Livermore, his old and distinguished friends, whose public services, valuable as they were, have passed from the memories of men.

It is historical that slavery existed in New Hampshire, by law, in the time of Colonel Webster, and he was the owner of two slaves, whose bodies are buried beside that of their master. The original bill of sale of those two

slaves is now in the possession of a great-granddaughter of Colonel Webster, and I copy it, in full, on account of its rare and curious interest,—

"Know all Men by these Presents, that I, Jacob Whittier, of Methuen in the County of Essex, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, Yeoman, in consideration of the sum of Sixty pounds, lawful money, paid me, or secured by a note of hand, from David Webster, of Plymouth, in the Province of New Hampshire, Gentleman, have sold, and by these presents, do sell, unto the said David Webster, one negro-man, named 'Ciscow,' and one negro-woman, named 'Dinah,' wife of said 'Ciscow,' both being servants for life, and now in my possession; To Have and To Hold the said negroes, during the natural life of each of them respectively, to the said David Webster, his heirs and assigns, according to common usage, and the laws of said Province.

"In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the thirteenth of December, Anno Domini, 1769, in the tenth year of his Majesty's reign.

"(signed) Jacob Whittier (seal)

"Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us,

"Ebenr Barker

"Abigail Barker."

We have now finished our review of the life of Colonel Webster. He was a type of a class,—that wonder-

ful race of men who were produced between 1640 and 1790 in New England, from the stock of the British Isles. They had that strain of governing blood that seems wanting in the Latin and Slavonian and African races.

Colonel Webster served well his generation and "fell on sleep." We may apply to him and his compatriots the old verse,—

"Their bones are dust:
Their good swords rust;
Their souls are with the Saints, I trust."

As I write, in May, 1898, New Hampshire regiments are forming for a foreign war, with Spain. Major Frank W. Russell, of Plymouth, great-grandson of Col. David Webster, and William and Walter Russell, his great-great-grandsons, have volunteered. Major Frank is a graduate of West Point, where his son, George Moor, is now a cadet.

So the fighting spirit of the Revolutionary colonel has come down to his descendants.

EYES.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

A song for laughing eyes,
A gleam with sure delight,
Bringing the old earth joy,
Braving the gloom of night,
Happy where 'er they go,
Sunny or dark the skies,
Here's to their magic sweet,—
A song for laughing eyes.

A song for love-lit eyes,
'Neath lashes dark or brown;
Beaming at words of praise,
Tearful if Love should frown.

Holding life's fairest hopes,
Thrilling with glad surprise,
We are thy captives all,—
A song for love-lit eyes.

A song for tired eyes,
Closing at last to sleep,
Wrapped with a mystic balm
Of endless silence deep.
After life's toilsome strife,
Failing to win the prize,
Death will thou bring them peace,—
A song for tired eyes.

A WINTER SONG.

By C. C. Lord.

Down in the vale, where a sunbeam glows,
 One little spot of earth is bare ;
 Freshness smiles till the south wind blows—
 Till the snow fades everywhere.

Under the slope, where the moss is green,
 One little rill is free and clear ;
 Lightness trips through the frozen scene
 Till the bounding brooks appear.

Low in the hedge, where the day is mild,
 One little bird is blithe and sings ;
 Gladness wakes, though the blast is wild,
 Till the air with music rings.

Deep in the heart, though sad, when true,
 One little hope is e'er in sight ;
 Love endures all the winter through
 Till the spring comes, warm and bright.

TO MT. MADISON.

By Thomas Littlefield Marble.

Stern sentinel of all the massive range,
 Impervious alike to winter's blast.
 And to the soft, sweet wooing of the spring,
 Thy granite ribs encase a soldier's heart,
 Which warms with pain at summer's burning kiss,
 But leaves no outward semblance of effect
 Upon thy rugged brow. The lightning's flash,
 The thunder's roar, and all the elements
 At war can stagger not thy stalwart frame ;
 And when, at length, the clouds of battle lift,
 We see thee, with thy summit, sword-like drawn,
 Erect, in all the dignity of strife.
 And yet these agencies of Love and Force
 Shall, in the far, far distant future, win ;
 And thou, O structure of all-potent God,
 Must fall before the ceaseless siege of Time.

DARBY FIELD

AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES RELATING TO OTHERS BY THE NAME OF
FIELD WHO HAVE LIVED WITHIN THE LIMITS
OF ANCIENT DOVER.

By Lucien Thompson.



DARBY FIELD subscribed the Exeter combination of 1639 and settled on what was then debatable land between Exeter and Dover proper, known as the Oyster River settlement, now Durham, where Darby Field owned land as early as 1639.¹

"Darby Field is described by Winthrop as an Irishman, though some slight evidence has been discovered to connect his patronymic with the Hutchinson family. He appeared in Exeter as one of the grantees of the Indian deed of April 3, 1638, and witnessed the deed of confirmation of Watchantowet, April 10, 1639. He had no share in the first division of lands, but was a subscriber of the combination. He is noted as the first European who visited the White Mountains, which he did in 1642. In 1645, he was living at Oyster River, now Durham, and he died in 1649, leaving children."²

[The evidence that Governor Bell had in mind was probably "a John Field married at Boston, England, 18 August 1607 Ellen Hochinson" (or Hutchinson).³]

Most writers regard him as one of the early settlers of Exeter, but there is no proof that he ever lived there.⁴ Francis Matthews⁵ also signed the combination and settled at Oyster River on land near that of Darby Field.

A writer⁶ in the *Boston Herald* states that "He settled in Dover, where he died, leaving a widow and numerous children. Some of the family moved to Rhode Island and others to Connecticut, and have perpetuated the name in other states. That Mr. Field was above the average not only in courage and daring, but in intelligence and quickness to resent what he considered impertinence, may be seen from the following story. Tradition points to Mr. Field as the 'intelligent citizen' referred to below: 'A famous Puritan divine from Massachusetts was addressing the people of Dover and reproving them for departing from the good habits of the Puritans, when an intelligent citizen arose and corrected the minister saying, "We are a different race from them; instead of coming here for religious purposes, the object of our ancestors was to

¹"Landmarks in Ancient Dover," by Miss Mary P. Thompson, page 71.

²"History of Exeter," by Hon. C. H. Bell, pages 14, 18, 25.

³"Wentworth Genealogy," Vol. I, pages 71, 72, 75.

⁴"Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 71.

⁵"History of Exeter," pages 18, 39.

⁶*Boston Herald*, Dec., 1891, article on "Darby Field," by John B. Regan.

lumber, fish, and trade, and instead of departing from their good example, we have improved on them." " "

[This anecdote is given in "New Hampshire Churches," by Hazen, page 12. in nearly the same words, but does not state the name of the "intelligent citizen."]

Darby Field signed the Exeter Combination by making his mark⁷, others did the same, and at least one of those who made his mark could write a neat signature, that he was intelligent, etc., we have ample proof in his account of the discovery of the White Mountains, etc. Belknap⁸ gives this discovery under date of 1632 and states that (Captain Walter) "Neal set out on foot, in company with Jocelyn and Darby Field." The visit to the White Mountains by Darby Field should be referred to the year 1642, under which see the account of it as given by Winthrop.⁹

Savage¹⁰ questions the accuracy of Belknap, stating "A greater mistake is, however, chargeable on Belknap, in making Josselyn the companion of Neal, who was gone home four years before Josselyn came over. Nor did Josselyn make the journey according to his own account, before his second voyage to New England in 1663. That Neal ever went to the White Mountains is not rendered probable by any authors cited by Belknap; and as the circumstances would have been for him a great matter of boast-

ing, we may be confident of the first journey of Field."

[In "History of New Castle, page 19, we find Capt. Walter Neal credited with discovery of the White Mountains.]

"One Darby Field, an Irishman, living about Pascataquak being accompanied by the Indians, went to the top of the White Mountains."¹¹

William Beard¹² conveyed to Francis Matthews,¹³ June 16, 1640, his house and land at Oyster River, "next adjoining y^e land of Darby field." Darby Field was still living at Oyster River in 1644, when he was licensed to sell wine. This was, no doubt, at Durham Point, where stood his dwelling-house, which, with his land, he conveyed to John Bickford¹⁴ June 17, 1645,¹² when "Darby field of Oyster River in the river of Pascataqua, county of Norfolk, planter," sold John Bickford his dwelling-house at Oyster River, then "in the tenure of said Bickford," with a lot of five or six acres adjoining and all the land to the creek on the side toward Little Bay except the "breadth" on said creek in possession of Thomas Willey.¹⁵

Upon the land sold to Bickford stood later the Bickford garrison, and here soldiers¹⁶ were stationed in 1694, and also in the next two years. The Bickford garrison long since disappeared. The land where it stood (the Darby Field land) with the Lit-

⁷ "History of Exeter," page 18.

⁸ "History of New Hampshire," by Rev. Jeremy Belknap, edition 1792, page 19.

⁹ Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," Farmer's edition page 11, who cites Winthrop's "New England" II, 67-68, George's "History of America," page 48, Prince's "Annals," Vol. II, pages 73, 83, manuscript in recorder's office.

¹⁰ Winthrop's "New England," II, 67, and Farmer's "Belknap."

¹¹ Winthrop's "New England," Vol. II, page 80, account given.

¹² "Landmarks of Ancient Dover," page 178.

¹³ "Landmarks of Ancient Dover," page 71.

¹⁴ "Landmarks of Ancient Dover," page 184.

¹⁵ "Landmarks of Ancient Dover," page 185.

¹⁶ "New Hampshire " Provincial Papers," XVII, pages 645, 657.

the Bay on one side, Oyster river on the other, directly in front the river Pascataqua, with its verdant isles, swiftly coursing seaward between Newington on the right and Back River district on the left, was acquired about 1829 by John Mathes, a direct descendant of the above-mentioned Francis Mathews, and within a few years this land passed into the possession of Hon. Jeremiah Langley, who still owns the same.¹⁷

On the Dover rate-list we find "19th 10^{mo} 1648 Darby Field (roted at) £81 (and to pay) £1-7s."

Darby Field's name does not appear on the "rate-list" of 8th 10^{mo} 1649, though he had a case in court in 1649, and by most writers is supposed to have died that year. However, he died prior to 1651, as Ambrose Gibbons was appointed "Administrator of y^e estate of darby field"¹⁸ deceased, at y^e court holden in Dover y^e 1, 8^{mo} (16)51."

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES RELATING TO OTHERS BY THE NAME OF FIELD WHO HAVE LIVED WITHIN THE LIMITS OF ANCIENT DOVER.

Joseph Field was taxed at Oyster River in 1657, and was a brother of Zacharius Field who settled in the Back River district. "They are supposed to have been the sons of Darby Field."¹⁹

There was a small marsh in the Durham Point district mentioned in the Durham records of 1764 as next the parsonage lands. The county records speak of Nicholas Follet's

dwelling-house, July 22, 1680, as standing on land adjoining Joseph Field's marsh. Land²⁰ near the meeting-house and Stevenson's creek, on the south side of Oyster river, was conveyed June 26, 1664, by John Goddard to William Williams, Sr., who sold this land to Joseph Field, June 18, 1674, and this land Zacharius Field, brother of Joseph, conveyed to John Davis, son of Moses, December 11, 1710; John Davis and Abigail, his wife, conveyed to Daniel Davis, May 22, 1719, land and mentioned meeting-house and land granted Joseph Field and located south of Oyster river.

John Drew, in his will of January 31, 1721, gives his daughter Sarah, wife of John Field, land in same locality, which said Drew had bought of Zacharius Field, administrator of Joseph Field's estate.²⁰ John Field and Sarah (Drew married January 16, 1706, by Rev. John Pike) convey to Joseph Hicks, August 1, 1748, land bequeathed to said Sarah by her father, John Drew (in same locality).

A deed of Thomas Layton, Sr., to his son, Thomas Layton, Jr., February 13, 1670, was bounded in part by land of Joseph Field's in the Back River district near the Meader land (which was near Pascataqua bridge), and on the opposite side of Oyster river, from previously mentioned land of Joseph Field, and land in this section was laid out to his brother Zacharius, September 24, 1695.²¹

Joseph Field's name appeared upon a petition²², May 19, 1669, for Oyster River to be made a separate town-

¹⁷ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 185.

¹⁸ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 71.

¹⁹ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 71.

²⁰ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," pages 241, 242.

²¹ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 221.

²² New Hampshire "Provincial Papers," Vol I, pages 305, 309.

ship, and upon another petition in 1688.²³ He was a lot layer.

Mary Field was married in Newbury, Mass., to John Woodman (the son of Edward Woodman of Newbury), July 15, 1656, and they removed to Oyster River, where Capt. John Woodman built his noted garrison. Mary (Field) Woodman died July 6, 1698, and it is not known whether she was a relative of Darby Field or not.

Among the descendants of Capt. John and Mary (Field) Woodman might be mentioned Hon. Ebenezer Thompson, first secretary of state of New Hampshire; the late Maj. A. B. Thompson, also secretary of this state for many years; Mrs. O. C. Moore of Nashua; Miss Frances E. Willard, the late president of the Woman's Temperance Union; Minerva B. Norton of Beloit, Wis., Prof. John Smith Woodman, Miss Mary P. Thompson.

"*Stecuen Jones married to Elizabeth field 28 Jan. 1663 by Capt. Waldren.*"²⁵ Was she a daughter of Darby Field? The descendants of the above couple are numerous, and the Stephen Jones farm is now owned by the heirs of the late William F. Jones.

Zacharias Field signed a petition in 1669 to have Oyster River made a separate parish and was taxed at Oyster River in 1664 and owned land at Back River as early as 1670.²⁶ His name appears on the Cocheco rate-list²⁷ of 1680, when he was taxed

3s. 3d. He²⁸ married the daughter of John Roberts, son of Thomas Roberts, Sr., and built Field's garrison²⁶ at Back River (Dover) on the present "Paul Meserve farm," so called, near the Back River school-house, but on the opposite side of the road. He was a selectman of Dover in 1695. Twenty acres of land were laid out to Zacharias Field September 24, 1695, according to a grant to his father-in-law, Thomas Roberts, Sr.,²⁷ at Rial's Cove.²⁹ He was the administrator of his brother Joseph's estate as previously mentioned.

When Mason brought suits against Dover parties in 1683-'84 to dispossess the occupants of land, both Joseph and Zacharias were dispossessed, but not, in fact, for the parties held possession. March 19, 1693-'94, Zacharias Pitman had a grant of twenty acres "in ye Dry Pines,"³⁰ between Jn^o Knight's and Zacharias Field's." This land belonging to Field became part of the estate of John Field, deceased, as shown by a deed November 29, 1762, while an adjoining strip was sold December 3, 1737, by Daniel, son of Zacharias Field.

Field's Plains³¹ (or Dry Pines) is a name generally given to the level sandy tract between Dover and Durham in the upper part of the Back River district. It was so named from Zacharias Field, who acquired land on these plains more than two hundred years ago, and built his garrison here.

²³ "Belknap," Vol. I, appendix, page 55.

²⁴ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 179.

²⁵ New Hampshire Historical Society, "Wentworth Genealogy," Vol. I, page 387.

²⁶ "Landmarks in Ancient Dover," page 12.

²⁷ New Hampshire "Provincial Papers," Vol. I, page 427.

²⁸ "Landmarks," pages 223, 243.

²⁹ "Landmarks," page 221.

³⁰ "Landmarks," page 65.

³¹ "Landmarks," page 71.

The Rev. John Pike relates that July 8, 1707, John Bunker and Ichabod Rawlins were going with a cart from Lieut. Zach. Field's garrison to James Bunker's for a loom, when they were slain by the Indians.³²

The highway that led to Field's garrison and thence to Captain Gerrish's grist-mill, as y^e way goes to Cochecho is mentioned March 6, 1710-'11.³²

In conclusion we have the following Fields:

John Field, married, 1607 (as previously stated).

Darby Field, 1638 to 1649 or 1651.

Mary Field, married, 1656, Capt. John Woodman; died, 1698.

Joseph Field, 1657, and his brother, Zacharias, 1664.

Elizabeth Field³³, married, 1663 (as previously stated).

Abigail Field,³³ married to Daniel Jacob, October 24, 1697, by Rev. John Pike.

Mary Field married to Solomon Pinkham, December 13, 1706, by John Pike.

John Field married, 1706-'07, as previously stated. A John Field died February 26, 1773. A John Field, deceased, and his son-in-law, Paul Giles are mentioned November 29, 1762, and May 9, 1768.

"Zechariah Field married to Hannah Evans, Jan 12, 1709-10 by Rev. John Pike."

"Daniel feeld, son of Zacharias feeld Jun^r by his wife Hannah, born the 17th Day of february 1709."

"Zacharias feeld, son of Zacharias feeld Jun^r by his wife Hannah, born the 9th Day of August 1712."

Abigail Field baptized October 6, 1745, by the Rev. John Cushing.

Sarah Field married to Ebenezer Ham (both of Dover), March 2, 1772, by Dr. Jeremy Belknap.

Joseph Field of Falmouth and Elizabeth Hanson of Dover, March 18, 1773, married by Dr. Jeremy Belknap.

Abigail Field and Joseph Meader, both of Durham, August 8, 1773, married by Rev. Joseph Adams.

Benjamin Field of Falmouth and Hannah Hanson, March 24, 1778, by Dr. Jeremy Belknap.

³² "Landmarks," page 12.

³³ "List of Field's," see index to "Dover Historical Collections," Vol. I.

HOME'S MAGNET DRAWS US HITHER STILL.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

My fancy picture's many a place,
The grandeur of the long façade,
And each minute and varied grace
That forms the pillar'd colonnade.
It paints the old heroic time,
Long centuries removed from this;
Proud Athens in its glorious prime,
And shows the famed Acropolis.

The light gondolas softly glide
Where Venice, like a peerless queen,
Upon the bosom of the tide
In regal loveliness is seen.
But wander, wander where we will,
Home's magnet draws us hither still.

Ah! plume thy drooping wings once more,
My Fancy! let thy mystic spell
Illumine the classic Grecian shore,
Where Missolonghi's hero fell.
Afric! with shadows overcast!

Here may I pause to trace awhile
The ruin'd altars of the past
All o'er the region of the Nile.
Colossal statues guard each shrine;
There time its crumbling hand forbids;
Cyrene's necropolis is thine,
And Egypt's towering pyramids.
But wander, wander where we will,
Home's magnet draws us hither still.

O Palestine? 't were sweet to stay
Awhile beside each hallow'd shrine;
O'er Tabor's sacred height to stray,
On Carmel's summit to recline.
Such ties more dear than measured notes
Heard o'er the Adriatic sea
The chant where happy oarsman floats,
And fills the air with melody.
So truant thought doth hie away,
So doth my unchecked fancy roam,
Till wearied with the vision gay
It seeks the quiet haunts of home.
Yon forest in the distance blue
Rings with the wildbird's echoed tune,
And noiseless slips my birch canoe
Across the glittering lagoon.
Yes, wander, wander where we will,
Home's magnet draws us hither still.



NECROLOGY

REV. OTIS ROBINSON BACHELER, M. D., D. D.

Rev. Otis Robinson Bacheler, M. D., D. D., the veteran missionary, died at his late residence in New Hampton, Tuesday, January 1, just as the new century was dawning. He was a good citizen, as well as a man of noble Christian character, and his death is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends on two continents.

He was born in Andover, January 17, 1817, the son of Odlin and Huldah L. (Searl) Bacheler. His early education was obtained at Holliston academy, at Wilbraham, Mass., and Kent's Hill seminary, Kent's Hill, Me. Later he was in the medical departments of Dartmouth college and of Harvard university. The former afterwards conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and he also received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from both Hillsdale college, Hillsdale, Mich., and Bates college, Lewiston, Me.

He was ordained in Lowell, Mass., in 1838, and was married two years later to Miss Catherine Palmer of New Hampton. Soon after both started for India to serve as Christian missionaries. Their first station was at Balasore. Shortly after their arrival in India Mrs. Bacheler died.

Dr. Bacheler's second wife was Miss Sarah P. Merrill of Stratham, whom he married February 26, 1847. She assisted her husband in the missionary field during the remainder of his long service. Dr. Bacheler's missionary work extended over a period of fifty-three years. During this time, however, he visited his native land several times. Since his final return in 1893, he has resided at New Hampton, where Mrs. Bacheler died some months ago.

Of Dr. Bacheler's children, five are still living. Among these are Prof. Albert W. Bacheler, principal of the Gloucester (Mass.) High School, and Mary W. Bacheler, M. D., who has been in the missionary field for seventeen years. She is stationed at Midnapore, the last place at which her father was located during his stay in India.

Dr. Bacheler was a scholar of marked ability, being conversant with six languages, and having an extensive knowledge of all the natural sciences. He had met during his travels a large number of the distinguished men of his time, including the great scientists, Darwin and Wallace.

The funeral services were held in the Free Baptist church at New Hampton, Sunday, January 6. Rev. Atwood B. Meservey, D. D., Ph. D., the venerable ex-principal of the New Hampton Literary institution, was to have preached the sermon, but was prevented by sickness, consequently his

address was read by Rev. Prof. Shirley J. Case, of the institution. Others taking part in the services were Rev. J. Burnham Davis, late of Ocean Park, Me., Rev. Arthur Given, D. D., of Providence, R. I., Rev. Robert Ford, of Campton, and Rev. George L. White of New Hampton. Delegations were present from the three literary societies of the New Hampton Literary institution,—the Social Fraternity, the Literary Adelphi, and the Germanæ.

HENRY G. CARLETON.

Henry G. Carleton, born in Bucksport, Me., November 30, 1813, died at Newport, January 22, 1901.

Mr. Carleton was the son of Henry Carleton, an old-time clothier, who removed from Maine to New London, in this state, when he, Henry G., was eight years of age, and two or three years later located at Sutton Mills, where he operated a small clothing mill.

In his youth Mr. Carleton entered the *Spectator* office at Newport, then owned by B. B. French and Simon Brown, who subsequently became secretary of the United States senate, and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, respectively, to learn the printing business. After completing his apprenticeship he worked for a time at his trade in Boston, but on January 1, 1840, in company with Matthew Harvey, also a Sutton boy, who was his cousin, he purchased the New Hampshire *Argus and Spectator*, and they continued its publication uninterruptedly for thirty-nine years and three months, till April, 1879, when it was sold to Barton & Prescott, the firm soon after becoming Barton & Wheeler, who still continue it.

Messrs. Carleton and Harvey were associated for nearly forty years in the proprietorship and editorial management of the *Argus and Spectator*, and a peculiarity of their association consisted in the fact that for the entire time of their partnership labor they alternated weekly in the editorial and mechanical work of the office, one editing the paper and attending to the office business one week, while the other set type, and vice versa, so that each was familiar with all the work pertaining to the establishment.

Politically Mr. Carleton was an earnest Democrat, and was the last of a notable coterie of Democratic journalists in this state, who maintained the party standard for a long series of years previous to, during, and after the War of the Rebellion, including B. B. Whittemore of the *Nashua Gazette*, James M. Campbell of the *Manchester Union*, William Butterfield of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, Horatio Kimball of the *Cheshire Republican* at Keene, and himself and partner, Mr. Harvey.

Aside from his newspaper work, Mr. Carleton was prominent in other directions. He was a member of Mt. Vernon Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Newport, and in his younger days held important positions in the order. He was register of deeds for Sullivan county in 1844 and 1845; register of probate in 1854, 1855, and 1856; and represented his town in the state legislature. He was a director of the old Sugar River bank from its start in 1854, and was a director of the First National bank of Newport from its inception until his death. He was also for twenty-five years the president of the New-

port Savings bank. In promoting the interests of these two institutions he has taken an active part, and their success and prosperity in the past have been due in no small degree to his clear foresight and sound judgment.

Mr. Carleton married, December 12, 1848, Miss Hannah E. French, who was born February 18, 1827, and died June 11, 1856. He married, second, on July 3, 1860, Mrs. Mary J. Nelson, who survives him. His children by the first marriage were Frank H., born October 8, 1849, and George F., who was born October 18, 1853, and died March 5, 1855. Frank H. Carleton pursued his preparatory studies at Kimball Union academy, graduated from Dartmouth college, pursued newspaper work for two or three years, was clerk for a number of years of the Municipal court of St. Paul, Minn., was private secretary to Governor Pillsbury of that state, studied law with the late Senator Davis of Minnesota, and is now a member of the law firm of Cross, Hicks, Carleton & Cross, of Minneapolis, Minn., one of the leading law firms of the West.

HIRAM HITCHCOCK.

Hiram Hitchcock, founder and proprietor of Fifth Avenue hotel in New York city, died there December 30, 1900.

Mr. Hitchcock was a native of the town of Claremont, born August 27, 1832, but removed with his parents to Hanover, when ten years of age. He was educated at the Black River academy in Ludlow, Vt. In 1859, with Paran Stevens and Alfred B. Darling, he established the Fifth Avenue hotel, and had since been active in its management, except during a few years passed abroad, going to Europe in 1866, for the benefit of his health, and traveling extensively in the East.

Upon his return he lectured extensively upon his observations abroad before educational organizations, and in 1872 received the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth college. He served for several years as a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and was chosen a trustee of Dartmouth college in 1878.

He was one of the promoters who erected the Madison Square Garden in New York; one of the founders of the Garfield National bank, and the Garfield Safe Deposit company, and at the time of his death was vice-president of both institutions. He was a director of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, treasurer of the Academy of Arts, a life member of the Academy of Design, a member of the American Geographical Society, a member of the New England society, of the Chamber of Commerce, and University club.

He was also the president of the Nicaragua Canal association, and was largely instrumental in securing from Nicaragua and Costa Rica large concessions relative to the canal, and was president of the Maritime company of Nicaragua.

Mr. Hitchcock was married twice. His first wife died about twelve years ago, and ten months previous to his death he married Miss Emily Howe of Hanover, who survives him. He left no children.

GEORGE W. MANN.

George W. Mann, born in Landaff, February 20, 1821, died at his home in Benton, January 6, 1901.

Mr. Mann was the youngest of eight sons of Samuel and Mary (Horne) Mann. His parents removed to Benton in 1835, and his home was ever after in that town, where his life was devoted to agriculture and to the work of a contractor and builder, in which he was for many years quite extensively engaged.

Mr. Mann, although a son of a Whig, became an earnest Democrat in early life, and was one of the most tireless workers of the Democratic cause in northern New Hampshire, for a long series of years, serving on town, county, and state committee, in conventions, and not unfrequently upon the stump. He was for many years the most prominent citizen of the town, which he served as collector of taxes, as selectman eight years, town clerk four years, superintending school committee ten years, and representative in the legislature six years—in 1857, 1860, 1875, 1876, 1881, and 1883. He was also a member of the Constitutional convention of 1876. He was appointed member of the State Board of Agriculture by Governor Tuttle and served with great zeal in that capacity for two terms or six years.

Mr. Mann first married Susan M. Whitcher, April 13, 1843, by whom he had five sons—Ezra B., Edward F., George H., Osman C., and Orman L., of whom Ezra B., George H., and Orman L., are living. The three eldest have all been prominent in business and railroad circles, and have each served in the New Hampshire legislature, Edward F. serving in both branches. He married, second, March 4, 1855, Sarah T. Bisbee, who, with five children, Melvin J. of Woodsville, Hosea B. of Littleton, Susan M. of Ashland, Minnie J., wife of H. S. Nutter, and Moses B. of Boston, survive him. In religious view Mr. Mann was an ardent Universalist.

HON. ADNA BROWN.

Hon. Adna Brown, one of the most prominent business men in eastern Vermont, died January 21, at his home in Springfield in that state.

Mr. Brown was a native of Antrim, born December 11, 1828, the son of Isaac and Sarah (Flagg) Brown. He received a common school education, and when sixteen years old entered upon an apprenticeship first in a woolen mill, and afterwards as a machinist. Beginning at the foot he gradually worked his way step by step to the office of president and general manager of the Parks & Woolson Machine Co. He was also president and managing director of the Jones & Lamson Machine Co.; moved to Springfield from Windsor several years ago. He organized the Springfield Electric Light Co., and was president of the hotel company which erected the handsome hotel in Springfield named in his honor. He was also prominently identified with many other business institutions of the town and vicinity, and frequently called upon by his townsmen to serve them in places of trust and responsibility. He was a staunch Republican and represented his town in

the general assembly of 1882, and his county as senator in 1890. He was one of the state delegates to the National Republican convention in 1892, and was appointed the next year by Governor Fuller a World's Fair commissioner from Vermont. He was a member of the Congregational church, and as a layman was prominent in its councils. A few years ago, accompanied by his wife, he went abroad and visited the Holy Land. He also published a volume giving the impressions of a business man of the sights and events of his travels. He is survived by his wife and a son, Col. Walter W. Brown, and a daughter.

FREDERIC F. FOSTER.

Frederic F. Foster, who passed away suddenly at his home at Weare Center on January 18, was born in Winthrop, Me., on October 11, 1843.

He was the son of Rev. Frederic Foster of Salem, who graduated from Dartmouth college in 1840, and studied for the ministry under the eminent Universalist divine, Dr. Hosea Ballou. The mother of the deceased was Mrs. Loretta (Ayer) Foster of Haverhill, Mass., well-known throughout this state as a worker in the Universalist society. The family came to Weare in 1861, when the father became pastor of the Universalist society at Weare Center, dying very suddenly four years later, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

Frederic F. Foster received his early education under the direct tuition of his father, who prepared him for Dartmouth college, where he graduated in 1865. He was a successful teacher in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, and a fine mathematician and linguist. He was also well-known as a literary worker, having contributed to some of the best periodicals of the country.

His mother passed away, like her husband and son, without warning, in 1890, her two other children having preceded her over twenty years before; thus a family that has left its mark in the town of Weare has now become extinct.

GEN. RICHARD N. BATCHELDER.

Brig.-Gen. Richard N. Batchelder, U. S. A., retired, died in Washington, D. C., January 4, 1901.

General Batchelder was born in what is now the city of Laconia, July 27, 1832. He enlisted in the First New Hampshire regiment at the breaking out of the Civil War, and was appointed regimental quartermaster April 30, 1861. He rose rapidly in the service, and in 1864 became colonel and chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac. He was highly commended by Generals Grant and Howard, and was breveted major, lieutenant-colonel, and brigadier-general of the volunteers, and major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, United States army, for faithful and meritorious service. He was appointed captain and assistant quartermaster in the regular service in 1865, and from that date until 1889, served as assistant and chief quartermaster at various depots, posts, and departments. In 1890 he was appointed quarter-

master-general of the army by President Harrison, and in six years expended \$43,000,000. In July, 1896, he retired from active service on account of age.

Very many improvements in administrative methods in his department were effected by General Batchelder during his incumbency as quartermaster-general. He never lost his interest in his native state, and had made his home in Manchester for the past few years, being temporarily in Washington when taken by final illness.

JOSEPH F. PERLEY.

Joseph F. Perley, a prominent citizen of Enfield, active business man, and leading Democrat in his section, died at his home in that town January 5.

He was a native of the town where he died and where he always had his home, the son of Joseph and Abby (Clough) Perley, born March 8, 1838. His parents died in his childhood and he was reared by an uncle, T. C. Clough, on the farm where he died.

Mr. Perley had been, for the last thirty-seven years, an agent for the Walter A. Wood Mowing Machine company, and had traveled extensively throughout New England in the interests of the company. He had accumulated a handsome property and enjoyed a wide acquaintance. He was an active member of the Masonic fraternity, being connected with Social Lodge of Enfield, St. Andrew's Chapter of Lebanon, and Sullivan Commandery at Claremont.

He represented the town of Enfield in the state legislature in 1889 and 1891, and was a member of the committee having in charge the erection of the new court-house for Grafton county at Woodsville. He leaves three children, two sons and a daughter, his wife having died a year ago, since when he had himself been in failing health.

GEORGE C. BUTLER.

George Chamberlain Butler, born in Haverhill, February 11, 1842, died in that town, January 15, 1901.

He was a son of the late Luther Butler, a leading citizen of Haverhill, who removed there from Bath in 1835. He was educated in the common schools and at Haverhill and St. Johnsbury academies. He married, in 1870, Miss Harriet Clark of Maine, by whom he had six children, five of whom survive.

Mr. Chamberlain was active in church and political affairs, having been president of the association of the Congregational church at Wells River, Vt., since its organization, and a leading Republican of his town, which he represented in the legislature in 1895 and 1897, and was moderator of the town at the time of his death.

CHARLES H. MENDUM.

Charles H. Mendum, born in Portsmouth, June 12, 1821, died in that city, January 9, 1901.

Mr. Mendum was a son of John Mendum, a noted stage man of the early

part of the last century, and early in life entered the dry goods house of William Jones of Portsmouth, where he remained many years, finally becoming a partner, and subsequently the head of the firm, and amassing a large property in the business, which was extensively invested in real estate in the city. He was prominently connected with Portsmouth business interests, was a director of the Portsmouth Shoe company, of the National Mechanics' and Traders' bank, and a trustee of the Portsmouth Savings bank, also for many years a director of the Howard Benevolent society.

He had been twice married, and is survived by his last wife, formerly Elvira H. Barnabee, whom he married in July, 1869, also by two daughters and a son by the former marriage—Mrs. Mary Lock, Mrs. Maud Ker Shea, and William Jones Mendum.

ALBERT FIELD.

Albert Field, a well-known citizen of Newfields, died in that town January 10, 1901. Mr. Field was a native of Peterborough, born July 14, 1825, and removed to Newfields, then South Newmarket, in 1847. By trade a machinist, he was in the employment of the Swanscott Machine Co. for many years as one of their leading workmen. He was twice married; in 1851 to Miss Mehitable Perkins of Newfields, a surviving daughter, Elizabeth, being the fruit of this union. His wife died in 1883. In 1892 he married Miss Augusta E. Russell of Newburyport, Mass., by whom he is also survived. In 1867 Mr. Field left the machine shop and went into trade, and was for many years the leading merchant of the town. He represented the town in the legislature, was justice of the peace for an average life time, and was postmaster for sixteen years. He also served the town as moderator, selectman, and in other offices.

ADDISON N. OSGOOD.

Addison N. Osgood, a prominent citizen and business man of Suncook, died at his home in that village January 20.

He was a son of Ira B. and Alice (Prescott) Osgood, born in Allenstown, March 18, 1836. He was educated at Pembroke academy, and had been engaged in the lumber business at Suncook since 1860. He had holden numerous town offices, served three terms in the legislature, and was an active member of the Odd Fellows, Free Masons, Knights of Pythias, and Patrons of Husbandry. In religion he was a Methodist, and in politics a Republican.

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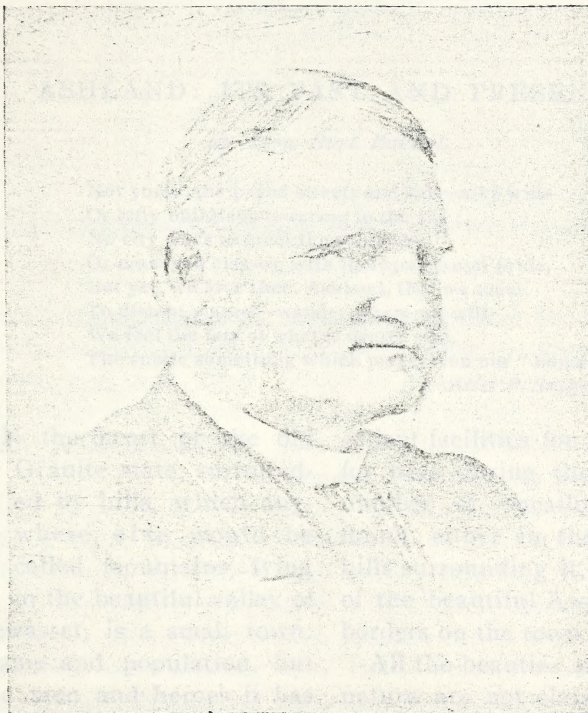
Main Street, nearly opp. State House, Concord, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. XXX

MARCH, 1901.

No. 3.



COL. THOMAS P. CHENEY

the Penobscot, is a small town, but it is a great town. Small in size and population, but great in the number and importance of its people. It is a town of great importance, and a thriving, enterprising port of the State.

Ashland is noted in many ways, some being its manufactures, its delightful location and healthful climate. Its men, who, after being schooled in the State, have been sent out into the world and become great. Again one cannot overlook the fact that Ashland lies in the eastern part of Chatham County, and is bounded on the north and northeast by Holden, on the south by New Hampton, in Berkshire County, and west by Fitchburg and Bridgewater. It is the smallest township in the county, having only 3,281 acres of improved land. Ashland was set off from the

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ASHLAND: ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

By Leon Burt Baketel.

Not yours, the paved streets and sidewalks wide
 Or lofty buildings towering to the sky;
 No city ways to greet the passer-by,
 Or moneyed classes, with their pomp and pride.
 But yet, we love thee, Ashland, tho' we roam
 To distant places,—wander where we will
 We feel the loss of what is dearer still,
 The subtle something which makes you our "home."

—Alice P. Sargent.



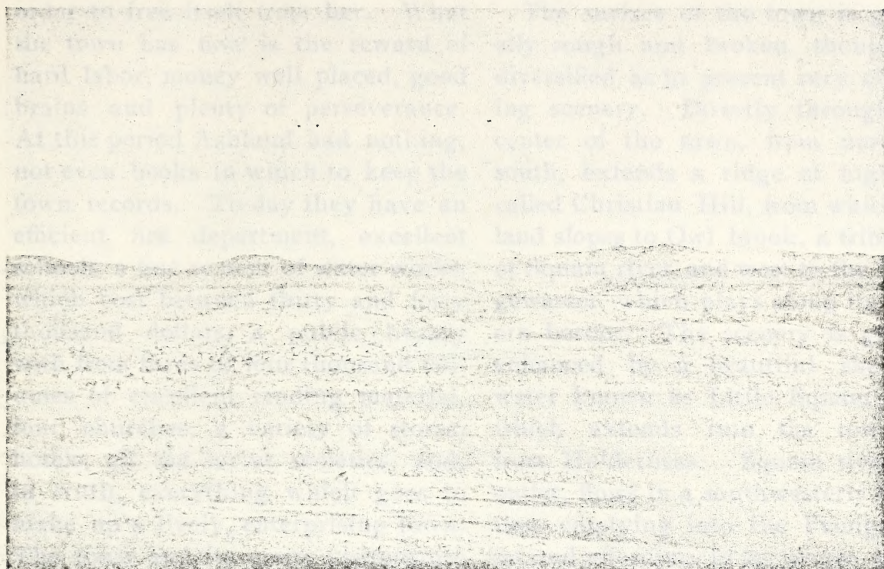
IN the heart of the old Granite state, surrounded by hills, which anywhere else would be called mountains, lying in the beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset, is a small town. Small in name and population, but great in the men and heroes it has sent into all parts of the world to help make it better. This and more can be said of Ashland, which is one of the beauty spots of New Hampshire, and a thriving, enterprising post village.

Ashland is noted in many ways, some being its manufactures, its delightful location and healthful climate, its men, who, after being schooled in life here, have been sent out into the world and become great. Again one cannot overlook the ex-

cellent facilities for summer outings, for here during the season, a large number of vacationists are to be found, either in the village, on the hills surrounding it, or on the banks of the beautiful Asquam lake which borders on the town limits.

All the beauties and advantages of nature are not claimed for Ashland, but certainly it has its share. And this fact is deeply appreciated by all its residents and visitors. Its history follows:

Ashland lies in the eastern part of Grafton county, and is bounded on the north and northeast by Holderness, on the south by New Hampton, in Belknap county, and west by Plymouth and Bridgewater. It is the smallest township in the county, having only 3,853 acres of improved land. Ashland was set off from the



Bird's-eye View of Ashland, with Plymouth in the Distance.

southwest portion of Holderness and incorporated into a separate township, July 1, 1868, and was then given the name in honor of the home of the great Henry Clay—Ashland, Kentucky.

The settlements of Holderness were at this time around Lake Asquam, Ashland being then merely an afterthought. It came into notice first, however, by its falls, for manufacturing purposes, and then soon became the center of population. People began coming here to attend church and to do their marketing. Politically, the town of Holderness was very "close," and oft-times town-meeting would last three days, with voting as many different times.

At this period the residents of this section asked to be set off from the "mother"—Holderness—and to be allowed to become a separate township. Things then began to grow rather shady. Those residing in this "flat-iron" district being unable to

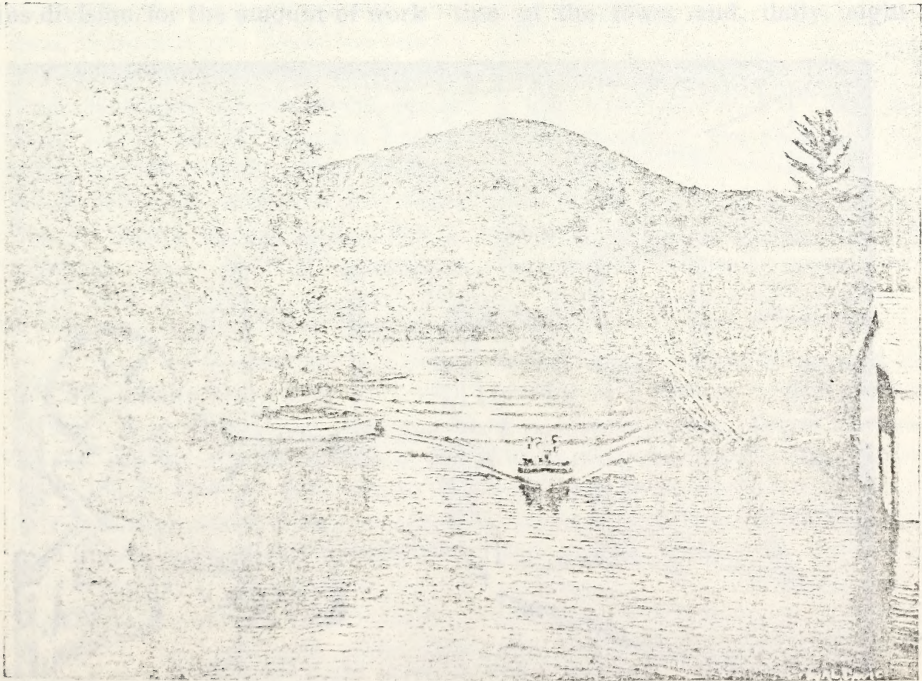
receive the desired permission, and therefore unable to secure the township or even town appropriations, a royal fight ensued and lasted some four weeks before the members of the General Court would grant the necessary permission for the incorporation of a new township. Holderness always benefited from Ashland, and it cost them nothing to do it. The summer travel trade, which governs Holderness so extensively, has placed it out of debt, while on the other hand, Ashland owes between thirty and forty thousand dollars. While there was a strong feeling at the time of the separation, it is doubtful if to-day a baker's half dozen can be found who would favor a reunion of the two. In other words, perfect harmony exists between Holderness and its offspring, Ashland.

This town came into existence as a new-born babe, naked. It had to assume from two thirds to three fourths of the debt of Holderness in

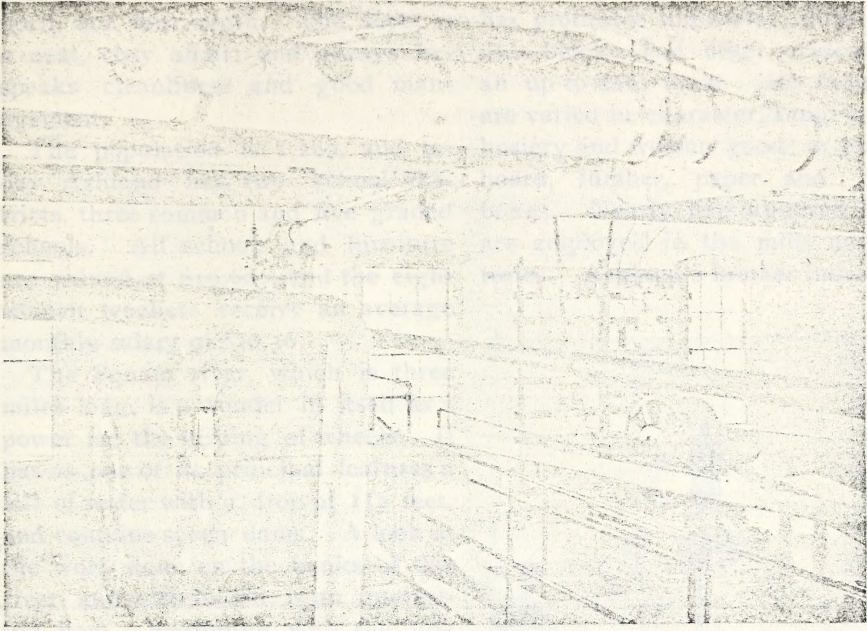
order to free itself from her. What the town has now is the reward of hard labor, money well placed, good brains and plenty of perseverance. At this period Ashland had nothing, not even books in which to keep the town records. To-day they have an efficient fire department, excellent schools, a fine system of water works, which cost between thirty and forty thousand dollars, a public library with from three to four thousand volumes of excellent reading material, four churches, a variety of stores, hotels, all the secret societies, and, in truth, everything which goes to make up a lively, enterprising town. The town and its many visitors are greatly indebted to Col. Thomas P. Cheney for many of these improvements, as he was the originator and "pusher" of many of them, carrying all to a successful termination.

The surface of the town is generally rough and broken, though so diversified as to present very charming scenery. Directly through the center of the town, from north to south, extends a ridge of highland called Christian Hill, from which the land slopes to Owl brook, a tributary of Squam river, and west to the Pemigewasset, which plays along its western border. The scenery is greatly enhanced by a beautiful sheet of water known as Little Squam lake, which extends into the township from Holderness. Squam river, its outlet, flows in a southwesterly direction, emptying into the Pemigewasset and affording, in its course, grand water privileges, for the running of mills and factories. The soil is, by nature, hard, but, when properly cultivated, yields abundant crops.

Railroad service here is excellent,



Scene on Squam River.



Showing Engine and Dynamo.

this station ranking third in the long list of stations of the White Mountains division, for the amount of work done. The Boston & Maine railroad passes through the southwestern portion of the town, and, daily, eight



Interior Views of Electric Power House.

passenger trains stop, four going north and four south. The depot is a neat, cosy affair, and always bespeaks cleanliness and good management.

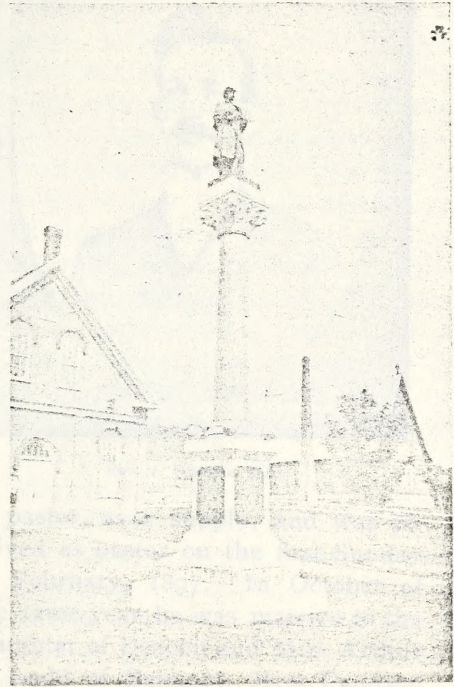
The population is 1,289, and to-day Ashland has two school districts, three common and five graded schools. All schools and furniture are valued at \$19,600, and the eight women teachers receive an average monthly salary of \$30.36.

The Squam river, which is three miles long, is a wonder in itself as a power for the turning of wheels. It has as one of its principal features a fall of water with a drop of 112 feet, and contains seven dams. A look at the work done on the banks of this river, and with its aid, is an interesting item. Beginning with the first dam we find the Kusumpe Lumber Co.

A little further down, but controlled by the waters from the same dam, is the Electric Light company's power house and the New Hampshire Fish Hatchery on the same point. Dam No. 2, H. H. Shepard lumber mill, Morrill's grain mill, Fifield's wood and iron establishment; dam No. 3, Hart's woolen mills; No. 4, Knitting Co.; No. 5, abandoned glove shop, awaiting occupants; No. 6, International Paper company's three large mills, and No. 7, Collins & Co.'s leather-board mill.

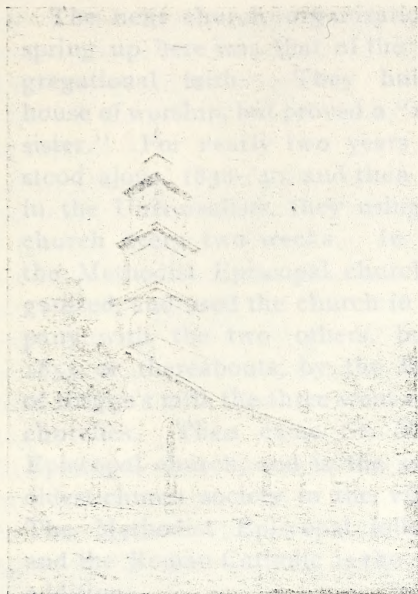
The New Hampshire Bureau of Labor, in its report for 1889 and 1900, has this to say of Ashland: "It is charmingly located from a scenic standpoint and adjacent to the beautiful resorts that surround the crystal waters of the Asquam lake region; it enjoys the excellent power furnished by the Squam river; its rail-

road facilities are of the best, and it has profitable industries, good business blocks, and other evidences of an up-to-date town. Its industries are varied in character, ranging from hosiery and woolen goods to leather-board, lumber, paper and paper-boxes. Nearly five hundred hands are employed in the mills and factories. Ashland's lumber industry is



Soldiers' Monument—Where it first stood.

of no mean proportions, and the woolen mill does an active business. The International Paper company has three of its many mills here and turns out many tons of paper in the course of a year. Ashland is thrifty and growing, keeps in close touch with modern improvements, and offers every inducement for new industries to settle within its hospitable domains."



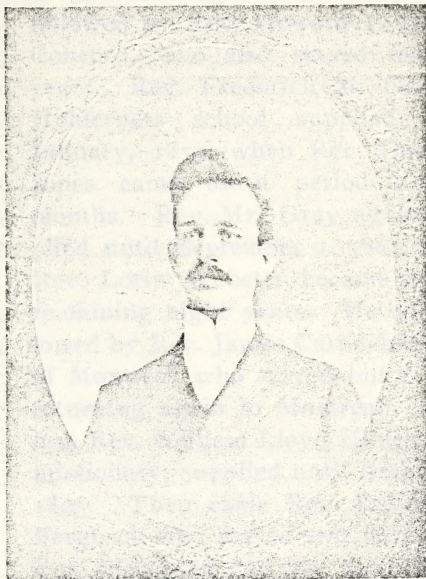
Free Baptist Church.

CHURCHES.

Of the four churches in this town, the Free Baptist is the oldest, having been organized November 26, 1818. The present church structure was erected in 1834. The following have been the pastors of the church: Revs. John Pettengill, E. True, H. Webber, Mr. Newell, Sidney Frost, C. Purington, Mr. Sargent, Lewis Malvern, Thomas Tyrie, J. T. Ward, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Noyes, D. W. Davis, A. J. Eastman, E. E. Clarke, and the present pastor, J. Franklin Babb.

Rev. J. Franklin Babb was born in Lowell, Mass., May 20, 1873. He is a lineal descendant of John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and is proud of the fact that he has had an ancestor in every war fought in this country since, before and including the French and Indian War. Mr. Babb has received a high school and academic education and intends to supplement this

with a full divinity course at an early date. He has served the Y. M. C. A.'s at Laconia and Keene as assistant general secretary, and has gained an enviable reputation as a reader. Mr. Babb came to the church, of which he

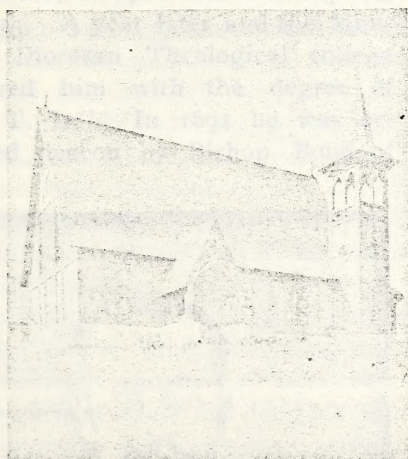


Rev. J. Franklin Babb.

is pastor, as a supply, and was received as pastor on the first Sunday in February, 1897. In October of the same year he was married to the daughter of Deacon and Mrs. Arthur S. Ladd of Belmont, Miss Candace Potter. They have two children, John William and Paul Stewart.

During the time that Mr. Babb has been with the church more than a thousand dollars has been expended on the property, and the organization is now in a prosperous condition. In 1900 he accepted a call to one of the Free Baptist churches in Lewiston, Me., but illness in the family prevented him from going. He says that his present pastorate has been a most happy one in all respects.

The next church organization to spring up here was that of the Congregational faith. They built a house of worship, but proved a "weak sister." For nearly two years they stood alone, 1838-'40, and then took in the Universalists, they using the church every two weeks. In 1845 the Methodist Episcopal church organized, and used the church in company with the two others, but in 1853, or thereabouts, by the failure of Briggs's mill, the three went out as churches. Then came St. Mark's Episcopal church, and is the second oldest church society in the village. The Methodist Episcopal followed, and the Roman Catholic is the latest addition.



St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL.—The history of this parish began towards the latter part of the year 1789, or the first of 1790, at which time the Rev. Robert Fowle, B. A., of Newburyport, Mass., became the pastor. After his death no regular services were held until August 9, 1855, when Rev. J. R. Pierce became rector, continuing for a period covering five years. Next

came the Rev. Dexter Potter and during his pastorate the church was cleared from debt. He died April 2, 1881, and was buried at Mt. Auburn. Rev. Henry Hazzard was the next rector, beginning his services in June, 1863, remaining two years, and was followed by Rev. Howard F. Hill of Concord, who also stayed for two years. Rev. Frederick M. Gray of Holderness school supplied until January, 1873, when Rev. Geo. G. Jones came for a period of nine months. Rev. Mr. Gray again supplied until September 1, 1884, when Rev. Lorin Webster became rector, remaining eight years. He was followed by Rev. James Carmichael, Jr., of Montreal, who stayed but a year, returning again to Montreal. After him Rev. William Lloyd Himes, state missionary, supplied until December, 1895. Then came Rev. Robert H. Ferguson who stayed two years, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Thompson, B. A., the present rector, who came in November, 1897.

St. Mark's was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God in a most appropriate manner by the former pastors, assisted by Bishop Chase, October 23, 1864. The complete his-



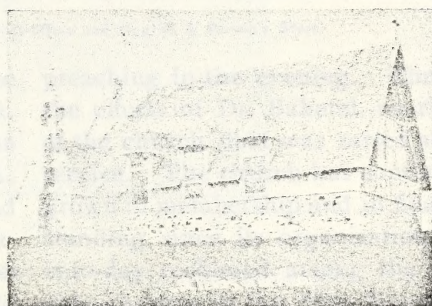
New Parish House of St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

tory of this church would be an interesting item in the annals of the churches of New England. St. Mark's is the second oldest parish in the diocese.

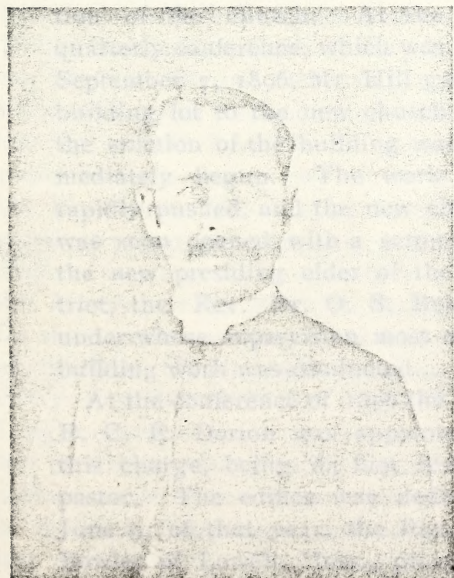
Rev. James Thompson, B. A., was born in Bristol, in the Province of Quebec, Canada, March 17, 1865. His early education was obtained at the "Model school" of his native town, and the Bristol High school, securing from the latter a teacher's certificate. Mr. Thompson then taught for a period of two years, after which he entered Lachute academy, graduating from there into McGill university. Here he took the degree of "A. A." in 1887. After a full art course the degree of "A. B." was conferred upon him in the spring of 1893. A year later and the Montreal Diocesan Theological college honored him with the degree of "S. T. L." In 1894 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Bond of

Montreal and by him was licensed to the parish of North Shefford and made warden in the eastern township. In 1895 he was raised to "priesthood," and a year later was called to Montreal to act as curate under Canon Dixon, who was rector of St. Jude's parish. From there (1897) Mr. Thompson accepted the call to St. Mark's parish, Ashland, his present position.

He has been chaplain in the Masons, O. E. S., and I. O. G. T. He has served as vice-president of the Intercollegiate Missionary Association of Canada, also as secretary of the Diocesan Alumni of Montreal.



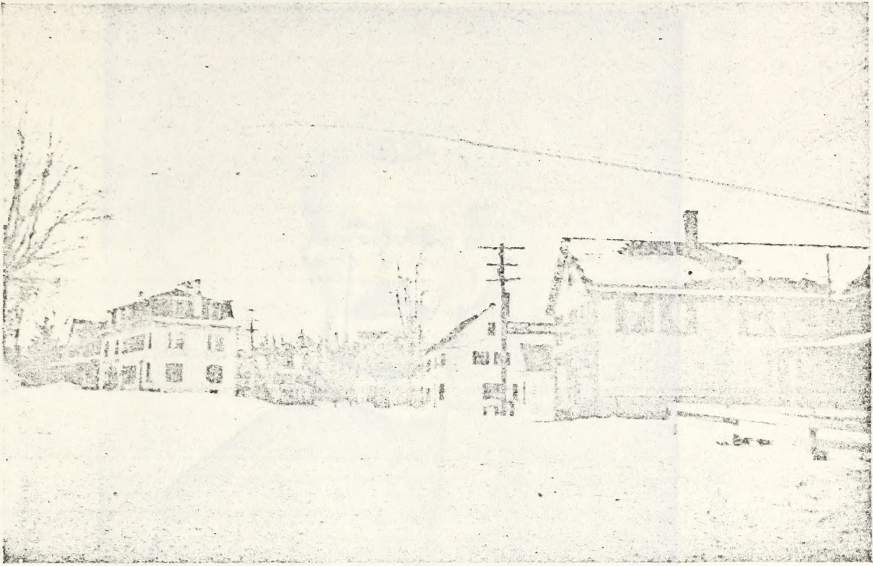
Episcopal Chapel, Holderness.



Rev. James Thompson.

In July, 1900, Mr. Thompson was married to Miss Grace T. Bailey of Malden, Mass., a former resident of this town, and a daughter of Hon. E. F. Bailey.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—The youngest of the Protestant churches, the Methodist Episcopal church, was organized September 7, 1895, by Presiding Elder G. M. Curl. It had but six members. May 2 of that year Mr. Daniel C. Hill moved to Ashland from Plymouth, where he had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for a number of years, being connected with the offi-



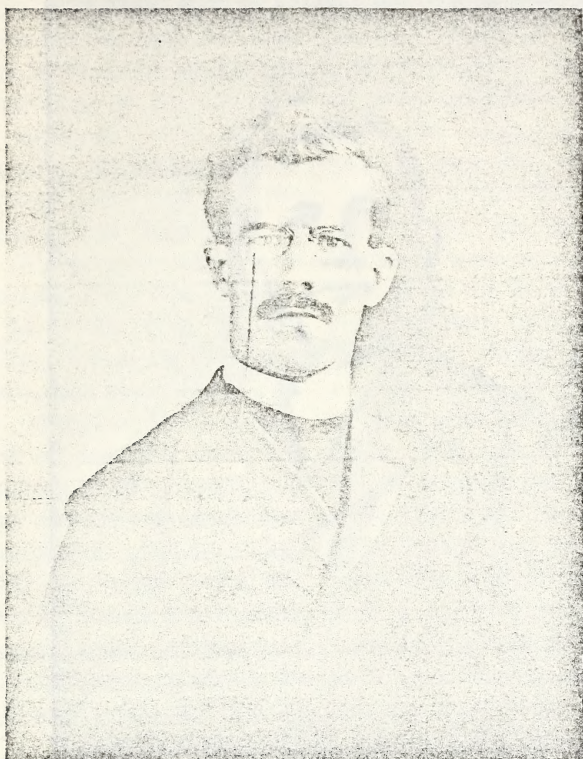
View on Main Street, showing Post-office and Hughes & Brown's Store.

cial board, and soon decided to have Methodist preaching in this town. The first meeting was held in the town hall, June 21, Rev. John A. Bowler of Plymouth preaching, and was soon followed by the organization of the church. At the first quarterly conference, which was held September 7, 1896, Mr. Hill gave a building lot to the new church, and the erection of the building was immediately begun. The work was rapidly pushed, and the new church was soon opened with a sermon by the new presiding elder of the district, the Rev. Dr. O. S. Baketel, under whose supervision most of the building work was conducted.

At the conference of 1898 the Rev. E. C. E. Dorion was appointed to this charge, being its first resident pastor. The edifice was dedicated June 9, of that year, the Rev. Mr. Bowler of Lowell, Mass., preaching the afternoon sermon, and the Rev. Dr. C. W. Rowley of Manchester

preaching in the evening. Through the efforts of Dr. Baketel, nearly all of the church debt was raised at this service. The church has continually grown in membership and in financial standing since its organization, and is to-day reckoned among the desirable charges in the New Hampshire Conference. It has connected with it a strong ladies' society, of which Mrs. Frank L. Hughes is president; a good Epworth League, with Mr. George A. Ladd as president, and a Junior League, which is under the supervision of Miss Evangeline Dorion. Mr. Hill is the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and also looks after the home department.

Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, the present pastor of the Methodist church, was born in Montreal, Canada, August 19, 1872, the son of the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas A. Dorion. He is of Huguenot descent, and the third generation of Methodist ministers in the Dorion family. He was educated



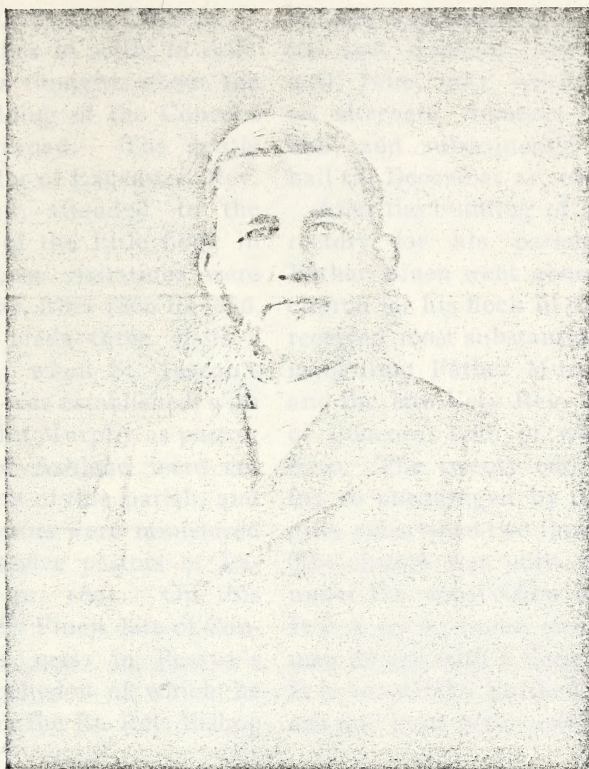
Rev E. C. E. Dorion.

in the schools both of Canada and the United States, his father's labors taking him, at different dates, into various parts of the two countries. He was for several years in the newspaper business, being city editor of the *Manchester Mirror* when he decided to enter the ministry. Mr. Dorion was one of the founders of the Manchester Y. M. C. A., being for some years secretary of its board of directors. He has also been actively identified with the Epworth League movement, and is now one of the members of the New Hampshire cabinet. He is also superintendent of Hedding Chautauqua, and at the last session of the New Hampshire annual conference was one of the assistant secretaries. He is a Mason,

and is connected with the Good Templars.

Mr. Dorion came to Ashland in 1898, and has had three pleasant years in this appointment, being unanimously invited at the close of each year to continue in the present pastorate. Being the first resident pastor, the work has been mostly that of building and formation. He has been gratified in seeing his efforts blessed with success. Mr. Dorion is unmarried.

Rev. O. S. Baketel, D. D., presiding elder of Concord district, was born in Greentown, O., October 18, 1849. He was graduated from Mt. Union college, Alliance, O., in the class of 1871. He was for years a member of the same church as Presi-



Rev. O. S. Baketel, D. D.

dent McKinley. His boyhood days were spent in Canton, O., where, for a year, he was a pupil of Miss Anna McKinley, a sister of the president. Dr. Baketel began preaching in 1870, and has been in continuous service since that time. Seven years of his ministerial life were spent in Ohio and Pennsylvania, at the end of which time he was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference. Here he served with success the churches at Newfields, Manchester, Methuen, Mass., Greenland, and Portsmouth. In 1891 he was appointed to the presiding eldership of Manchester District, which position he held for the full term of six years, when he was appointed to take charge of the Concord district.

He is now completing his fourth year.

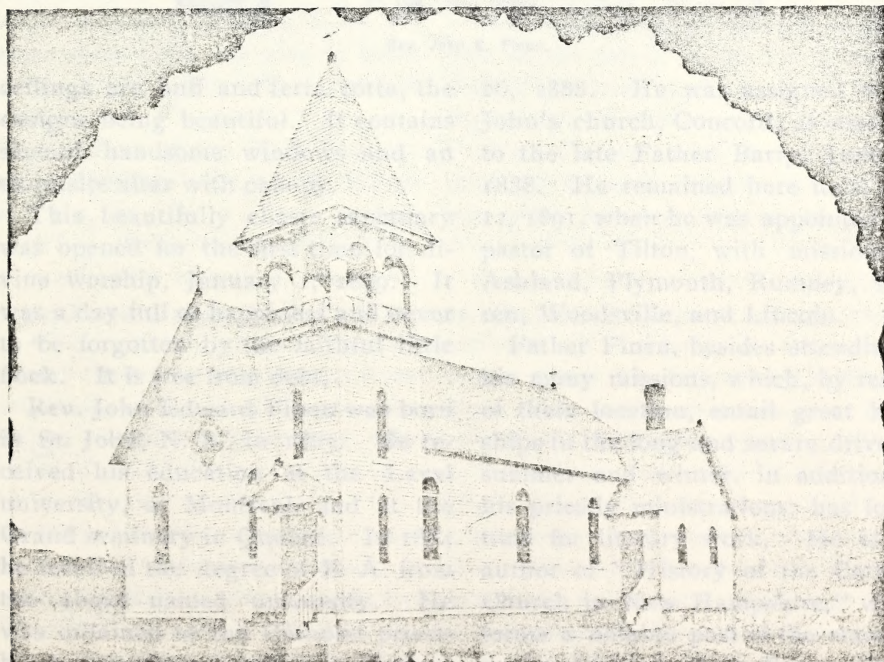
Dr. Baketel was superintendent of the Hedding Chautauqua for eleven years, in which position he was eminently successful, making Hedding one of the popular assemblies of the East. As presiding elder he is now the senior member of the cabinet, and has the respect and confidence of the entire conference.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him four years ago by his alma mater. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow; is married, and has three sons, Dr. Harrie Sheridan of the *Boston Journal*, Dr. Roy Vincent of the Taunton Insane Asylum medical staff, and Mr. Leon Burt.

ST. AGNES CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The first Catholics to settle in Ashland came, it is thought, about the time of the building of the Concord & Montreal railroad. The gentle and zealous pastor of Lancaster, Rev. Isidore Noiseux, attended to the spiritual wants of the little flock in this town. These visitations were about once a year, from 1860 to 1866, after which he made three visits a year. In 1871, when St. Joseph's parish, Laconia, was established, with the late Rev. John Murphy as pastor, the Catholics of Ashland were enrolled as members of this parish, and their spiritual wants were ministered to by the successive pastors of Laconia till July 12, 1891. On this date Rev. John E. Finen, late of Concord, celebrated mass in Peavey's hall, at the conclusion of which he read a letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop

Bradley appointing him pastor of Tilton and Ashland. From this date until June, 1884, services were held on alternate Sundays at Peavey's hall, and subsequently at the town hall till December 21, 1898.

After the building of a church and rectory for his parish at Tilton, Father Finen went about building a church for his flock in this town, and received most substantial encouragement from Father Murphy of Dover and the late Very Rev. Father Barry of Concord, both of whom donated \$500. The twenty odd families, being so encouraged by these princely gifts, subscribed two thousand dollars. The church was built by day work under the supervision of the pastor. It is a pretty frame structure of Roman design with a Campanile tower. It is beautifully finished in mountain ash and hard pine, and the walls and



St. Agnes's Catholic Church.



Rev. John E. Finen.

ceilings are buff and terra cotta, the designs being beautiful. It contains several handsome windows and an exquisite altar with canopy.

This beautifully chaste sanctuary was opened for the first time for divine worship, January 1, 1899. It was a day full of happiness and never to be forgotten by the faithful little flock. It is free from debt.

Rev. John Edward Finen was born in St. John, N. B., in 1865. He received his education at the Laval university, at Montreal, and at the Grand seminary in Quebec. In 1884 he received the degree of B. A. from the above-named university. He was ordained to the Catholic priesthood at the Grand seminary, Quebec, by the late Cardinal Taschereau, May

26, 1888. He was assigned to St. John's church, Concord, as assistant to the late Father Barry, June 14, 1888. He remained here until July 11, 1891, when he was appointed first pastor of Tilton, with missions at Ashland, Plymouth, Rumney, Warren, Woodsville, and Lincoln.

Father Finen, besides attending to his many missions, which, by reason of their location, entail great hardships in the long and severe drives in summer and winter, in addition to his priestly ministrations, has found time for literary work. He is the author of "History of the Catholic Church in New Hampshire," which forms a notable part of the standard works of history of the Roman Catholic church in New England.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Ashland, like most New England towns, has its full quota of secret societies. Most of its men and a large number of its women are members of some order. One of the most prosperous is the Masonic fraternity, which holds its meetings in a room finished off expressly for it in the town hall building. This room is also occupied by a large and flourishing chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows own a building on Main street, devoted to business purposes on the two lower floors, and to lodge rooms in the upper story. In this building a large number of the local secret societies hold their meetings. These include beside the Odd Fellows, the Rebekahs, Knights of Pythias, Pythian Sisterhood, I.O.G.T., A. O. U. W., and Junior O. U. A. M. Besides these there are also in town branches of the Golden Cross, and of the Grange.

The soldiers of the Civil War organized, May 31, 1877, O. W. Keyes Post, No. 35, G. A. R. It had twenty-five charter members, and its first commander was E. L. Shepard. Its present commander is E. P. Warner. The highest number reported was forty-eight; for the present term twenty-four, while the whole number of names on the roll is seventy. In connection with this post there is a thriving Woman's Relief Corps.

On Memorial Day, 1899, there was dedicated the soldiers' monument, a beautiful shaft, purchased jointly by the Grand Army, W. R. C., and the town. Upon it are carved the names of eighty-three veterans of the Civil

War, representing one in nine of the population of the town of Holderness at the time of the Rebellion. The dedicatory address was delivered by Col. Daniel Hall of Dover. Other speakers of the day were Mrs. Margaret Fuller, past national president of the W. R. C., Rev. James Thompson, and the Rev. E. C. E. Dorion.

Ashland has one weekly paper, known as the *Item*, whose editor is Mr. R. R. D. Dearborn. This town has also furnished the state with one of its most brilliant editorial writers, in the person of the late Orren C. Moore of the Nashua *Telegraph*.

Perhaps one of the best known names connected with the history of the town of Ashland, and in the public mind, is that of Cheney. Originating in this section, it has lent to the state one of its governors and several men who have been leaders in public affairs.

One of the most picturesque members of the family is, to-day, a resident of this town, and one of its leading spirits. We refer to Col. Thomas Perkins Cheney, who, for the past twenty-five years or more, has been one of the foremost Republican politicians of the state.

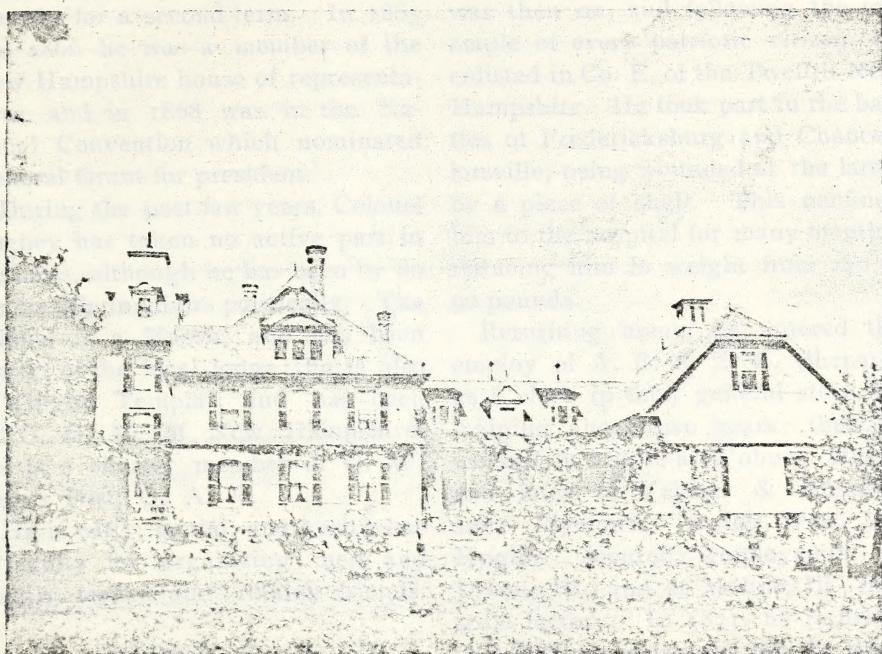
Colonel Cheney was born February 24, 1833, in Holderness village, now included in Ashland, in the same house where his father and mother died. His early education was received at the district schools of his native village, and at the Holderness High school, later attending the New Hampshire Conference seminary, then located at Northfield. As a scholar he possessed a quick and retentive memory, and this has continued through his life, he being able to give exact dates of events which

occurred in the far-away past with remarkable precision. As a boy he was a leader, and he has retained this distinction unto this day. He was an excellent debater, and had the knack of illustrating his point by an apt and well-told story, which made his speaking effective.

That he was self-reliant is evinced in the fact that at the age of twelve

copy so much of his attention in later years.

On October 6, 1853, Colonel Cheney was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Jonathan F. and Mary (Woods) Keyes, formerly of Bennington, but later of Ashland, and has enjoyed the help afforded him through these long years of life by an ever affectionate wife. They have had



Residence of Col. Thomas P. Cheney.

he obtained employment in a woolen factory, in order to earn necessary money to help him with his education. In the mill and in the schoolhouse, at work and at play, he was constantly storing his mind for life's conflict with the world. At the age of sixteen he entered the business man's most practical college, a country store, in which was the village post-office, where he learned the branch of the public service which was to oc-

eight children, all of whom were born in Ashland, and of these the following are living: Rodney W., Jonathan M., Alice M., Harry A., S. Addie, and Anne Perkins.

Colonel Cheney was active in the formation of the Republican party, and throughout his life has been zealous in its ranks, and many times honored with positions of responsibility. He was assistant sergeant-at-arms of the United States house of

representatives for five years, and in 1869, upon the organization of the railway mail service, was appointed superintendent of the New England division. He remained in this position for fifteen years, at the end of which time he was given the position of pension agent for New Hampshire and Vermont. He was a member of the Baltimore convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for a second term. In 1865 and 1866 he was a member of the New Hampshire house of representatives, and in 1868 was in the National Convention which nominated General Grant for president.

During the past few years, Colonel Cheney has taken no active part in business, although he has been by no means idle in affairs politically. The colonel is a Mason, and has been master of the local lodge; he is also a Knight Templar, and has been D. D. G. M. of New Hampshire. He is a charter member of O. W. Keyes Post, G. A. R.

He is witty, genial, and keen; has a faculty for organizing men and readily makes and retains friends.



Frank L. Hughes.

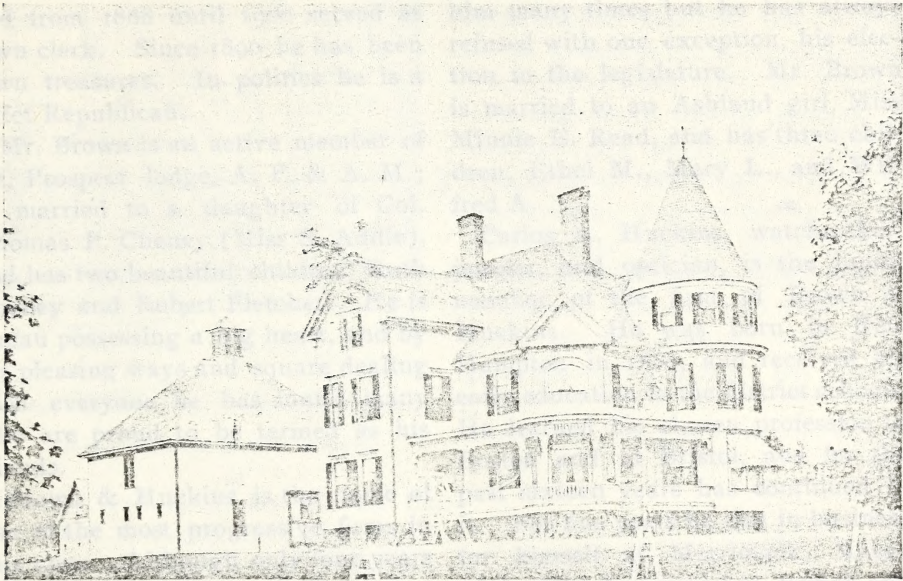
Frank L. Hughes was born in Groton, Mass., December 16, 1845, but soon after moved to Holderness. His early education was received in the

district schools, and later at the New Hampshire Conference seminary at Northfield. At an early age Mr. Hughes began at the lowest rung of the ladder of success, and to-day has reached the highest point. His first step was to enter the employ of Pepper & Greenleaf, makers of hosiery. Here he worked for several years for two shillings a day, boarding at home. The War of the Rebellion was then on, and following the example of every patriotic citizen, he enlisted in Co. E, of the Twelfth New Hampshire. He took part in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being wounded at the latter by a piece of shell. This confined him to the hospital for many months, reducing him in weight from 140 to 90 pounds.

Returning home, he entered the employ of A. B. & E. L. Shepard, as a clerk in their general store, remaining about two years; then he worked in a store at Woburn, Mass., and later at Webster & Russell's store, Plymouth. Going West, Mr. Hughes secured employment at Dixon, Ill., and at Moline, Ill., in a scale factory. In 1871, he returned to Ashland and bought out the stock of goods of John Smith, Jr., entering into partnership with his former employer, under the name of Hughes & Shepard. In 1873 the partnership was dissolved, and James F. Huckins was taken in, the name then being Hughes & Huckins, and remaining so until 1887, at which time Mr. Hughes conducted the business alone for two years, taking in (1889) Ora A. Brown, the firm name being from that date Hughes & Brown. Their stock is general merchandise and dry goods.

In 1872, Mr. Hughes was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Addie, daughter of the late John C. Shepard, an old resident. They have one son, Elmer C., who is twenty-two years of age, married, and resides with his parents. Mr. Hughes is a staunch Republican, and as such has served Ashland as town treasurer for twelve years, representative to the General Court one term, 1897-'99; has been

which she entered the employ of her brothers, A. B. & E. L. Shepard, as a clerk, remaining with them several years. After her marriage she clerked for some time in her husband's store. Mrs. Hughes is president of the Ladies' Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, and an active worker for that organization. She is one of the many prominent workers in the Woman's Relief



Residence of Frank L. Hughes.

county treasurer of Grafton county for four years, and for the past five years has been one of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners. He is a member of the Masons, Blue lodge and chapter, and a most active member of the G. A. R., having held all the offices in the local lodge.

Mrs. Addie Shepard Hughes, wife of Frank L. Hughes, is a native of Holderness, having been born there March 4, 1851. Her early education was received in the district school, and later at New Hampton, after

Corps of this state, and has been identified with it for years. She has held the offices of department inspector, department junior vice-president, and at the state convention held at Concord in 1894, was elected to the highest office in the gift of the corps—department president—which position she faithfully filled for a year, refusing a second election. She is one of the most popular women in the state in these circles, and is held in the highest respect by all. For seven years she has been the faithful presi-

dent of the local W. R. C., and has held various other offices. She is also an active member of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Ora A. Brown, the junior member of the firm of Hughes & Brown, was born in Bridgewater, March 4, 1864. He received his education in the schools of Ashland and at Bryant & Stratton's Business college in Boston. He has been located in business in this town for the past twelve years, and from 1888 until 1900 served as town clerk. Since 1890 he has been town treasurer. In politics he is a strict Republican.

Mr. Brown is an active member of Mt. Prospect lodge, A. F. & A. M.; is married to a daughter of Col. Thomas P. Cheney (Miss S. Addie), and has two beautiful children, Ruth Cheney and Robert Fletcher. He is a man possessing a big heart, and by his pleasing ways and square dealing with everyone he has found many who are proud to be termed as his friends.

Brown & Huckins is the name of one of the most progressive firms in this town. Although only four years old they have built up a large and lucrative business, and are continually adding something new to their stock, which is attractive, new, and up to date. The interior of their store presents the neatest appearance of any in town, everything having a place and each thing being in that place. Their line of goods is drugs, medicines, jewelry, sporting goods, and all necessities connected with this line.

Willfred F. Brown was born in Bridgewater, May 3, 1862, and was educated in the schools of Ashland and at the Massachusetts College of

Pharmacy, graduating from the latter in 1888, with the degree of Ph. G. He has been in the drug business, as clerk and senior proprietor, for the past nineteen years. For one term, 1895-'96, he was representative to the general court, and is spoken of as being one of the shrewdest politicians in the town. He is a member of the Masons, Order of the Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias. Offices have been offered him many times but he has always refused with one exception, his election to the legislature. Mr. Brown is married to an Ashland girl, Miss Minnie E. Read, and has three children, Ethel M., Mary L., and Wilfred A.

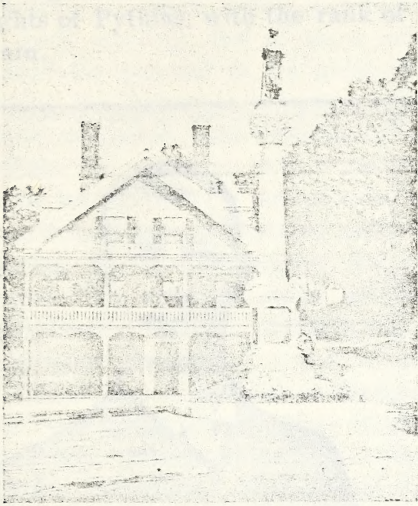
Carlos A. Huckins, watchmaker, jeweler, and optician, is the junior member of the firm of Brown & Huckins. He was born in New Hampton in 1860, and received his early education in the district schools. He learned his chosen profession in Boston and at Bristol, and for the past sixteen years has continued in it. For five years he was in business for himself at Merrimack, Mass., after which he worked in Boston and Laconia. Four years ago he came to Ashland and formed the above-named partnership. His business has so increased that to-day he commands all the work in his line for miles around. He is in politics a firm Republican, and is a member of the Masons and Odd Fellows.

Few men in Ashland have had as interesting a career as Mr. James Brogan. He has been infantryman, artilleryman, and Indian fighter. Underneath the stars and stripes he roamed for years from Massachusetts to California, down to New Mexico

and along the wild frontiers of the far West. Everywhere he acquitted himself with honor and bravery and came back to civil life a thorough soldier, and one who was ready to take upon himself the duties of good citizenship in business activity. Mr. Brogan was born in Lowell, Mass.,

lighted with electricity, and has modern conveniences.

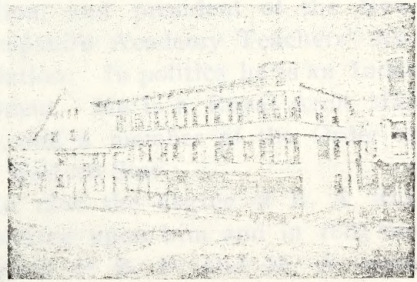
J. M. Cotton, proprietor of the Squam Lake house, was born December 29, 1846, at Brownsfield, Me. After receiving a common school education he engaged to travel with a circus, which vocation he followed for five years. His next step was to enter the hotel business and this has been his work for the greater part of the time since. He worked in Brownsfield, and for his brother, E. T. Cotton of the Kearsarge hotel, Portsmouth, and also at Laconia. His next move was to purchase the Squam Lake house, which he did twenty-seven years ago, and he has run it since. He was among the first to introduce electric lights into this village, and is now one of the board of directors. He has also been somewhat of an inventor, one of his principal works being a hat and coat



Thompson House and Soldiers' Monument.

in 1853, and spent his life on the farm and in the army. Eight years ago he purchased the Thompson house, a neat, cosy hotel, in this town, and has since conducted it in a most respectable and highly satisfactory manner. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, Knights of Pythias, and the Grange. Mr. Brogan is married and has two sons, Edward C., a baker in Boston, and James C., a steam fitter of the same city. His wife was Miss Roxie F. Robinson of Plymouth.

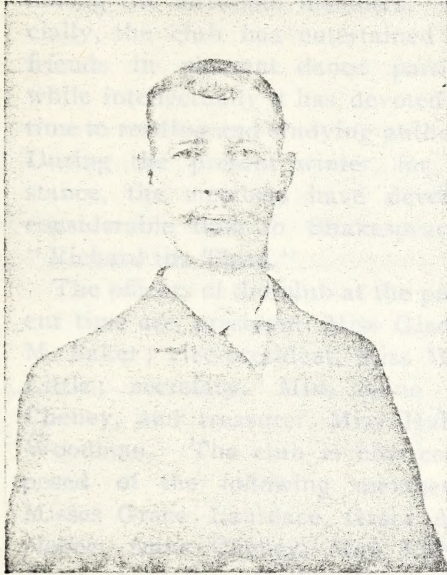
Mr. Brogan sets an excellent table, has good service, and knows the manner in which to use his guests in order to make them come again. The house is heated with hot water,



Squam Lake House.

hook which is used more or less in barber shops, hotels, etc. The hotel is well up in the list of two dollar houses in the state and Landlord Cotton enjoys the reputation of giving his guests genuine satisfaction. He has been in the business forty years, and is well versed in all its details. He is married and has three children, two now living, Dorothy Elizabeth,

born April 24, 1899, and John Melville born April 4, 1900. He has been a member of the Odd Fellows for twenty-two years, and is actively connected with the Knights of Pythias. He has held all the offices in the gift of the local lodge of Odd Fellows and is now chaplain of the First regiment in the canton of the Knights of Pythias, with the rank of captain.



Frank S. Huckins.

Postmaster Frank S. Huckins is a native of Holderness, now Ashland, being born July 28, 1865. His course of study was in the common schools of this place and a commercial course at the New Hampton academy. He was first elected to office in March, 1897, serving as selectman for one year. He was appointed to his present position, February 2, 1900. In politics he is a Republican. He is a member of Mt. Prospect lodge, A. F. and A. M., and of the Order of the Eastern Star.

June 6, 1900, he was united in marriage to Miss Bessie J. Canney of Sandwich.

Although not a resident of Ashland at the present time, the Rev. Lorin Webster is counted by many as an Ashland man, because of his many years' residence in this town. He was rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church for eight years, previous to his being appointed to the position which he now holds, of principal and rector of Holderness School. He was born in Claremont, July 29, 1857, and was educated at St. Paul's School, Trinity college, from which he graduated in the class of 1880, and Berkeley Divinity school. He has been in the ministry for eighteen years.

He has been honored with the following offices: President of the Grafton County Agricultural society, president of the Plymouth Fair Association, president of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association, and president of the New Hampshire Academy Teachers' Association. In politics he is an Independent. He is a Royal Arch Mason, and a member of the Order of the Eastern Star.

In 1880 the degree of B. A. was conferred upon him and in 1883 the degrees of B. D. and M. A. were given him. Mr. Webster is a musician of rare ability, and has composed several sacred and secular songs, part songs, hymns, anthems, a Te Deum, and a setting for the office of the holy communion. He is married to Miss Jennie J. Adams, and they have three children, Harold Adams, Bertha Locaine, and Jerome Pierce.

Ashland has one woman's organization known as the Athenian Club.

It is composed of fourteen of the most prominent young women in town, and has for its object social life and intellectual advancement. The club is of quite recent birth, having been organized July 3, 1899, by Miss Grace Applebee and Miss Gladys M. Baker. A limited membership keeps the organization quite exclusive, resulting in there being constantly a good waiting list of those who would be pleased to be numbered among the fortunate members. Socially, the club has entertained its friends in pleasant dance parties, while intellectually it has devoted its time to reading and studying authors. During the present winter, for instance, the members have devoted considerable time to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third."

The officers of the club at the present time are, president, Miss Gladys M. Baker; vice-president, Miss May Little; secretary, Miss Anne P. Cheney, and treasurer, Miss Hallie Woodman. The club is now composed of the following members: Misses Grace Laurence, Grace Applebee, Anne Cheney, May Little, Anne Applebee, Hallie Woodman, Mertie Woodbury, Cora Smith, Flora Wesson, Mary T. Sargent, Bessie Piper, Avis Baker, Mrs. Mabel Nelson, and Mrs. Nina Hughes. Miss Avis Baker was elected a member of the club to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Miss Laura Dooley, who died in June, 1900.

REV. OREN BURBANK CHENEY, D. D.

Among the most widely known and highly honored natives of the town of Ashland, or that part of Holderness which is now Ashland,

is Rev. Oren Burbank Cheney, D. D., son of Deacon Moses and Abigail (Morrison) Cheney, born December 10, 1816. He was fitted for college at Parsonfield (Me.) seminary, and New Hampton institution, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1839, which numbered sixty-one members, he being one of the five survivors. During his college course and afterward he taught in public schools and academies, having been principal of the Strafford and Greenland academies, and of Parsonfield (Me.) seminary. While in college he had united with the Free Baptist church. He was licensed to preach by the church at Portsmouth, while at Greenland, in 1842. While teaching in Parsonfield he preached one half the time at Effingham, in this state, where he was ordained, in the autumn of 1844, but he subsequently gave up his pastorate there on account of the opposition to his decided anti-slavery views.

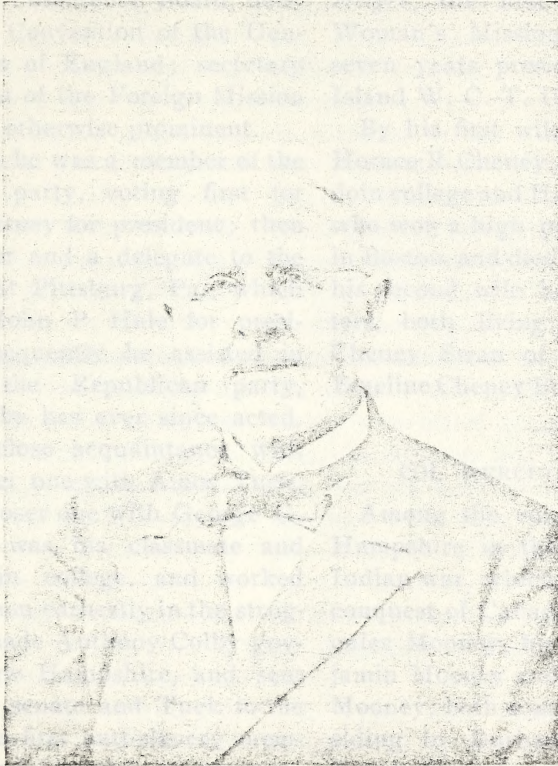
He afterward removed to Whites-town, N. Y., where he studied theology in the Biblical school, while teaching Latin in the seminary. While here his wife, formerly Miss Caroline Adelia Rundlett of Stratham, whom he had married January 30, 1840, was taken ill, and was removed to her old home in Stratham, where she died June 13, 1846. Subsequently he settled at West Lebanon, Me., where he held a pastorate six years, and also founded the West Lebanon academy. While here he represented the town in the state legislature, in 1851-'52, and voted for the original Maine Temperance law.

In 1852 he became pastor of the Free Baptist church at Augusta, continuing five years. In September,

1854, the seminary building at Parsonfield was burned, and Mr. Cheney immediately formed the plan for the establishment at some more eligible location, of an educational institution, upon broader lines, to be under the auspices of the Free Baptist denomination, whose oldest existing institu-

tion gave the institution a liberal endowment, and it was reincorporated as Bates college.

Dr. Cheney (who received the degree of D. D., from Wesleyan university in 1863) was president of the institution from the start and gave all his energies for the promotion of



Rev. Oren B. Cheney, D. D.

tion had been destroyed, and the outcome of the project in whose development he labored with untiring zeal was the Maine State seminary in Lewiston, chartered by the legislature in the winter following, the corner-stone of whose first building was laid in the summer of 1856, and September 1, 1857, the first term of school opened with 137 students. In 1863 Benjamin E. Bates of Bos-

ton gave the institution a liberal endowment, and it was reincorporated as Bates college. Dr. Cheney remained, until September 22, 1894, forty years from the inception of the

institution, when at a ripe old age he resigned his position, retaining, however, his home in Lewiston.

Dr. Cheney has held many positions of confidence and trust in his denomination. He has been many times a member of the General Conference and several times moderator of the same. He has also been chairman of the Conference Board, delegate to the Convention of the General Baptists of England; secretary and president of the Foreign Mission society, and otherwise prominent.

In politics he was a member of the old Liberty party, voting first for James G. Birney for president; then a Free Soiler and a delegate to the convention at Pittsburg, Pa., which nominated John P. Hale for president. Subsequently he assisted in organizing the Republican party, with which he has ever since acted. He had a close acquaintance with Hale, a closer one with Amos Tuck, and a still closer one with George G. Fogg, who was his classmate and room-mate in college, and worked with these men earnestly in the struggle which made Anthony Colby governor of New Hampshire, and sent Hale to the senate and Tuck to the house as the first anti-slavery members in the two branches of congress.

Dr. Cheney married, as his second wife, Miss Nancy St. Clair Perkins, daughter of Rev. Thomas Perkins, August 2, 1847, who died February 21, 1886. She was a graduate of Parsonfield seminary, and founded a school in Ashland village, of which she was principal for fifteen or twenty years, and from which a large number of men and women have gone out to occupy high positions in society. She was also for a time preceptress of

Lebanon academy, and was of great assistance to her husband in the work of founding and maintaining Bates college. July 5, 1892, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Emeline Burlingame, a graduate of the Providence High school, and the Rhode Island Normal school, who was for eight years editor of the *Missionary Helper*, the first president of the Woman's Mission society, and for seven years president of the Rhode Island W. C. T. U.

By his first wife he had one son, Horace R. Cheney, a graduate of Bowdoin college and Harvard Law School, who won a high position as a lawyer in Boston, and died Dec. 13, 1876. By his second wife he had two daughters, both living,—Mrs. Caroline Cheney Swan of Boston, and Mrs. Emeline Cheney Boothby of Lewiston.

COL. HERCULES MOONEY.¹

Among the volunteers from New Hampshire in the last French and Indian war, which terminated in the conquest of Canada, were Capt. Hercules Mooney, his sons, Lieut. Benjamin Mooney and Private Jonathan Mooney, both sons being minors, residing in Durham. While in the Revolutionary war Hercules Mooney was colonel of a Continental battalion, his son Benjamin a lieutenant, and son John a private in the New Hampshire forces.

Colonel Mooney was an Irishman, and is said to have been a tutor in a nobleman's family in Ireland. He

¹This sketch of Col. Mooney, as well as that of Nathaniel Thompson following, was furnished by Lucien Thompson, Esq., of Durham. Any descendants of Col. Hercules Mooney who can furnish any information relative to the Mooney family are requested to send the same to Mr. Thompson, who is preparing a more extended sketch of Col. Mooney and his descendants.

came to Dover in 1733, and began teaching in that part of Dover, now Somersworth, July 4, 1734, having been engaged January 2, 1734, as shown by public records.

He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Benjamin Evans, prior to 1738, and resided near "Barbadoes," which is a locality near the present boundary line between Dover and Madbury, and within the old "Cochecho parish," where his name appeared in the rate-list of 1741. In 1743, Hercules Mooney signed a petition to make Madbury a parish, separate from Dover. Here (in the "Cochecho parish") were born Obadiah, Benjamin, January 6, 1740, Jonathan in 1744, Elizabeth, baptized February 5, 1750.

In 1750 or 1751, he removed to Durham, where he was teaching as early as 1751. There are no school records of Durham extant before 1750, but from that year, until Lee was set off as a separate parish in 1766, he taught in the schools of Durham, only dropping the ferule for the sword in 1757, where he received a captain's commission.

Soon after his removal to Durham he married Mary Jones, the widow of Lieut. Joseph Jones of Durham, and resided on the Jones farm, now owned by Miss Mary A. Hoitt.

In 1757 he received a captain's commission in Colonel Meserve's regiment, and took part in the expedition to Crown Point, his son Benjamin serving as ensign in his company. Benjamin had served in the expedition to Crown Point the previous year under John Shepherd, captain of Co. I. A part of Colonel Meserve's regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe, was sent

to Fort William Henry, which was under the command of Colonel Monroe of the Thirty-fifth British regiment. "The French General Montcalm, at the head of a large body of Canadians and Indians, with a train of artillery, invested this fort, and in six days the garrison, after having expended all their ammunition, capitulated, on condition that they should not serve against the French for eighteen months. They were allowed the honors of war, and were to be escorted by the French troops to Fort Edward, with their private baggage." The Indians, enraged at the terms granted the garrison, fell upon them as they marched out unarmed, stripped them naked, etc. The New Hampshire regiment, happening to be in the rear, felt the chief fury of the enemy. Out of the two hundred, eighty were killed and taken. Capt. Hercules Mooney and his son Benjamin lost all their arms and private baggage, and were partially recompensed by the province. The country was alarmed, and reinforcements in New Hampshire were raised, under command of Major Tash of Durham.

In 1758, New Hampshire raised still another regiment, for the "Crown Point Expedition." A part of the regiment was ordered to join the expedition against Louisburg, and the remainder did duty under Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe, with Thomas Tash, captain, and Benjamin Mooney, first lieutenant.

Capt. Hercules Mooney had returned home in 1757, on parole, and in April, 1758, enlisted forty men from Durham and vicinity. Ten of these men went out in Capt. John Pickering's company, and thirty in

Capt. Thomas Tash's company. They were discharged near the close of the year. On April 19, 1759, Solomon Mooney enlisted, and it is probable that he was a son of Hercules Mooney (but not certain).

In 1760, a regiment of eight hundred men was raised in New Hampshire, under command of Col. John Goffe, for the invasion of Canada. Benjamin Mooney was first lieutenant of Captain Berry's company, while his brother Jonathan enlisted March 14, 1760, and was taken sick with fever at Crown Point, and removed to Albany, where he had small-pox.

In 1761, Hercules Mooney petitioned for an "allowance for care of getting home his son Jonathan," etc.

February 20, 1762, Lieut. Benjamin Mooney of Capt. Samuel Gerish's company was ordered by R. Elliot, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-fifth regiment, to carry to Montreal the mail for Canada, containing despatches from Governor-General Amherst to Governor Gage.

The Durham records show that Capt. Hercules Mooney was elected an assessor March 29, 1762, and selectman March 25, 1765. On November 18, 1765, Hercules Mooney headed a petition, with ninety-nine other inhabitants of Durham, to have the town divided into two parishes. In response to this petition and favorable action by the town of Durham, the provincial government set off a part of Durham and incorporated it as the parish of Lee, January 16, 1766, with town privileges. Captain Mooney's farm being mostly on the Lee side of the division line, he taught in Lee until the Revolution, and again after the war until 1786,

his sons Obadiah and John also teaching. He served as a selectman in Lee, from 1769 until the Revolutionary period. He represented his town in the Fifth Provincial Congress at Exeter, December 21, 1775, and his record in that congress shows that he was more conservative than the most of the delegates. He represented his town in the Colonial and state legislature in the Revolutionary period, and until 1783, except one year,—1777.

March 14, 1776, Hercules Mooney was appointed major in the regiment of Col. David Gilman, and stationed at Newcastle or vicinity. September 20, 1776, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the Continental battalion, then being raised in New Hampshire. This regiment was under Pierce Long, and stationed at Newcastle until ordered by General Ward to march to Ticonderoga, in February, 1777. Upon the approach of the British army under General Burgoyne, Ticonderoga was evacuated July 6, 1777, and the New Hampshire troops were ordered to help cover the retreat, during which a few were killed and about one hundred men wounded. During this retreat Lieut.-Col. Hercules Mooney lost his horse, most of his clothes, and all his camp equipage to a very considerable value, and was allowed partial compensation. From May 23, 1778, to August 12, 1778, he was a member of the Committee of Safety, and again from December 23, 1778, to March 10, 1779. June 23, 1779, he was appointed colonel of a regiment ordered for continental service in Rhode Island. The regiment was raised in June, and remained in service until January, 1780. His son,

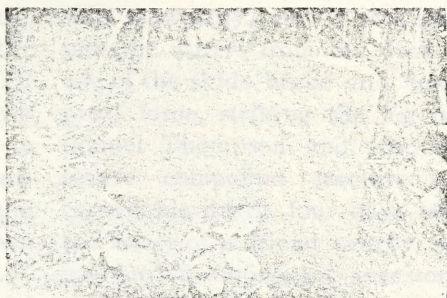
Benjamin Mooney, as private and afterwards as lieutenant, served through the Revolution, while his brother John, who was born in Durham, after the marriage of Hercules Mooney and Mrs. Mary Jones, served a short time as a private, taught school in Lee, in 1785, removed to Holderness (probably with his father in 1785), where he was residing in 1787; was

in civil positions merit a more permanent monument to the hero who died in Holderness in April, 1800, and who was buried about a third of a mile from Ashland village, under a willow tree, than a rough slab of natural stone to mark his last resting-place.

Col. Hercules Mooney, certainly, deserves a nobler shaft at his grave, to attest his services to the state in



Grave under the Willow Tree.



Rough Slab marking the Grave.

Grave of Col. Hercules Mooney.

appointed coroner for Grafton county January 12, 1790, and justice of the peace, January 7, 1791.

After the war Colonel Mooney resumed teaching; served as a justice of the peace for Strafford county from July, 1776, until his removal to Holderness in 1785, and was afterwards a justice of the peace for Grafton county. He was a grantee of New Holderness in 1761, and active in securing people to settle in the town, his friend and neighbor, Nathaniel Thompson of Durham, being a pioneer.

In Holderness he was a selectman, and also represented his town (together with other towns classed with it) in the legislature in 1786-'87 and 1789-'90.

The record of himself and sons, as schoolmasters, officers in the Seven Years' and Revolutionary wars, and

laying the foundation of our Republic.

NATHANIEL THOMPSON.

Among the pioneers, who aided in the settlement of the town of Holderness, which included the present town of Ashland, was Nathaniel Thompson, who removed from Durham to Holderness, between October, 1770, and August, 1771.

He was baptized an "infant" by the Rev. Hugh Adams of Oyster River, May 29, 1726, and married Elizabeth Stevens of Durham as early as 1761. He was an active, enterprising man, and, in the various conveyances of land, he is called "trader," "shipwright," and "gentleman." As early as 1753, he sold land in Durham for £2,000, probably to furnish capital to go into trade.

He was a highway surveyor in

Durham in 1766. In 1768 he was surveyor of highway and sealer of leather, in 1769 he was sealer of leather; and the same year, "Ensign Nathaniel Thompson" and Ebenezer Thompson, afterwards judge, were of the committee of six to receive and dispose of the proportion of school money for the districts to which they respectively belonged. He gave a deed, October 16, 1770, as "Nathaniel Thompson of Durham, province of N. H., gentleman," of the dwelling house¹ and land on the Mast Road, *where he lived*. It was shortly after this date that he removed to New Holderness, for his tax in Durham is abated February 11, 1771, and his name appears no more in the town records.

August 24, 1771, "Nathaniel Thompson of New Holderness" conveys land in Pembroke, which he had bought of his brother Benjamin.

He had been offered a large tract of land by the proprietors of Holderness if he would build and run a grist-mill and sawmill in that town, and thus aid in the development of that section.

Upon the outlet of Lake Asquam, Nathaniel Thompson built his mills, and upon its banks he made his home, and planted his orchards. Here he settled with his wife and five children, and five more children were born after they had located in Holderness. Polly, the sixth child, was born February 6, 1772; married John Hill of Durham, her second cousin, February 4, 1796; removed to Danville, Vt., thence in 1816, to Ogden, N. Y., where she died December 17, 1843.

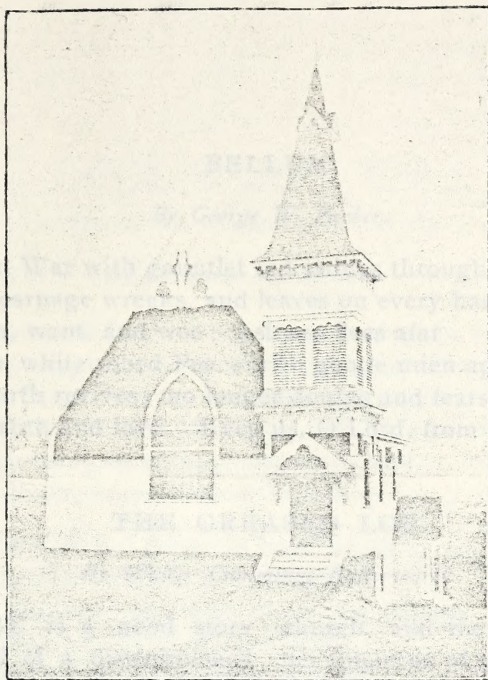
"She was never weary of recounting to her daughters the poetry and tragedy of her youthful life at Holderness. When she was about thirteen and her youngest brother about two years of age, their brave, strong father was sent for by his old neighbors to inspect a ship built at the Durham shipyards. He took the horseback journey through the wilderness to the coast, pronounced the ship seaworthy, and it was slipping into the waters from the dock when one of the skids broke and flew with great force, striking the leg of Nathaniel Thompson and producing a severe compound fracture. This caused his death, four days later, at the house of a friend nearby, and he was buried among his ancestors and near relatives in Durham. It was in 1785, three years after the close of the Revolutionary war, and public conveyances and mails between the coast and the interior of New Hampshire were practically unknown." (A Great Mother.)

James Thompson was master of the sloop *Nancy* in 1752, and his brother, Nathaniel, shipped goods in it from Barbadoes, April 11, 1752, consigned to Benjamin Matthews, Jonathan Thompson, Jr., & Co., of Piscataqua.

Nathaniel Thompson was the son of John³, John², William¹, of Dover, as early as 1647, and was a cousin of Judge Ebenezer Thompson of Revolutionary fame. He was a selectman in Holderness in 1773, and in 1776 Nathaniel Thompson and four others signed a petition for ammunition and arms, as being in danger of attack from Canada.

Rev. Curtic Coe, then the pastor at Durham, made the following entry in his record of burial in the parish:

¹ House still standing and near the New Hampshire College buildings.



Methodist Episcopal Church, Ashland.

"1785, June 25. Was buried, Mr. Nathaniel Thompson of New Holderness who died in this town."

It was not long after the death of Nathaniel Thompson, that his friend and neighbor (while in Durham), Col. Hercules Mooney, removed to New Holderness, of which place he was one of the grantees, in 1761, and probably one of those through whose influence Nathaniel Thompson located in New Holderness.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the late president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is a direct descendant of Nathaniel Thompson,

her mother, Mary Thompson Hill, being the daughter of John Hill and Polly Thompson before mentioned.

The late Maj. Ai B. Thompson, who was secretary of the state of New Hampshire from 1877, until his death, in 1890, was born in that part of Holderness, now Ashland, and the son of John Hayes Thompson, son of Samuel, the ninth child of Nathaniel Thompson. The late Prof. N. H. Thompson of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. O. C. Moore of Nashua, are also descendants of Nathaniel Thompson.

MARCH.

By Ormsby A. Court.

And miles on miles the river wound among the hills

That, snowclad, moaned in icy breathings rude,

That, sunkissed, wept in myriad rippling rills,

For Spring to spell the deathlike solitude.

BELLUM.

By George W. Parker.

When War with gauntlet red strides through the land
 Dire carnage wreaks, and leaves on every hand
 Death, want, and woe ; Astraea flees afar
 When white-robed Peace with gentle mien appears,
 All earth revives ; no longer doubts and fears,
 But truth and love. Keep us, O Lord, from War !

THE GREASED LOG.

By Walter Cummings Butterworth.

HERE is a good story told of a distinguished New Englander, who was also a noted general in the Union army, during the War of the Rebellion.

When the general was quite a young man, he lived in a small country town, and a young lady, for whom he had a strong attachment, lived there also. But, unfortunately for the general, he had a rival, who, when he was present, usually carried off the lion's share of the girl's attentions.

Between the homes of the two young men, and the centre of the village was a wide deep brook, the only means of crossing which, without going two or three miles out of their way, was a huge pine log, which lay directly across it at its deepest point. The log had been smoothed off on top, so that it made a very good foot-bridge.

One summer night there was a grand fair to be given at the village

church, and the girl had expressed her intention of attending it.

Now the general knew that if his rival did not appear he would have the girl all to himself. So that evening he started out early, and took his mother's lard pail along with him. On reaching the log bridge he crossed it backwards on his hands and knees, greasing it as he went.

His rival, however, could not attend the fair, so the general had the girl to himself, and all went well.

At a late hour that evening, having seen his lady-love safely housed, the general wended his homeward way rejoicing. On reaching the brook he was in so high a flow of spirits that he entirely forgot the grease on the log, and started gallantly off across it—there was a slip, a muffled shriek, and a mighty splash, and the hero of the evening crept silently home, while a saucy moon winked at him from among the clouds.

CAESAR RODNEY'S RIDE.

A STORY OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

"Saddle the Black. My Country shall be free !
What's eighty miles? The ride's for Liberty."
Stern Cæsar Rodney, with his heart aglow,
Spake these brave words and rode for weal or woe.
No drooping spirit his, but one to dare,
The truest, bravest son of Delaware.

To the Colonial congress from his state,
He had been chosen as a delegate,
But, burdened also with the land's defense,
As being worthy of all confidence,
He was recruiting soldiers far away ;
A double duty's dangerous delay.

To him had come the news of import drear
Which roused the patriot blood that knew no fear,
How, eighty miles away, in Penn's fair town,
The Continental congress, sitting down
To mould the nation, needed one man's vote
To turn the scales and ring out Freedom's note.

A bound to saddle and a hurried flight ;
A rush of hoof-beats on the silent night !
The dim stars lighting his determined face
And foaming stallion's headlong race !
Forward, brave rider ! God watches your way,
And a Nation owes you Independence Day.

O'er echoing bridges and by dreaming rills,
Past dewy meadows and past silent mills,
Past ghostly houses staring from the hill,
And sleeping hamlets lying calm and still !
On, like a meteor, through the summer night,
Spurred Cæsar Rodney in his whirlwind flight.

The hours of darkness rolled themselves away ;
That pale, grim rider faster sped than they.
For every league of ground he passed he saw

A broken fetter of Colonial law.
 With restless impetus that wearied not,
 On through the midnight swept the patriot.

The stars grew pale, the morn dawned bright and fair;
 The rising mists dispersed in sultry air;
 And still upon that sandy stretch of road
 The dust-clouds showed where Cæsar Rodney rode.
 Yet twenty miles away the city lay;
 Would Freedom speed him on to win the day?

Hot was the air in Independence hall
 Where our young Nation framed her protocol.
 A tremor passed along the waiting crowd,
 A murmured terror spoken not aloud;
 For unborn Liberty beheld dismayed
 The factions, man to man, in tie arrayed.

Oh, for one voice to shout a ringing note!
 One more true patriot to cast his vote!
 The states are called, and scarcely men draw breath;
 The noisy clamor sinks to hush of death.
 For lack of one more champion of its worth,
 Can this great Declaration fall to earth?

The crush about the doorway sways and stirs,
 As, dust-encrusted, and with gore-red spurs,
 Tossing his bridle to the waiting crowd,
 Enters a rider, just as called aloud
 Is "Delaware." A voice rings clear and free:
 "Here! Cæsar Rodney votes for liberty."

Oh! let his name resound through all the earth,
 His was the voice that gave our nation birth.
 While still Columbia no despot fears
 Let us the tale rehearse through coming years;
 Speak Cæsar Rodney's name with freemen's pride,
 And give the tribute due his stirring ride.

THE STAGE.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The world's a stage and every man must play
 Some comedy and some a tragic rôle.
 Exit; Death rings the curtain down for aye.
 Applause or jeers! What matter to the soul?

A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

By *Laura D. Nichols.*

[CONCLUDED.]

II.



ABBY FARMER was a happy woman all Tuesday and Wednesday. She went over and over every detail of her old friend Jim's visit, smiling and sighing in turn; repeating some words of his aloud, for the pleasure of hearing them again; and talking to herself as those living alone so often do.

"I guess you think I'm crazy, Gail," she said to her sedate old cat, when the creature rose and turned round twice before settling himself for another nap, having been roused by his mistress laughing over the remembrance of an old-time frolic recalled by Dr. Jim. "Well, ain't it better to be crazy-glad about a beautiful visit from a friend I never expected to see again, than crazy-sad as I 'most was last winter, when you and I were snowed in three days? I guess you 'll think I'm crazier still when you see me pickin' over beans to-night 'stid of Saturday. What a boy Jim is, for all his studyin' an' travelin', an' doctorin'! He just made up that nonsense to make me think I was doin' somethin' for him; and, oh, to think that our Sam is goin' to have a splendid stone after all! What *will* the folks say? How thankful an' proud I shall be next Decoration day, when they set the flag by the grave that 's been with-

out a name so long! I sha'n't tell anyone but you, Gail, till it comes, but I guess I 'll mention careless-like to Mis' Sanborn, how Jim referred up to Sam's savin' his life. She did n't live here then, an' she 'll be interested, an' sure to tell it round to other folks, an' then they 'll understand better when the monument comes."

She had given her cat the last half of her own name, declaring that it ought to be of *some* use, as the first was all people had time to call her by.

Gail took no apparent notice of the untimely cooking and eating of baked beans and brown bread on Thursday, but Abby was more unsettled by it than she could have believed possible, and found herself hurrying both dishes into the pantry, when she saw Mrs. Sanborn approaching. She was caught next day dining on what remained, and well punished, as she told herself, by her neighbor's remarking, "Well, if you ain't the smallest eater I ever see, makin' your Sunday cookin' last so long!"

"I'd better have let her see them hot and fresh yesterday," said poor Abby. "She 'll think I'm meaner an' more cropin' than ever. I wonder if it was tellin' a lie for me to say nothin'?"

But worse was to come. All the time she was cooking and eating her

fried eggs on Sunday, she felt as if her mother's reproachful eyes were on her, and not till the first bell began to ring could she realize that it was the Sabbath, though she had faithfully studied her Bible lesson the night before.

While buttoning the basque of her twice made-over black silk, she saw the slim, bent figure of Uncle Paul Dearborn coming down the mountain path, from his home on the other side.

He always came in to rest and chat with Abby before church, but as he had not appeared for two weeks, she supposed he had subsided into his winter rheumatism and home staying.

"The dear old creatur!" she muttered to Gail; "don't he look like last summer's grasshopper, crawlin' out to sun himself once more! But how can I ask him home to dinner, an' no beans?"

Then a cackling laugh came round the corner.

"Well, Abby, here I be again! Got over that pesky cold, an' thought I'd lay in one more sermon to ponder on 'fore the snow comes."

"Walk in, walk in, Uncle Paul! I'm real glad to see you. Sit down an' rest while I put on my bonnet, and do eat one of my doughnuts. I'll set the coffee pot back on the stove for a hot sip to finish off with."

"You gave me a fishball last time, Abby," with childish frankness of disappointment; "an' I teased Susan considerable, tellin' her 'twas the best I ever eat."

But Abby was matching the corners of her black shawl, with a pin in her mouth, and did not seem to hear, so he resigned himself, and that danger was past. All the way

to church she entertained him with accounts of Dr. Carlyle's visit, in the interest of which she forgot her beanless larder, until as they entered the porch, the old man confidently said, "You can tell me the rest at dinner."

Several times during the sermon she recalled her cold corned-beef, finally resolving to heat over some of the vegetables she had boiled with it, to console Uncle Paul, though as a rule, she allowed herself nothing hot but her tea Sunday afternoon. "Mother would say 't was better than disappointing an old man, I'm sure," but Uncle Paul looked severely at the steaming viands.

"I was callatin' on some o' your good brown pork an' beans, Abby; I never set down to biled dish of a Sabbath afore."

She stammered something about having it left over, but he shook his head, and asked a blessing with the air of one averting a curse.

He ate sparingly and left early, much less lively than when he arrived.

"He was tired of course," Abby explained to Gail, "and those black clouds hurried him. I hope it *will* rain after he gets safe home. It'll be such a good excuse for my not washin' to-morrow, if it's stormy."

Monday was cloudless, however. Abby laughed grimly when she saw it, and allowed herself an extra nap; the day would seem *so* long.

Before she had finished her belated breakfast, Minty Sanborn came running in and stared around.

"Why, Ma made sure you was sick abed!" she cried. "She's got her washin' half done, an' not a sign o' yourn! An' you've always been lots ahead before!"

"She's very kind," said Abby quietly; "tell her I'm not goin' to wash to-day, but I'm perfectly well."

The child looked so bewildered that an inspiration came to Miss Farmer.

"I'm goin' to Concord on the eleven o'clock train, ask her if I can do any errands for her."

"So I'm going to Concord, Gail," she said, with a shame-faced laugh, when the child had gone.

"'And what to do there?' says Richard to Robin.' Plenty of things I'd like, if only I had the money; new flannels and stockings for winter, 'stid of patchin' an darnin' my old ones; and a nice fine black cashmere dress, I'm so tired of the old black silk, and the neighbors must be, too; and some real Java coffee, I'm tired of brown bread crusts, tho' mebbe I do sleep better on 'em; but there, I'd better fly round and get ready. I'm worse'n the milkmaid in the spellin' book for she did have her pail o' milk to start dreamin' on, —and I—" Like a flash came the thought,—[it must have come from Sam's honest face looking down from the wall as she started up to clear the table;] "I can take the ten dollars I'd laid by towards his stone—thanks to Jim I can! And I'll call the things a present from Sam and Jim together!"

Never were rooms so quickly tidied and dress changed; and her face was so bright, her steps so light that Mrs. Sanborn, who came running out to give her a list of shopping errands, declared she looked "as chirk as a robin in June."

A happy day the good woman had, taking ample time to do full justice to her own and her neighbor's needs;

studying the dresses of ladies she passed, with a view to her new one; loitering at picture-shop windows and bookstores; lunching comfortably at a confectioner's (for the first time in a dozen years), and buying a *Harper's Weekly* to read at the station, while waiting for the four o'clock train.

"I'll give it to Uncle Paul next Sunday," was her excuse for the extravagance.

Her country-wonted feet ached with the long day on brick walks, but her eyes were as bright as ever, and the heavy bundles felt good, it was so long since she had spent more than half a dollar at a time. When Minty came out for her Mother's parcels, there was a little bag of cocoanut cakes for her and Joe, a present from Miss Abby. Had not her honest round eyes been the cause of this holiday?

The rest of the week passed peacefully, but Abby found herself winding the kitchen clock Wednesday night instead of Saturday, because she had always associated it with preparations for baked beans.

She wondered if it would be breaking her promise to Dr. Carlyle if she saved a plateful of that savory dish for Uncle Paul's Sunday dinner, and decided that it would. Perhaps it would be too stormy for him to come. If not, he must share her cold meat. She would not shock him again by hot vegetables. The day proved fair, but cold and windy, and instead of the old man, his daughter Susan was seen descending the mountain path.

Now this cousin did not stand as high in Abby's good graces, as did the Uncle; and before her green-ribboned bonnet came round the wood-pile, an apple turnover and a large

slice of cheese had been hurried into the pantry. Susan was what Hillsboro called "a pickin' person;" elsewhere known as faultfinding.

"She'd want to know why I did n't use nutmeg instead of cinnamon, and tell me that my pie crust was too rich for her dyspepsy," muttered Abby to Gail. The pot of "real" coffee remained on the stove, was duly offered, and the "pickin'" tendency proved by a query as to the price per pound, followed by a stern "humph" of disapproval.

"How's Uncle?" said Abby.

"Well, he's so's to be about, but I was n't willin' he sh'd come round Staghorn in any such a wind as this, so I made out that I was bound to come, an' Mother had n't ought to be left alone."

"I've got a *Harper's Weekly* to send him, if it won't bother you to take it. You'll come back an' have dinner with me of course?" Susan agreed, and after service was officiously helpful in setting the table and stepping down cellar and into the pantry,—her keen black eyes searching every shelf and corner meanwhile.

"She wants to see if I've got 'biled dinner' again," thought Abby rightly.

"Now do n't make company o' me, Abby," she remarked. "I'd jest as soon make a meal on what fish-balls you've got left, or beans either, 'specially as Father's always tellin' how much better you cook 'em than we do."

"I did n't have one nor t'other, to-day," said Abby, boldly. "I had an egg for breakfast, and this chicken left from Saturday. I'm killin' my chickens now, an' I do n't remember

as there's anythin' in the Bible about cookin' beans a-Sunday, or brown bread either," she added defiantly, as she cut a fresh white loaf.

Susan looked both shocked and scared. Had she been a Catholic she would have crossed herself vigorously.

"For the land's sake, Abby Farmer, do n't talk like that a-Sunday, too." Her hostess laughed grimly, and set on the cold chicken, pumpkin pie, and cheese. It saved steps to have all on the table, and Susan's principles did not hinder her from partaking heartily of all.

"I s'pose Jim Carlyle brought you the *Harper's Weekly*," she remarked. "Father said you'd had a call from him."

"No, I bought it myself, when I was in Concord last Monday."

Abby felt no desire to talk over her precious visit with Susan. The diversion was effectual.

"In Concord last week!" she cried. "Was there an excursion?" She never went herself unless there were reduced rates, or on Railroad day, when all stockholders went free.

"No, I had some winter shopping to do," was the quiet reply.

Susan stared with greedy, curious eyes.

"An' you went a-Monday! You must a' got up afore light to get your washing out in time."

"No, I did n't wash till Tuesday."

"You *didn't*? Why, t'was an elegant washin' day, an' Tuesday was real dull an' dubersome. But you always *was* odd, Abby. Did n't you kinder feel as if your Mother'd disapprove of your traipsin' off to Concord stid of being at your tub?"

Abby had felt exactly so, but wild

horses would not have made her own it.

"My mother was n't a superstitious woman that ever I found out, and I call it nothing less than superstition to feel obliged to wash Mondays more 'n any other day."

Susan's jaw actually fell, but she gulped down her horror in such a sudden swallow of hot tea, that she choked and strangled till she was red in the face. Her anxiety to hear about the shopping, restrained her "pickin'" tendency, and when she recovered her breath, she remarked quite blandly, "Gettin' a new bonnet, I s'pose?"

"No, I guess my felt'll serve another season; I got me some stockin's an' things, and black cashmere for a dress an' jacket, if you must know, but don't you think talkin' about clo'es on Sunday, is worse than not havin' beans?"

This was checkmate for Susan, and she looked so disconcerted that Abby relented so far as to say, "They're on the bed in the spare-room if you want to look at 'em," and got up to give Gail the chicken bones, on his tin plate in the woodshed.

Susan gladly availed herself of the permission, and examined them exhaustively with eyes and fingers, but was too mindful of her cousin's snub to inquire how she meant to have her suit made, or to suggest that home knit stockings were good enough for *her* family.

"I'm afraid I was n't as pleasant to her as I'd ought to a-been," thought Abby in her hour of twilight meditation, "but somehow Susan always does rub me the wrong way."

Monday dawned brightly, and she

fairly longed to be putting out her clothes in the nimble breeze which was fluttering Mrs. Sanborn's so tantalizingly. Settle to sewing she could not, and after scouring every shelf and tin in her cupboard, she gathered all her tomatoes and spent the rest of the day slicing and pickling the green ones and making ketchup of the ripe, filling the house with such spicy appetizing odors that Mrs. Sanborn declared it was "as good as a meal o' vittles to snuff it in."

That devoted neighbor's eyes had noticed the increasing smoke from Abby's kitchen chimney, denoting extra cooking of some sort, for how could she be ironing when she had not washed!

"Got sick o' washin' Mondays, have n't you, Abby?" she cheerfully remarked. "Well, you have kep' it up a good many years."

"I'm only three years older 'n you are, Mira Sanborn," retorted Abby, "an' seein' that I'm an ol' maid, you ought to be glad I'm not too set to change."

By the third week, however, the fun of puzzling her neighbors began to pall, and a specially stormy Tuesday forcing her to dry her clothes in the house, she told Gail that "Jim Carlyle always was an upsettin', unreasonable chap."

Coming home from prayer-meeting one dark, cloudy night, a stone in her shoe caused her to step aside and sit on the wall a few minutes, when it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn came by, and in the double darkness caused by a clump of alders, failed to see any one there. Abby was wondering whether it would scare them too much, if she should jump out and cry "Boo,"

when the proverbial fate of the listener became hers.

"I tell you, Hiram, I'm afraid she's losin' her mind. She's gettin' as queer as her Gran'ma Perkins that drowned herself in the well."

"Sho, 'Miry, it's only oddity."

"I tell you it's more 'n that. She hasn't washed a-Monday for a month, nor cooked for Sunday like other folks, an' Minty says she's talkin' to herself half the time; the child's afraid to go over there after dark, now."

"Then you put it into her head, tellin' about Mis' Perkins."

"I didn't; I only said t'was the same old well," and they trudged on, out of hearing, leaving Abby with a thorn in her heart compared to which a stone in her shoe was comfort. Children afraid of her! Her old neighbor doubting her sanity! Abby well knew how a whisper of suggestion would grow into a strong wind of belief, once started in sewing-circle, or any other congregation of sensation-loving, sensation-starved women. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" she whispered, as she rose and stumbled on, feeling years older. "This may be fun to you, but it's death to me." As she left the heavy air of the alder-grown hollow, however, and met the keen, bracing breeze from Staghorn, she was able to cheer herself with visions of the monument to Sam which would reward her, and the thought that her probation was half over. But the thorn had been planted and when she awoke in the solemn hours "ayont the twal," when courage is ever weakest, and morbid fancies hardest to vanquish, it rankled, and the ghastly question crept in, "Was there any hereditary queer-

ness? What had she heard of such taints skipping one generation?" And it was long before she slept. But the next day's mail brought a letter from Dr. Carlyle which, like a mountain breeze, blew all clouds away. He had arranged to have a man go to Hillsboro Thursday and lay a firm foundation for the monument before frost should unfit the ground. The stone itself was not yet finished, but could be set later. "First train Thursday?" cried Abby; "that's to-morrow. I'll be there soon as he is;" and the stone-cutter had seldom worked for as happy faced a woman as he met at the Farmer lot. He had found so many tearful ones on these occasions that he dreaded the sight of fluttering skirt or veil, but Abby was so cheery he told his wife that night he had "never had such good company at a grave, and didn't mind her bossin' the whole job through."

The cheering impetus of this experience carried her through the fourth week of her dislocated duties. The fifth Sunday egg-breakfast was over, and Uncle Paul had not appeared to wonder or reproach.

At church a glad surprise awaited her in the shape of a little apple-cheeked woman in a gay bonnet and beaded mantle, who bounced up and kissed her as she entered her pew.

"Meetin" had not begun, and the younger women were still chatting in the porch, but the matrons were taking their seats, and Abby was glad there were so many to see how warmly she was greeted by her mother's sister, who was known to live in the handsomest house in a neighboring town.

"Why, Aunt Marilly! where *did*

you drop from?" was the beginning of a happy talk ending in the promise of a week's visit from the new-comer, just as Parson Green went up the pulpit stairs. Alas! before the doxology was finished, Abby was wondering "What *will* she say to my breaking all mother's rules?" and her uneasiness would have risen to pain had she known that, in the general welcoming of an old friend after service, Mrs. Sanborn contrived to whisper:

"I'm awful glad you're goin' to stay with Abby a spell. We're all worried about her livin' alone, an' gettin' queerer an' queerer;" with such an ominous wag of her head that even cheery little Marilla felt the most sinister sense of the word, and began to observe her niece.

"Tired o' beans and Injun pudden, or don't they 'gree with you?" she frankly asked, as they sat down to cold meat, apple pie, and sage cheese.

"Come now, Aunt Marilly, do you have 'em every Sunday yourself?" retorted Abby, evading the question.

"Well there—I don't. My girls don't think they're genteel, an' Stephen's fond of roast beef, and so I've changed round to that; but it aint *my* choice, an' I was reely lottin' on your mother's old brown bean-pot, with a juicy chunk o' cracklin' in the middle, when I got here."

"You shall have 'em before the week's out," cried Abby heartily; "an' Injun pudden, too, by mother's old rule!"

"An' baked in the brick oven?" added the guest, eagerly.

"I'm glad to see you have n't give up to a cookin' stove yet. It does my heart good to look at that old crane and pot-hooks, an' to set right

down by 'em. I was dretfully afraid you'd make company of me, and have dinner in the front room."

"I mistrusted you'd like this best. You an' me always was a spau, Marilly, if you are my aunt."

"Course we were; omny six years between us!"

"But I'm goin' to start the stove in the front room, for all the world an' his wife'll be comin' to see you; but when they're gone, we'll dodge in here and have our talk over the open fire before we go to bed."

"We will so, Abby, every night I'm here. Oh, I mean to have a real hallelujah-metre kind of a time! I'm *so* sick of talkin' *nice*, an' bein' *proper* to please the girls. They're as good as gold, Abby, an' fonder of me than I deserve, but, oh, dear, there is a difference since they went to boardin' school! I mustn't do this nor say that 'cause it's 'old-fashioned' or 'common.' O' course I want to please 'em, but it's tiresome to be teetotally tryin' to, an', thinks I, I'll be as old fashioned 's I please at Abby's. You won't sigh and look shocked if I *do* say 'down sullar' and 'up cham'er' and 'vittles,' an' 'folks,' an' 'kêp,' an' 'meetin'-house.' An' we'll have a biled dinner, won't we, Abby? an' you'll let me cook? O Lord, how I do wanten go into my kitchen sometimes, an' stir up some-*thin'* relishin' for supper!"

"And why can't you?" cried Abby wrathfully.

"Oh, dear, the Irish help would be starin' an' thinkin' less of me, and it aint *supper* even, its '*tea*.' Say, Abby, got any butter milk? Let's have a short-cake for supper, and bake it in the old tin kitchen 'fore the fire, can't we?"

"Why, you know mother never held to much hot cookin' Sabbath day," said the hostess regretfully, "but we will some day; to-night we 'll have cup-cake an' caraway cookies, an' honey, an' crab-apples an' buttered toast. Jim Carlyle thought crab-apples an' toast were better'n hot soda biscuit a while ago."

"Jim Carlyle?" But here the neighbors began to come in, and it was not till nine o'clock, when all were gone, that in the cosy chat over kitchen embers Jim's visit was narrated in every detail but one, to sympathizing, loving ears. Marilla was worthy to be the first one told of the monument to be raised to Sam, but even to her nothing was said of Jim's absurd request, for he had said "Between us, Abby," and her lips were sealed.

When the last coal had fallen to ashes, and they were locking up, Marilla said, "Now you wake me early, an' I'll help wash. 'T wont take us two no time to git through." To her surprise Abby hesitated. Marilla could not see her redden, as she slowly answered, "I've been thinkin' I would n't wash to-morrow; this splendid clear weather can't last long; it's what Sam used to call 'Staghorn weather,' an' I've had a hankerin' to go up the mountain all summer; an' now you're here, Marilly, why can't we put some lunch in a basket, an' tramp up's far as our old sugar camp? 'There's a stove there, an' wood, an' we'll heat our coffee, an' have a little picnic all by ourselves, if we *are* risin' fifty."

Marilla's brown eyes out-flashed the tallow dip she was carrying upstairs: "Oh, we will, we will, Abby Farmer! Who's to hender?" Never were two girls in their teens happier

than this pair, when next morning they slipped out the back door, armed with baskets, shawls, and canes.

"What *would* your blessed Mother say to our friskin' off like this a-Monday?" giggled Marilla, as she rolled under the pasture bars. "We'll make up for it by comin' home the west path, and stoppin' at Uncle Paul's. He an' Aunt Phebe'll be tickled enough to see you; an' Susan's talk'll be a good dose o' bitter gentian to tonic us up after climbin'."

"You do beat all for plannin', Abby! Oh, ain't I glad I come! My! we ought to sing that hymn about walkin' the golden streets. Jest look underfoot and overhead, too!"

And indeed their path through a young growth of beeches, birches, and maples, was canopied and carpeted with every shade of autumn glory, from palest lemon-color to glowing orange.

By noon the old sap-house was reached, and glad enough were these elderly mountaineers to rest and then to eat and drink, and feast their eyes on the beautiful country spread at their feet. Above them frowned the horn-like peak, not to be attempted; before them a cleared pasture, with forests of ancient beeches, hemlocks, yellow birches, and sugar maples on each side. Years were forgotten. They almost expected to see Sam and Jim come joking up from the cold spring the girls never could find.

"If I was rich—and young"—sighed Abby, at last, "I'd rather have a grand big house right here, than in any city or town that ever was."

* * * * *

Their call was happily accomplished

and they were safely at home by "early candle light," and as Marilla prophesied, "slept without rocking" after their long out-door day of healthy fatigue.

The fine weather lasted through Tuesday with its morning washing and afternoon visit to the cemetery. Marilla was eager to iron the same day, and "done with it," but Abby's conscience was silently true to Dr. Carlyle, and the quiet ramble among the graves of old friends, in the softly falling leaves, was felt by both as a benediction.

Wednesday's pouring rain gave uninterrupted hours not only for the ironing, but such a cooking of cakes, pies, doughnuts, and pancakes, as the brick oven had not known nor Marilla revelled in for years.

Thursday they had the promised pork and beans and pudding in perfection, and took tea, by invitation, at Mrs. Henry Carlyle's, where Abby heard with joy that the doctor was expected the following week to stay till after Thanksgiving.

Friday and Saturday were busy with calls from and on village friends, and Sunday they found Stephen in the pew, ready to carry home his beaming wife in a stylish carriage, but not before she had assured Mrs. Sanborn, in the hearing of several others, that she "never saw Abby better or with more snap to her in her life."

The cheerful guest was sadly missed, but she had left a thrill of gladness behind her, and not that alone, for on Monday so many packages came from the grocer's, that Abby would have sent them back as a blunder, had not a note come too, declaring that she must in conscience

make up for her mistakes and waste in cooking. So, half-laughing, half-crying, Abby put away spices, raisins, sugar, tea, coffee, canned fruits, fancy crackers, flour, and meal—"enough to last you an' me till spring, Gail, an' take boarders besides. How should you like to have two or three nice bright folks round, that had seen foreign countries, an' could tell about 'em, an' give us some new ideas, an' a chance to do a lot of nice cookin'? You're a good friend, Gail, so far's you go, but you don't know a fine sunset from a fog, an' you wont touch curried chicken. Well, it's no use talkin'! We can't take boarders without fixin' up the rooms, an' we can't do that till the mortgage is paid. But no matter; we've had a beautiful visit from Aunt Marrisly, and Jim's comin' next week, an' then—the monument!"

* * * * *

The six weeks were over, and Abby, in her new cashmere suit, was crossing the meeting-house green when she saw the tall, stooping figure of Dr. Carlyle among the men in the porch. He was talking in the friendliest way with some of the older farmers, but left them all to meet her and give her his cordial hand.

"Well, Abby, you've survived our experiment, I see. May I come up to tea again to-morrow (as it won't be washing-day), and hear all about it?"

It was a proud and happy Abby who received him next day, and he found no fault though the table was set in the front room, and with certain new niceties of cooking and arrangement. Abby had kept her eyes open the night she and Marilla took tea at Mrs. Henry's.

There was a generous fire in the kitchen, too, and it was there they sat late, while she told him all her experiences, even to Mrs. Sanborn's ghastly predictions.

He had laughed heartily over Uncle Paul and Susan, but now he was both sober and angry. "The old raven!" he cried; "and ignominus besides! Let me lift that weight from your mind forever. Your Grandmother Perkins was no more insane than I am. She was *delirious* in her fever, an altogether different matter, a mere temporary condition, a symptom. Some people are delirious in a feverish cold. You could no more inherit it, than you could a cut on her finger or a freckle on her nose. So tear that cobweb from your mind, my dear old friend."

"I will; I have already; and I thank you more than I can say."

"But you are not as ready to shake off the Sunday and Monday superstitions? Tell me honestly, Abby."

"Well, then, I am not, Jim. I did it to please you; but, you can laugh if you like,—I guess I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks; an' there's more than that, Jim, I love to keep up mother's ways, and the ways of my childhood,—for her sake, an' for old time's sake. An' there's more, too. I've simmered it all over in my quiet times, an' I b'lieve there's solid sense in most of 'em. Now see here! Isn't it decent an' out of respect to the Lord's day that we put clean things on ourselves, an' our beds, an' dinner tables a-Sabbath; an' then ain't it only decent that we should wash the others next mornin'? (though I have heard that some outlandish folks keep 'em

months, more shame to 'em) an' o' course ironin' follers on; an' then it's time for another spell o' cookin', same as Sat'day was, to get ready for keepin' Sunday. I tell you work goes off easier when there 's a reg'lar system to it. Isn't there a sayin' 'Order's heaven's first law'?"

"Abby, Abby, you've made a good case! I'm coming round to your side; but wait a moment, why beans and all that, Sunday?"

"Because beans and brown bread an' Injun pudden are things that can be got ready Sat'day, an' left in the brick oven, an' so no great works a-Sabbath."

"True, true; and of course I know that our good Puritan ancestors started us on turkey with Thanksgiving, so I suppose I must let you off from that part of my stupid joke."

"Oh, do, do, Jim! It was goin' to go hard with me not to cook up all that mother and grand'ma did, then; an' I'll be the thankfulest woman that goes to meetin' if you won't hold me to my word, nor yet think I'm ungrateful for all you're doin' for Sam's memory. Isn't there anythin' else I can do to please you?"

Her rugged face was working with deep feeling, and his reflected it, as he leaned over and took her hand.

"Yes, Abby. When you and your aunt took tea with Henry's wife, Marilla told about your day on Stag-horn, and what you said of building on the site of your old sugar camp. Henry was struck with the idea, and took me up there yesterday afternoon. You're right, Abby. It is a noble situation, and if you will sell me a few acres there, I'll build a house where you shall always be a

welcome guest, and where, please God, I'll come every summer that remains to me."

At first Abby could not believe him in earnest; but he not only convinced her of that, but made her so handsome an offer, that when, on Thanksgiving day, she mentally enumerated her blessings, they included not only the payment of the mortgage, but a good margin in the bank.

This enabled her to renovate her house charmingly; and for many seasons Dr. Carlyle sent her from among his city-tired patients, the congenial few of whom she had dreamed.

Best of all was the monument to Sam, with its softly draped flag, cut in pure white marble over the words:

"Greater love hath no man than this,—that he lay down his life for his friends."



COMMON FOLKS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

Common folks,—I know it's true,
But I'm not ashamed, are you?
Have we not the same blue sky
Bending over us on high,
Realms of beauty, wide and fair,
As the richest millionaire?

Have we not the summer showers,
And the perfume of the flowers,
Autumn colors, red and brown,
And the winter's snowy crown,
All the budding hopes of spring,
Pulsing life, and flashing wing?

What care we for Fortune's wiles,
Or the cynic's naughty smiles?
What are rank and pedigree,
When but shallow depths we see?
What are clothes and worldly gear
More than all we strive for here?

Let them laugh and jeer who may,
Faith still guides us on our way;
And, though humble be our fare,
We are in our Father's care,
Sure, while nearer His smile invokes,
God still loves the common folks.

THE SOCIAL FRATERNITY: ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

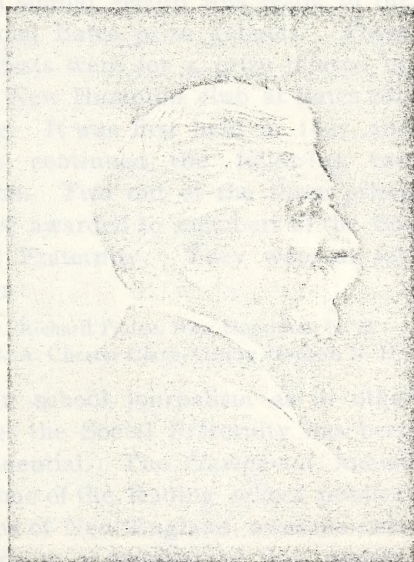
By A. Chester Clark.



It has often been said that New Hampton Literary Institution owes its present existence to its literary societies. This statement is, perhaps, too strong, yet the potency of these organizations in building up and sustaining the school cannot be denied. They have been the connecting link between it and the outside world. Many young men have been attracted thither by their widespread reputation for efficiency in imparting that training which is necessary to a successful life career. Many have come through the efforts of some enthusiastic "Frater" who has hoped thereby to strengthen his chosen society. To the member himself, his society has been the nucleus about which the most precious memories of school life have clustered.

In the athletic life of the school, members of the Social Fraternity have stood in the front rank. In the semi-annual field-meets they have carried off a majority of the honors; while as players upon the baseball and football teams they have borne an honorable record. This is not surprising since, true to the early traditions of the society, a large majority of its members have come from the country towns of New Hampshire. Here they have developed strength in the pure air of a health-giving environment.

In the intellectual life of the school they have been leaders. Especially have they triumphed in the annual prize speaking contests. This has been the chief competitive event of



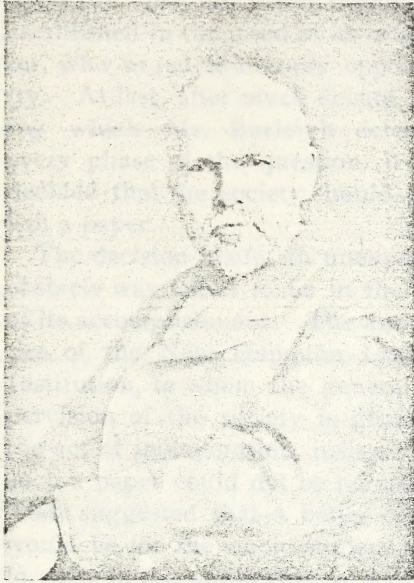
Raymond C. Davis.

Librarian of Michigan University.

the school during a long period of time. The record of these contests since 1874 is accessible, and we find that prizes have been won by members of the Social Fraternity as follows:

- 1874. First, F. C. Dexter, Lakeport, N. H.
- 1875. First, George S. Hoyt, Sandwich, N. H.
- 1877. First, Josiah H. Quincy, Rumney, N. H.
Second, Everett Remick, Wolfeborough, N. H.

1878. First, Charles F. Flanders, Wilmot, N. H.
 1881. First, Charles L. Sawyer, Wadley's Falls, N. H.
 Second, David L. Aldrich, Jr., Hope Valley, R. I.



Prof. E. Harlow Russell.

Principal Worcester (Mass.) State Normal School.

1882. Second, Everett A. Pugsley, Rochester, N. H.
 1883. First, George W. Brown, Water Village, N. H.
 1884. Second, Herbert B. Davis, Meredith, N. H.
 1885. First, Fred S. Libbey, Wolfeborough, N. H.
 1886. Second, Charles H. Carter, Ossipee, N. H.
 1887. First, James C. Emerson, Barnstead, N. H.
 1888. First, Charles H. McDuffee, Alton, N. H.
 Second, George A. Wentworth, Milton, N. H.
 1890. First, John Potter, Griswold, Conn.
 Second, Herbert M. Thyng, New Hampton, N. H.
 1892. First, Samuel A. Howard, Jr., New Hampton, N. H.
 Second, Herbert M. Thyng, New Hampton, N. H.
 1893. First, Chester H. Norris, Belmont, N. H.
 Second, Frank Pearson, Madison, N. H.
 1894. First, Howard A. Hanaford, New Hampton, N. H.
 1895. First, Warren R. Brown, Centre Harbor, N. H.
 1896. First, Walter H. Miller, New Durham, N. H.
 1897. First, John A. David, Chelsea, Mass.
 1898. First, Charles A. Rollins, Gilford, N. H.
 1900. Second, Wayland F. Dorothy, Enfield, N. H.

The above record shows that out of a possible twenty-seven first prizes the Social Fraternity has been awarded seventeen; and out of the same number of possible second prizes during the same period it has won ten. Surely this is an enviable showing for a literary society.

A similar record was made in the special Bates prize debates. These contests were for a prize offered by the New Hampton club at Bates college. It was first held in 1897, and was continued the following two years. Two out of the three prizes were awarded to members of the Social Fraternity. They were as follows:

1897. Richard Pattee, New Hampton, N. H.
 1898. A. Chester Clark, Centre Harbor, N. H.

In school journalism as in other lines the Social Fraternity has been influential. The *Hamptonia*, known as one of the leading school publications of New England, owes its existence to a member of this society. In the early eighties, Clarence B. Burleigh, who has since become one of the strongest editors in Maine, his native state, entered New Hampton Literary Institution. He soon allied himself with the Social Fraternity and became one of its foremost members. Ever alive to the interests of the society, he originated the idea of starting a society paper. The project was no sooner conceived than he began to make efforts to have it carried into execution. An efficient co-

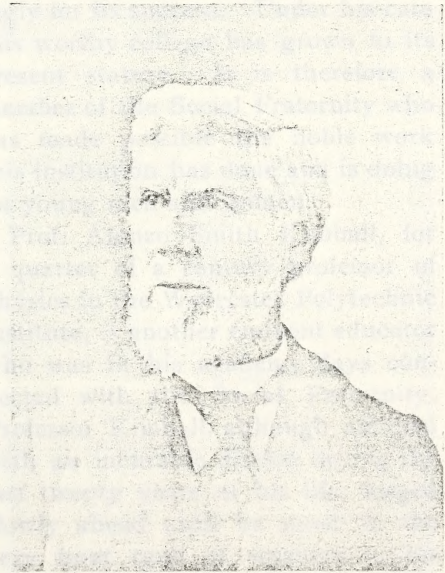
worker was found in the person of J. Grant Quimby, now an aide-de-camp on the staff of Gov. Chester B. Jordan of New Hampshire. The members did not at first look kindly upon the idea, but it was thoroughly established in the mind of its originator, who urged it at every opportunity. At last, after much debate, during which Mr. Burleigh defended every phase of the question, it was decided that the society should publish a paper.

The decision made, an unexpected obstacle was found to be in the way of its accomplishment. The authorities of the New Hampton Literary Institution, to whom the general supervision of the society is given by the act of incorporation, insisted that such a paper could not be permitted. They suggested that a better course would be for the whole student body to unite in the publication of a paper. This was undoubtedly a wise decree, as the subsequent success of the publication has shown.

It was soon decided that the paper should be owned and controlled by the three societies, the Social Fraternity, the Literary Adelphi, and the Germanæ Dilectæ Scientiæ. The management, both editorially and financially, should be in the hands of the two former. The first issue was to be edited by the Social Fraternity, they allowing one page to the Literary Adelphi and one page to the Germanæ; the second was to be in charge of the Literary Adelphi which should in turn allow one page each to the Fraternity and to the Germanæ. Thereafter the management was to alternate in the same manner between these two societies.

The editorial staff elected by the

Social Fraternity was headed by Clarence B. Burleigh, as editor-in-chief, and his associates were James W. Moulton, William R. Garland, Ralza E. Andrew, and Everett A. Pugsley. These arrangements having been completed, the first issue of the *Hamptonia*, a thirty-two page quarterly periodical, appeared in March, 1883. To Mr. Burleigh, for his early efforts in behalf of the publication, much credit is due. The fact that the arrangements for its control, made at that time, are still in vogue, with scarcely any change, speaks well for his remarkable foresight. During almost a score of years the *Hamptonia* has been a welcome visitor to the study table of the



Prof. Eri D. Woodbury.

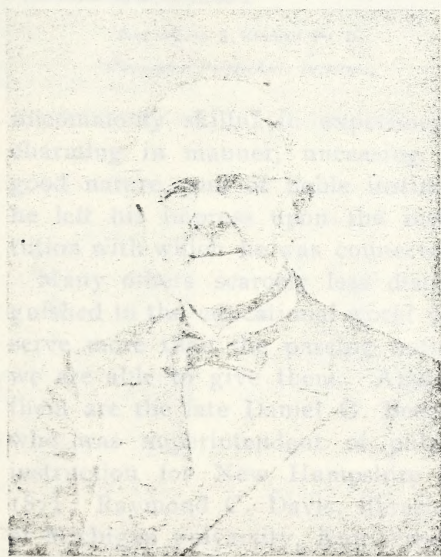
Principal Cheshire (Conn.) Academy.

student, the alumnus and its other friends, an excellent advertisement of the school and a marked testimonial to the efficient work in literary lines done by these societies.

The influence which the Social Fraternity has exerted in the school itself is of no small importance, but that for which it will be longest remembered, and which justifies its presentation here, has been wrought upon the lives of men. The life work of the venerable Rev. Oren B. Cheney, D. D., the founder, and for forty years president, of Bates college, is an excellent example of this. He was a native of Ashland, and when quite young met with an accident which deprived him of the use of his left hand for a time; but the misfortune gave to the world a great educator. Having been graduated

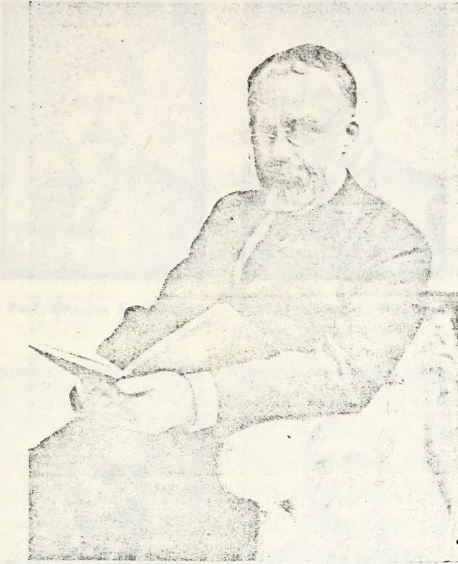
Biblical school at Whitestown, New York. While at the last place he prepared for the ministry. But he was not destined to follow this profession for a long period. The burning of Parsonfield seminary in 1854 again turned his thoughts to education. It brought vividly before his mind the need of an institution of higher learning for the Free Baptist denomination. He determined to found such an institution. By consecrated effort on his part this determination soon after began to be realized. The Maine State seminary was opened in the fall of 1857 and six years later it became Bates college. Dr. Cheney became the first president, and during the long period of his incumbency he labored untiringly for its success. Under his care this worthy college has grown to its present stature. It is therefore a member of the Social Fraternity who has made possible the noble work this institution has done and is doing for young men and women.

Prof. Alonzo Smith Kimball, for a quarter of a century professor of physics in the Worcester Polytechnic institute, is another eminent educator who was in his academy days connected with the Social Fraternity. Professor Kimball, although afflicted with an incurable disease during the last twenty years of his life, forged slowly ahead until he stood in the very front rank of teachers in his department of work. In recognition of his high standing he was made a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Science. His services as a lecturer and as a contributor to scientific journals were much in demand. Conscientious in the discharge of his daily duties, original in method,



Rev. Oren B. Cheney, D. D.
Founder of Bates College.

from the old New Hampton academy in 1835, and Dartmouth college in 1839, he began his long and successful career as a teacher. His earlier work in this profession was done at the Farmington (Maine) and the Strafford (New Hampshire) academies, Parsonfield seminary, and the



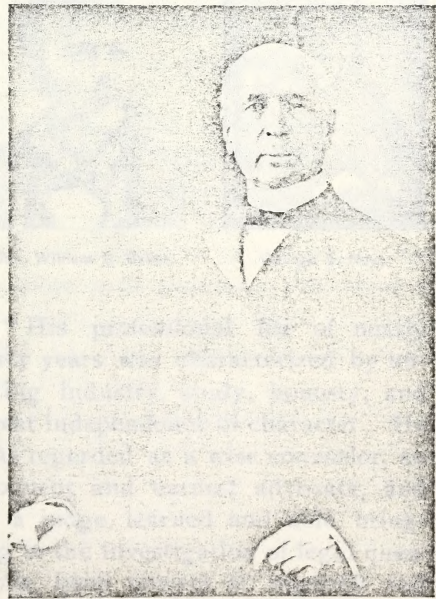
Prof. Alonzo S. Kimball, Ph. D.
Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

uncommonly skilful in experiment, charming in manner, unceasing in good nature, and of noble instinct, he left his impress upon the institution with which he was connected.

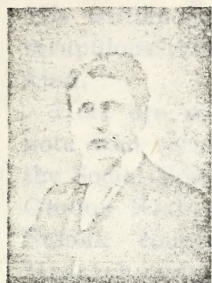
Many others scarcely less distinguished in the educational world deserve more than the passing notice we are able to give them. Among them are the late Daniel G. Beede, who was superintendent of public instruction for New Hampshire in 1873; Raymond C. Davis, librarian of Michigan university, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Judge Stephen Gordon Nash, whose munificent gift to education at New Hampton was mentioned in our previous article; Prof. E. Harlow Russell, principal of the Massachusetts State Normal school at Worcester; Prof. Eri Davidson Woodbury, A. M., principal of the Episcopal academy of Connecticut, at Cheshire; the late Prof. Manson Seavey, A. M., of the English High school, Boston,

Mass.; Prof. J. Sewall Brown, A. M., professor of ancient languages in Doane college, Crete, Neb.; the late Prof. Nathan Leavenworth, A. M., principal of Worcester academy, Worcester, Mass.; Prof. Fremont L. Pugsley, principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.; Prof. Charles E. Corliss, of Burdette Business college, Boston; and Prof. Frank W. Preston, A. M., under whose able principalship New Hampton Literary Institution has entered upon a new period of marked prosperity.

In the realm of jurisprudence the Social Fraternity has many distinguished names. Prominent among them is that of Hon. Jonathan Garland Dickinson, LL. D. He was one of the original members of the society, and to the training received in its ranks he afterwards attributed much of the success of his later life.



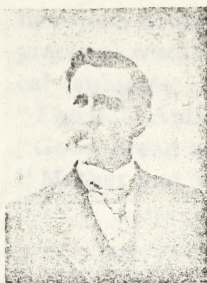
Hon. N. B. Bryant.
Retired Attorney-at-Law, Boston, Mass.



Prof. Charles E. Corliss.



Prof. Fremont L. Pugsley.



Prof. John W. Butcher.



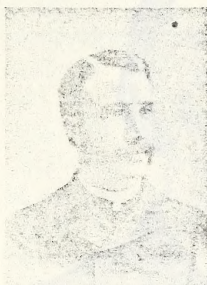
Hon. James H. Edgerly.



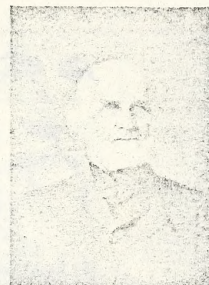
Judge Jonathan Smith.



Hon. Walter Aiken.



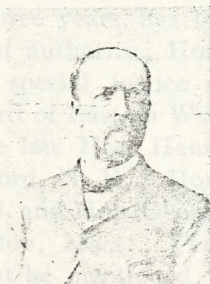
Rev. Lewis Malvern.



Hon. Joseph Wentworth.



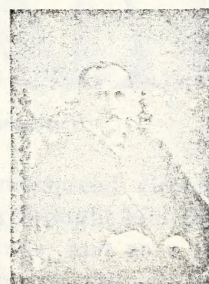
Hon. Samuel D. Felker.



Charles D. Thyng.



Hon. William D. Baker.



George S. Hoyt.

Naturally inclined to the law he gained in prestige among his associates until, in 1862, he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme judicial court of Maine, to which state he had gone from New Hampshire for the practice of his profession. Through successive appointments he remained in this position until his death, September 3, 1878.

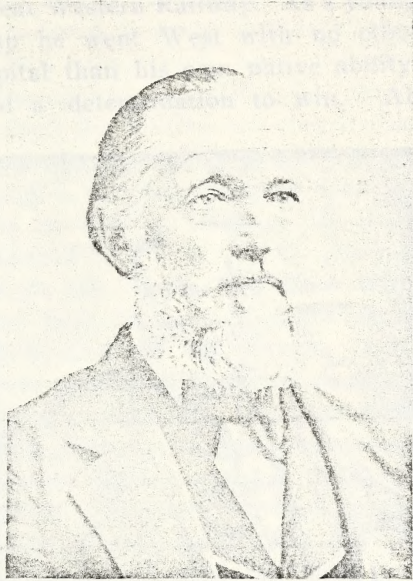
"His professional life of nearly forty years was characterized by untiring industry, study, honesty, and great independence of character. He was regarded as a wise counselor, an eloquent and earnest advocate, and as a judge, learned and able, bringing to the investigation of legal questions, keen powers of research and analysis, making his decisions from principle rather than from precedent.

His written opinions, prepared with scrupulous care, were models of the kind."

Here are some other lawyers of note who received their training in the Social Fraternity: Hon. Stephen Gordon Nash, formerly judge of the Suffolk county superior court of Massachusetts; Hon. James H. Edgerly, Hon. Samuel K. Mason, and Hon. Asa P. Cate, who held probate judgeships respectively in Strafford, Grafton, and Merrimack counties; Hon. Napoleon B. Bryant, the eloquent and scholarly Boston advocate, who has now retired after a long and brilliant career; Hon. George W. Emery, at one time the law partner of Hon. Benjamin F. Butler; the brilliant Gen. Harrison C. Hobart, a leader of the Wisconsin bar; Gen. Harris M. Plaisted, whose "Digest of the Maine Reports," upon which he was engaged three years, has become a well-known authority; Hon. Jonathan Smith, special justice of Second district court of Eastern Worcester, Mass.; the late Hon. Henry P. Rolfe, of Concord, N. H.; Hon. Samuel W. McCall, and Hon. George E. Smith of Boston, Mass. Very many others might be mentioned.

The sphere of the medical practitioner is ordinarily smaller than that of his more austere neighbor in the law. Consequently for him to win a national reputation is not a common thing. Yet this was accomplished by the late Dr. J. H. Hanaford, M. D. Although located in a comparatively small city his circle of influence was not confined by city or even state limits. Although his services as a family physician were in great demand, his remarkable physical strength enabled him to spend many

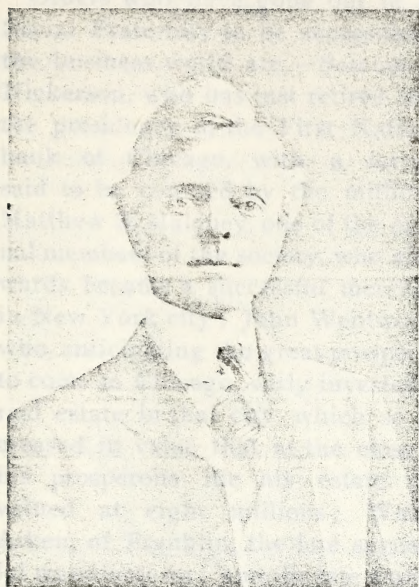
laborious hours in the preparation of practical works of value upon medical subjects. Among these were "Foods," "Anti-Fat and Anti-Lean," "Good Bread and How to Make It," "Mother and Child," and a number



J. H. Hanaford, M. D.

of others. The widespread circulation of these works brought him into touch with thousands, and as a result he enjoyed in his old age not only an extensive acquaintance, but a large mail practice. He died at his home in Reading, Mass., Sunday, July 15, 1900, crowned with years and with honors.

There are probably but few members of the society who are more widely known, in a way, perhaps, than Mr. Charles R. Carter. Although he entered upon his career as a character actor but nine years ago, he is now playing a leading part in the best and most favorably known drama of the present day. His



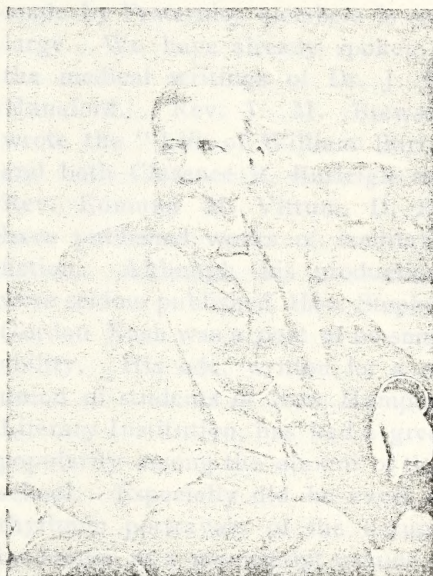
Charles R. Carter.

"Cy Prime," of Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" Company.

earlier engagements were with such favorites of the dramatic world as Richard Golden, in "Old Jed Prouty," and James A. Hearn, in "Shore Acres." But the height of his fame has been achieved as the eccentric "Cy Prime," in Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead." For some time he has played this character, the next best part to "Joshua Whitcomb," in which rôle Mr. Thompson himself appears. This company has filled engagements in all the larger cities of the country, and Mr. Carter has been received with most flattering words from dramatic critics. The *Post*, of Boston, said during his recent visit to that city, that there would never be another "Cy Prime" after Charles Carter abandoned the part. Mr. Carter's rapid rise as an original and artistic interpreter of those characters which he has assumed during his several engage-

ments is due largely to the apprenticeship which he served in the public meetings of the Social Fraternity.

In the business world, also, the Social Fraternity has some notable representatives. Chief among them is Alpheus B. Stickney, president of the Great Western Railway. As a young man he went West with no other capital than his own native ability, and a determination to win. Al-

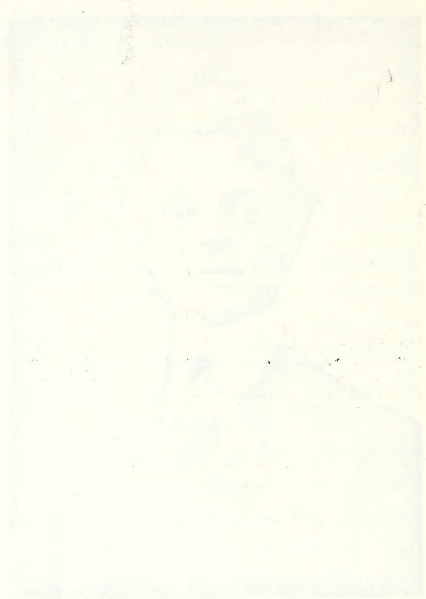


Alpheus B. Stickney.

President Great Western Railway.

though prepared for the practice of law he abandoned that profession for the railroad business, and has advanced to a position in the very front rank. As president of the "Great Western," he has shown extraordinary executive ability. It is largely through his management that his has become one of the leading railway systems of the country. Mr. Stickney himself has prospered in a financial way, and he is now rated as a multi-millionaire.

results is due largely to the aggressive leadership which he secured in the early years of his career. His energy and his business acumen have made him a prominent figure in the business world. He is a man of high character and high ability, and his work has been a constant source of inspiration to his associates. He is a man of high character and high ability, and his work has been a constant source of inspiration to his associates.



Charles Carter, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

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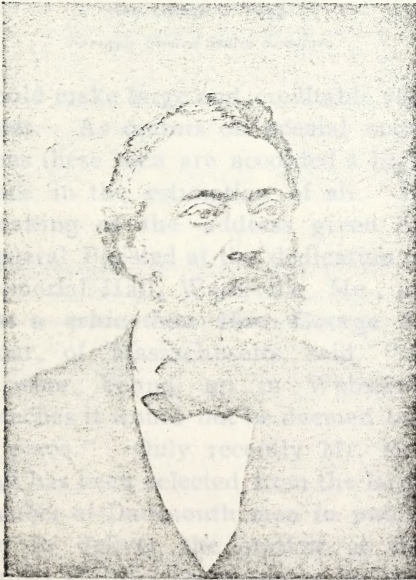
those characters which he has assumed during his several engagements with such favorites of the dramatic world as Richard Cobden, in "Old Iron Horse," and James A. Hewitt, in "The Acres," and the height of his fame has been achieved as the eccentric "Cy Prime," in "Emma Thompson's Old Homestead." For some time he has played the character of the next best part to "Joshua Whittcomb," in which role Mr. Thompson himself appears. This company has filled engagements in all the larger cities of the country, and Mr. Carter has been received with most flattering success in dramatic circles. The Port of Boston, said during his recent visit to that city, that there would never be another "Cy Prime" after Charles Carter abandoned the part. Mr. Carter's rapid rise as an original and artistic interpreter of those characters which he has assumed during his several engagements

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Others who have gone out of the Social Fraternity to be successful in the business world are,—Samuel M. Nickerson, who has just retired from the presidency of the First National bank of Chicago, with a fortune said to be counted by the millions; Matthew S. Maloney, one of the original members of the society, who afterwards became a successful merchant in New York city; John Wentworth, who, anticipating the great prosperity to come to Chicago, early invested in real estate in that city, which so increased in value that at the close of his prosperous life his estate was valued at eight millions; Walter Aiken, of Franklin, the late successful manufacturer; and the late Daniel S. Ford, whose great business ability enabled him to build up the *Youth's Companion* to its present state of prosperity, to amass a large fortune, and to become the benefactor, both

after and before his death, of so many worthy poor.

So far as we know, no member of the Social Fraternity has devoted his entire attention to literature. Yet, even if literature be considered in its strictest sense, several have made it a side line of effort, but if the term be broadened so as to include all those productions which have historical, biographical, scientific, or forensic value, the volume of contributions made by Fraternity members is very large. We have already spoken of the medical writings of Dr. J. H. Hanaford. Rev. J. M. Brewster wrote the "Life of William Burr," and both Clarence B. Burleigh and Rev. Edmund M. Vittum, D. D., have published works of creditable fiction. Although his productions were seldom published, Hon. Stephen Gordon Nash was a poet of no small ability. His ode, written for a reunion of students of New Hampton Literary Institution, has had a great popularity among the alumni of that school. Especially did he excel in rhythmic portrayals of the natural landscape, as a manuscript volume of his works in the Gordon-Nash Library shows. Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, D. D., was a tireless contributor to the religious literature of his day. Among his published works are "The Ministry of the Spirit," "How Christ Came to Church," "The Holy Spirit in Missions," "Grace and Glory," "Ecce Venit," "The Ministry of Healing," "The Twofold Life," and the "First Thing in the World." Among these writings many will recognize helpful and favorite volumes. Dr. Gordon was also the author of numerous hymns.



Samuel M. Nickerson.

President 1st National Bank, Chicago, Ill. (Retired.)

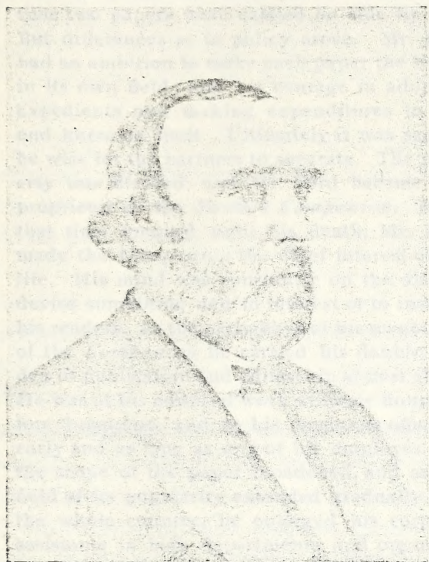
The collected speeches of such men as Hon. George G. Fogg of the United States senate, Hon. John Wentworth, Gen. Harris M. Plaisted, and Hon. Samuel W. McCall, in the national house of representatives,

ferred, since but few, if any, of the members of the national house at the present time are better qualified to take on the mantle of the great expounder of the Constitution than Mr. McCall. Mr. McCall has also written the biography of Thaddeus Stevens for the "American Statesman Series," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At the present day when journalism has taken the place of oratory to so great a degree the printed word is a far more potent medium for the transmission of thought than the spoken word. By this means a man's influence is broadened many fold. This was well exemplified in the life of the late Daniel Sharp Ford. If he had had oratorical talents and the inclination to use them he would have wielded an influence over a limited number, but when his strong personality exerted itself through the *Youth's Companion* there was scarcely a home in the country that did not feel its power.

Healthful in its mental and moral tone, this paper has probably done more than any other single agency to counteract the evil of cheap literature. As its editor, Mr. Ford showed himself to be a man with but few peers in the journalistic world. We can do no better than to quote here from a characterization of his work in this capacity, published in the *Companion* shortly after his death:

"Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 5, 1822, the child of godly parents in humble circumstances, educated in the common schools, he was only a boy when he started out in life for himself by learning the printer's trade. From his earliest manhood, by his energy, enterprise, industry, and far-sightedness, he gave promise of the eminence which he was to attain. At about the age of twenty-two he became a partner in a firm which owned

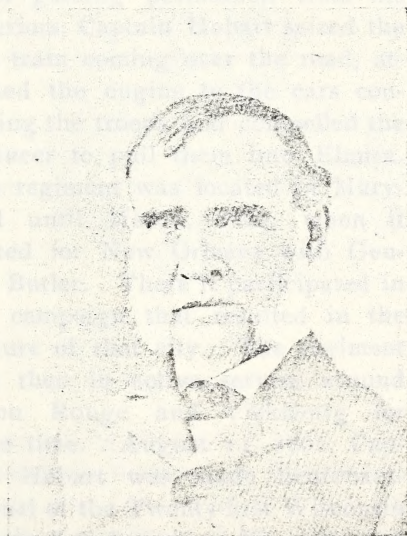


Hon. George G. Fogg.
Formerly United States Senator.

would make large and creditable volumes. As orators on special occasions these men are accorded a high place in the estimation of all. In speaking of the address given by General Plaisted at the dedication of Memorial Hall, Waterville, Me., no less a critic than Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, said, "If it were bound up in Webster's speeches it would not be deemed out of place." Only recently Mr. McCall has been selected from the large number of Dartmouth men in public life to deliver the oration at the Daniel Webster centennial to be held at Hanover, June next. This is a signal honor, yet it is justly con-

and published in Boston a religious weekly newspaper of high standing. Rigid self-education supplemented the learning acquired in the common schools, and made him a most useful and efficient assistant editor of the paper. . . . In 1857, Mr. Ford and his partner bought the *Youth's Companion* from Nathaniel Willis, who had founded it, and had been its editor for thirty years. Thus for a time two papers were carried on side by side. But differences as to policy arose. Mr. Ford had an ambition to make each paper the leader in its own field; and his courage in adopting expedients and making expenditures to that end knew no limit. Ultimately it was seen to be wise for the partners to separate. The property was divided, and Mr. Ford became sole proprietor of the *Youth's Companion*. From that time forward until his death, Mr. Ford made the *Companion* the chief interest of his life. His mind was constantly on the alert to devise something new to interest or to instruct his readers. In the early days of his ownership of the *Companion* he carried his double burden of publication and editorship almost alone. He was at his editorial work at home hours before breakfast, and at his business office as early and as long as any of his employes. As the scope of the paper broadened, and as the field of its popularity extended gradually over the whole country, he enlarged his corps of assistants in both departments, and organized it with scrupulous care, so that in case he should be temporarily or permanently unable to conduct the paper himself, it should suffer no harm. During the later years of his life, indeed, the end which he had constantly in view was to lay the foundations of the paper so broad and deep, and make it so secure upon them, that he might be sure of its steady, uninterrupted, and successful continuance upon the course he had marked out for it. A man of different character might not have cared what became after his death of that which had brought him such success while he lived; but Mr. Ford worked for permanence, because he believed in the *Companion* and in its mission, and did not want its usefulness bounded by one short human life. His constant holding to account of his editors for errors in the minutest details had reference not only to the present, but to the future; the current paper must indeed be perfect, but so must his assistants aim at perfection, for to them must he look to carry on the paper in future years. And in all departments this constant training went on, as each man needed it, with the result that the paper is now left in the hands of a body of men thoroughly imbued with his spirit and methods. They received it from him as a sacred trust, and will hold it in its course as he himself would

have held it. The law of life is growth; and the *Companion* will grow, but it will be in the way he trained it to grow. Never a robust man, he was in later life an invalid; and more than once an enforced abstinence from business for a long period had tested the strength and the smoothness of running the machinery he devised. The men whom he thus trained have become heirs to a service he loved and honored. The great bulk of his property he left for religious and charitable purposes; but the *Companion* itself remains with his partners. So long as he was fully in charge of the paper he was in the truest sense its chief editor. He could not—because he had neither the time nor the strength for the task—read all the stories before they were accepted; but when they were selected for publication by the assistant in charge of this work, they were submitted to him in type, and if one did not please him it was ruthlessly cancelled. The same was true of the miscellany and other parts of the paper; his pencil was drawn firmly through any para-



Daniel Sharp Ford.

Late Editor of the Youth's Companion.

graph that seemed to him dull or, for any reason, unsuitable. For the mental and moral growth of his readers, he held himself in the largest sense responsible. . . . Over the mechanical departments of the paper he presided with no less genius. All important matters were submitted to him. No change of type, no revision of the system of head-lines, was adopted until he had studied and approved what was proposed. He also examined the

illustrations with a keen and practised eye. He was, during many years, the final arbiter in all matters of business. Fertile in plan and suggestion, he decided how and at what cost the periodical should be brought to public attention, where and to what extent the *Companion* might reach out to broaden its scope and increase its usefulness. He knew what was doing in every department, although he did not always regulate the minutie of the work. He never wholly gave up the business management, but latterly had left it more and more to the associates whom he had selected and trained."

Among those "Fraters" who have occupied editorial chairs we find the late Hon. William Butterfield of the *People and Patriot*, Concord; William P. Hill, at one time associated with his father, Gov. Isaac Hill, and his brother, Hon. John M. Hill, in the publication of Hill's *New Hampshire Patriot*, and who afterwards edited the *Portsmouth Journal*; Hon. George G. Fogg, of the *Independent*, Concord; Rev. Amos Webster, of the *Christian Era*, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Andrew A. Smith, founder of and for many years editor of the *Free Baptist*, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hon. John Wentworth, who made his reputation as editor of the *Chicago Democrat*; Hon. Harris M. Plaisted, who was for fifteen years editor of the *New Age*, Augusta, Me.; and Clarence B. Burleigh, who is now occupying the editorial chair of the *Kennebec Journal*, Augusta, Me., once occupied by the late Hon. James G. Blaine.

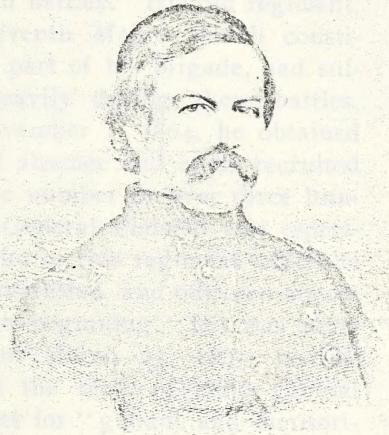
In the defense of their country members of the Social Fraternity have fought bravely through three of our national conflicts, the Mexican War, the Great Rebellion, and the Spanish War. It would be of interest, were it possible, to give in this connection the war record of all those members who thus bravely ac-

quitted themselves; but another has such a record in preparation, and we leave the task to him.

But this article would be incomplete without a reference to the military career of the gallant General Harrison Carroll Hobart, than whom none has a more honorable record. At the breaking out of the Great Rebellion he took a firm stand for the Union, became active in the recruiting service, raised a company in which he enlisted as a private, and being elected captain later he was assigned to the Fourth Infantry. The regiment left Wisconsin for the front, but at Corning, N. Y., they were refused transportation by the railroad. After gaining permission from his superiors, Captain Hobart seized the first train coming over the road, attached the engine to the cars containing the troops and compelled the engineer to pull them into Elmira. The regiment was located in Maryland until March, 1862, when it started for New Orleans with General Butler. There it participated in the campaign that resulted in the capture of that city. The regiment was then in active service around Baton Rouge and Vicksburg for some time. August 14, 1862, Captain Hobart was made lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-first Wisconsin regiment and went to his command in Kentucky. The colonel being permanently disabled, he had full command. This regiment went into its first engagement under Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart at Murfreesboro, where it attacked and defeated Wheeler's Confederate cavalry of 3,500 men. General Rousseau paid him a glowing tribute in his report. Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart was ac-

tively engaged with the Army of the Cumberland in all the hard fought battles of that army. At Chickamauga, while gallantly fighting to hold their ground, the remainder of the army was obeying orders to retreat, which Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart had not received, and the gallant commander with about seventy of his men were made prisoners of war. Then followed incarceration in Libby prison, that place of torment in which so many brave Union men met their doom through starvation and pestilence. But this was not to be the fate of Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart. A tunnel seventy feet in length and eight feet below the surface was dug, and one hundred and nine men under his leadership passed out, four months and ten days after his incarceration. About half of this number, including Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart, reached the Union lines. This was one of the most daring deeds of the war. He now returned to Wisconsin where he was given an ovation worthy of a man who had acquitted himself so gallantly. The legislature was then in session and upon their invitation he met an immense audience and related his thrilling experiences at the front. Wherever he went he received the same honorable recognition. At the expiration of his furlough, he rejoined his regiment in the field and received his commission as colonel. The regiment was now a part of Sherman's advance upon Atlanta. It participated in the battles of Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Marietta, Chattahoochie, Peach Tree Creek, and the Capture of Atlanta. Then followed the march

"from Atlanta to the sea." At Savannah Colonel Hobart was promoted by President Lincoln, on recommendation of General Sherman, brigadier-general by brevet for meritorious services. General Hobart now accompanied Sherman through the Carolinas toward Richmond, participating in the engagements of Averysboro, Bentonville, the Capture of Releigh, and others. After Lee's

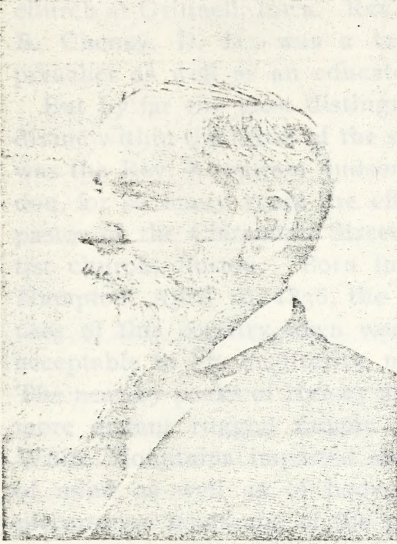


Gen. Harrison C. Hobart.

surrender General Hobart, with his brigade, marched to Washington for the grand review of the Union armies. He was relieved of his command January 8, 1865, by an order in "high appreciation of the faithful, efficient, and energetic manner in which he discharged his duties."

Another gallant soldier of the Great Rebellion was General Harris Merrill Plaisted to whom reference has already been made. In 1861, when the crisis came, he raised a company in thirty days which was

assigned to the Eleventh Maine regiment as Company K. October 21 he became lieutenant-colonel, and November 12 left for Washington, where he had special charge of the Officers' School of Instruction in



Gen. Harris M. Plaisted.
Ex-Governor of Maine.

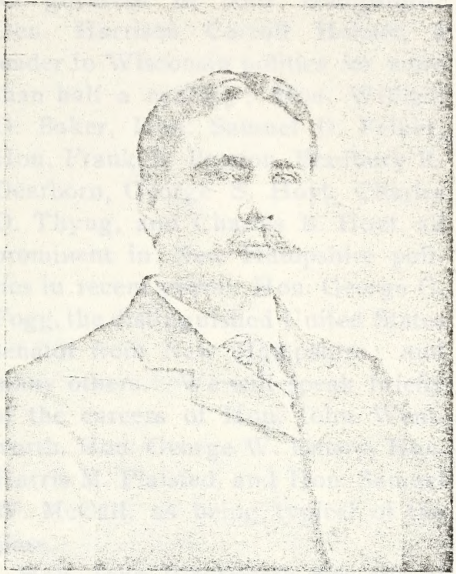
Tactics during the winter. May 12, 1862, he was promoted to the colonelcy of the Eleventh regiment, and took part in the Siege of Yorktown, the Battle of Williamsburg, the Battle of Fair Oaks, and the "Seven Days" fighting before Richmond. In the summer of 1862, during a leave of absence of thirty days spent in Maine, he enlisted three hundred and twenty recruits in his regiment. In 1863, he was transferred to the department of the South, where he commanded a brigade under General Gilmore, taking part in the memorable siege of Charleston. His regiment was again greatly depleted, and in February, 1864, he again returned to Maine and enlisted over three

hundred recruits. April, 1864, Colonel Plaisted was transferred with his brigade to Virginia, where he commanded it in Grant's great campaign of 1864-'65, against Richmond and Petersburg, during which his command never moved to the front without him, and never failed to accomplish what was set down for it to do. He was warmly commended by all his commanders for his gallant conduct during all the campaign. Besides the sieges of Petersburg and Richmond his brigade was engaged in fifteen battles. His old regiment, the Eleventh Maine, which constituted a part of his brigade, had suffered heavily during these battles, and November 1, 1864, he obtained leave of absence and again recruited it to the number of over three hundred. General Plaisted was especially proud of this regiment which he raised, recruited, and officered almost from the beginning. He was mustered out March 25, 1865, having attained the rank of major-general by brevet for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the field."

Very many members of the Social Fraternity have entered the pulpit and have met with deserved success. Some are now preaching in large city churches, as, for example, Rev. Lewis Malvern of Portland, Maine, and Rev. Lewis Dexter of Lowell, Massachusetts. Rev. John Malvern, on account of ill health, has just retired from a successful pastorate at Minneapolis, Minnesota. The late Rev. Andrew A. Smith was also settled over a prosperous church at Minneapolis. Rev. Burton Minard is a prominent evangelist. Rev. Charles F. Penney, D. D., was for thirty-four years settled over the Free Baptist

church at Augusta, Maine, and bore an enviable name as a pastor, a preacher, and a man of God. Rev. Isaac N. Hobart, D. D., was agent of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Rev. Edmund M. Vittum, D. D., is now pastor of a large church at Grinnell, Iowa. Rev. Oren B. Cheney, D. D., was a talented preacher as well as an educator.

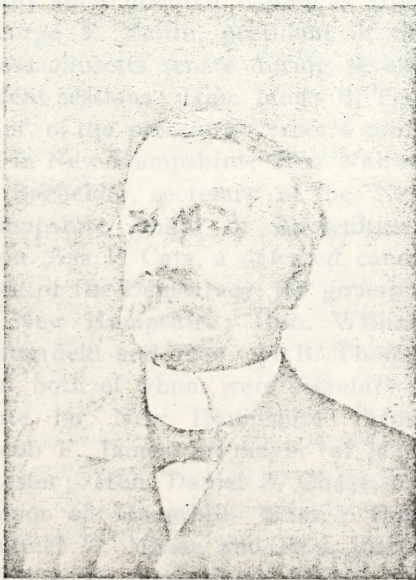
But by far the most distinguished divine within the ranks of the society was the Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, for so many years the effective pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist church, Boston. Born in New Hampton, April 19, 1836, the quietness of this country town was very acceptable to his meditative nature. The near-by peaks of Hersey and the more distant rugged ranges of the White Mountains imparted strength of mind as well as of body. The picturesque landscape of the region, ever varying with the changing sea-



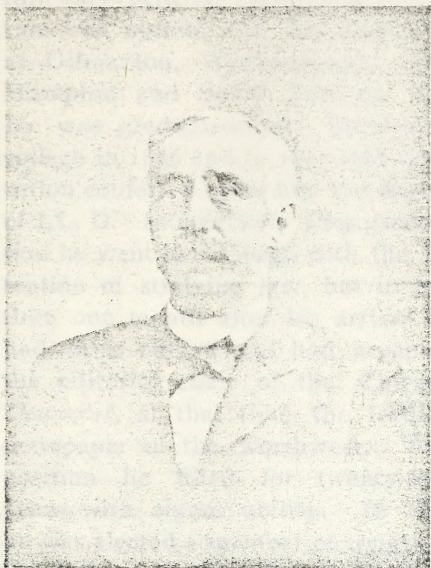
Rev. Edmund M. Vittum.

sons, developed within him the poetic faculty. In fact the environment was faultless for the making of a great preacher. As the young man grew to maturity, his sterling qualities of mind, body, and soul showed themselves. Dr. Gordon was, as a preacher, simple, modest, tender, fearless, and enthusiastic. In power of illustration he was most fertile. As a pastor he stood even higher than as a preacher. His parish was broad, including all who needed a spiritual friend. Indefatigable in his labors, but few men have accomplished so much good in the world as he.

As notable as has been the success of members of the Social Fraternity in all these other lines, it has been in the direction of politics that they have received the greatest honors. There is scarcely a town in the state which has not at some time honored one of them. In both state and



Rev. John Malvern.



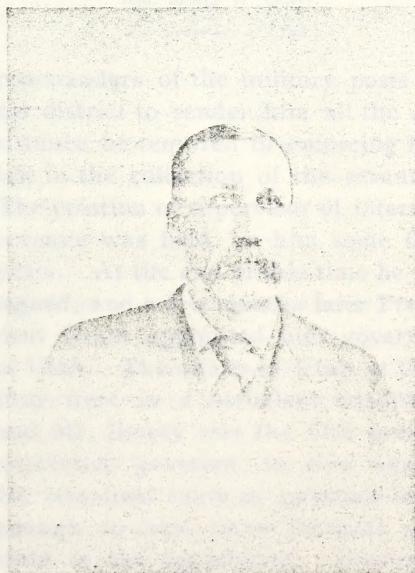
Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder.

Secretary State Board of Agriculture.

national governments they have held honorable places. It would take a volume to contain the merest mention of the careers of these men. Consequently we must pass over many such honored names as Hon. George E. Smith, president of the Massachusetts senate during several recent sessions; Hon. James B. Tennant, of the present governor's council in New Hampshire; Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder, secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture; Hon. Asa P. Cate, a defeated candidate of the Democracy, for governor of New Hampshire; Hon. William Butterfield and Hon. A. B. Thompson, both of whom were secretary of state for New Hampshire; Hon. Jacob F. James, ex-mayor of Manchester; Hon. Daniel S. Chase, ex-mayor of Haverhill, Mass.; Hon. Samuel K. Mason and Hon. Joseph Wentworth, respectively Liberal Republican and Prohibition candidates

for governor of New Hampshire; Gen. Harrison Carroll Hobart, a leader in Wisconsin politics for more than half a century; Hon. William D. Baker, Hon. Samuel D. Felker, Hon. Frank B. Preston, Bradbury R. Dearborn, George S. Hoyt, Charles D. Thyng, and Charles B. Hoyt, all prominent in New Hampshire politics in recent years; Hon. George G. Fogg, the distinguished United States senator from New Hampshire; and many others. We will speak briefly of the careers of Hon. John Wentworth, Hon. George W. Emery, Hon. Harris M. Plaisted, and Hon. Samuel W. McCall, as being typical of the class.

Hon. John Wentworth was one of the most distinguished sons of the Granite state. He was born in Sandwich, March 5, 1815. Among his ancestors were some of the most distinguished citizens of New Hampshire during the Colonial and Revo-



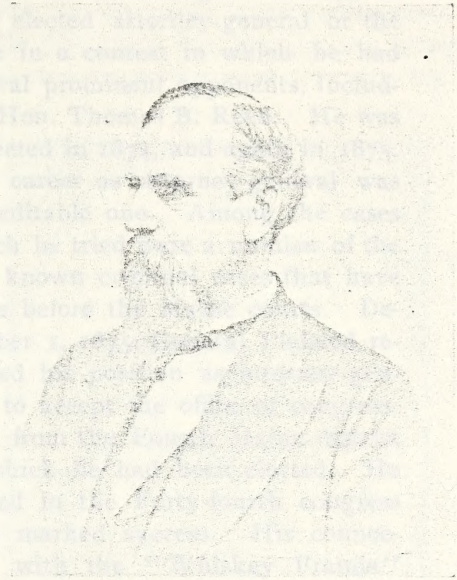
Hon. James B. Tennant.

Member of the Governor's Council.

lutionary periods. His early education was obtained in the academies at Gilmanton, Wolfeborough, New Hampton and South Berwick, Me. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1836 and in 1867 that institution conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Immediately after graduation he went to Chicago with the intention of studying law, but in less than one month after his arrival he had been offered and had accepted the editorial chair of the *Chicago Democrat*, at that time the leading newspaper of the Northwest. This position he filled for twenty-four years with signal ability. In 1843 he was elected a member of congress, being the youngest man at that time in the national house. He was afterwards reelected five times, serving his constituents faithfully and creditably. In 1857 he was elected mayor of Chicago, and again in 1860 he was placed in the same office. Here, too, he acquitted himself with much credit. He served in other capacities at various times, but during the latter part of his life refused to accept political positions.

After leaving New Hampton, Hon. George W. Emery graduated from Dartmouth college, studied law in the office of Hon. Benjamin F. Butler and Hon. Nicholas St. John Green, of Boston, and remained with them in the practice of law for several years. Sickmess, however, necessitated a change of climate, and he went to Nashville, Tenn. Soon after his political career was begun. In the spring of 1870 he was appointed supervisor of internal revenue, and first had for his district the state of Tennessee. To this territory was afterward added the states of Ken-

tucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, making in all six of the Confederate states. At this time he had something more than 2,700 men under him and had a standing order from the secretary of war to all



Hon. George W. Emery.
Ex-Governor of Utah.

commanders of the military posts in his district to render him all the assistance he required in enforcing the law in the collection of the revenue. The position of supervisor of internal revenue was held by him some five years. At the end of this time he resigned, and a few months later President Grant appointed him governor of Utah. The affairs of Utah at that time were in a turbulent condition and Mr. Emery was the fifth person appointed governor in five years. He remained there as governor long enough to hold three biennial sessions of the legislature. Governor Emery had the absolute veto and pardoning powers which were not

granted to other territorial governors. Consequently he was able, although the legislature was composed entirely of Mormons, to give the territory legislation in harmony with the states and other territories in everything except polygamous marriages. Upon his return from Utah, Governor Emery took up his residence in Marshfield, Plymouth county, Mass. There he has an interesting home overlooking the ocean and in sight of the Daniel Webster home, and many other places of historical interest.

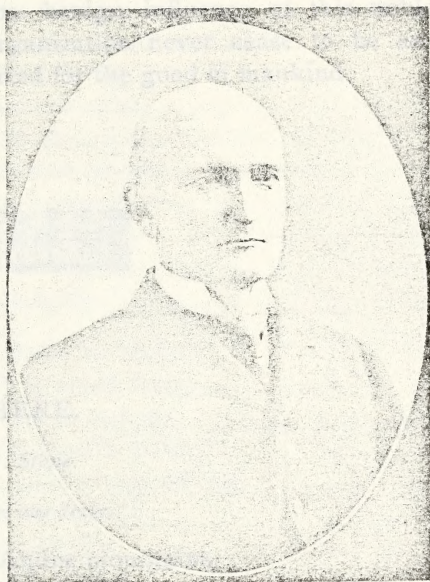
Gen. Harris M. Plaisted was a native of Jefferson, having been born there November 2, 1828. His early preparatory training was at Lancaster academy, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and finally at New Hampton in 1849. In September of that year he entered Waterville college, and was graduated in 1853. Although he had met with remarkable success as a teacher during the years of his academic and collegiate training his natural bent was for the law. He therefore entered the law school of the University of Albany, and graduated in 1855 with the highest honors of his class. His diploma admitted him to the New York bar, and one year later he was admitted to the Maine bar and began the practice of his profession in Bangor. In 1858, 1859, 1860, he was a member of the staff of Gov. Lot M. Morrill. In the campaign of 1860, he took a prominent part, and in the dark days of the republic following the election of Lincoln and previous to his inauguration he supported the cause of the Union with the enthusiasm of one wholly devoted. His military career has already been spoken of in a pre-

vious part of this article. After the war he became more prominent than ever in law and politics. He served in the legislatures of 1867 and 1868 as a member from Bangor. He was a delegate-at-large to the National convention of 1868, held in Chicago. In 1873 he was elected attorney-general of the state in a contest in which he had several prominent opponents, including Hon. Thomas B. Reed. He was reelected in 1874, and again in 1875. His career as attorney-general was a creditable one. Among the cases which he tried were a number of the best known criminal cases that have come before the Maine courts. December 1, 1875, General Plaisted resigned his position as attorney-general to accept the office of congressman from the Fourth Maine district to which he had been elected. He served in the Forty-fourth congress with marked success. His connection with the "Whiskey Frauds" investigation won him great applause. It was he who cleared the public mind of all thought of General Grant's connection with these frauds, although Grant's reputation was attacked by a number of rival candidates for the presidency. In 1879 General Plaisted left the Republican party, and in 1880 he was unanimously nominated for governor by the opposition. He was elected by a vote of 73,770 to 73,544 for Daniel F. Davis and served two years. In 1883 and 1889 he was the Democratic candidate for senator.

Hon. Samuel W. McCall was born in East Providence, Pennsylvania, February 28, 1851, but when two years old he removed with his father to Illinois. He entered New Hampton Institution in 1867 and gradu-

ated in 1870, being the valedictorian of his class. He entered Dartmouth college in 1870. He took an active interest in athletics and college journalism, being one of the directors of the baseball team, president of the college boat club, and an editor of the *Dartmouth Ancil*, which was the largest college weekly then in existence, and printed the first daily ever printed in an American college. Mr. McCall graduated in 1874 with the second average rank in a class graduating sixty-five to the degree of A. B., and he especially excelled in the classics. He studied law and when admitted to the bar began its practice in Boston about January 1, 1876, and he has ever since had his office in that city. He was elected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1887 and 1888, serving the latter year as chairman of the judiciary committee, which was the position of leader of the house. He introduced and the house passed a bill to restrict the use of money in elections, which was the first bill of that character that ever passed a legislative body in this country. He also introduced a measure which finally passed, making sweeping changes in the laws relating to imprisonment for debt, and effected one of the greatest practical reforms ever accomplished by a single statute in Massachusetts. He was elected a delegate to the National Republican convention in 1888, and made a speech in that body seconding the nomination of General Gresham to the presidency. Mr. McCall was reelected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1891, and in 1892 was nominated by the Republicans of the Eighth Congressional district for the national house of rep-

resentatives. At the last previous election the district was Democratic. His antagonist was Hon. John F. Andrew, who had been a member for two terms. After one of the most exciting campaigns ever held in Massachusetts, Mr. McCall was elected, and he has ever since represented the district in congress, having been elected for a fifth term. During his



Hon. Samuel W. McCall.

Member of Congress from Massachusetts.

congressional career he has served upon the committee on elections and judiciary, and is now a member of the most important committee of the house, that of ways and means. Placing the public weal before the fluctuating waves of public opinion, his career has been characterized by great independence. Several times he has obeyed the call of duty as he understood it, and has broken from his party. At the time the Porto Rican tariff bill was under considera-

tion, he presented an able minority report from the ways and means committee. His speech on this subject is regarded as one of the ablest constitutional arguments of recent years. In speaking of the Social Fraternity Mr. McCall says:

"The essential feature of its history is, that during its long life it has been a strong educating force. If I might cite my own case as an illustration, I would say that there was no single feature of my school or college life which caused me to do

more good work or from which I received more benefit."

Hundreds of others stand ready to give a similar testimony to its influence. Upon the life of each the impress of the society has been left, strengthening them for the duties of life, and implanting in them an ambition to live a life of usefulness. Thus the acts of its members become a part of the society life itself. May the benign influence of this noble organization never cease to be exerted for the good of mankind.



OVER THERE.

By Cyrus A. Stone.

"Over the Alps lies our Italy."

Just over there, across the Alpine mountains,
Beside the sunlit sea,
With all its crystal streams and sparkling fountains,
Lies our fair Italy.

Sometimes, bewildered 'midst the doubts and changes
Of each receding day,
With faltering feet we climb the rocky ranges
That rise along the way.

But every height attained, the air grows clearer,
The view more grandly fine ;
And home, sweet home, is ever drawing nearer,
That dear old home of mine.

Its glowing lights in fadeless beauty blended,
Gleam out across the tide ;
And over there, with the last journey ended,
I shall be satisfied.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

By Edith L. Swain.

The hills are draped in shadow,
White-wreathing mists upfloat,
From out the silent forest

There rings a strange, clear note :
No merry, mad outpouring
Disturbs the sunset's calm,
But, mingling with the glory,
The sweetest, holiest psalm.

"Joy o'er woe triumphs,—
Triumphs,—
Joy o'er woe triumphs,
Peace follows pain."

What means the strain so tender,
So fraught with sweetest hope,
And yet with ghosts of sorrows
That through its fancies grope?

'T is heaven and earth commingling,
'T is pity, love, and peace ;
'T is banners after battles,
'T is care and soft release.

"Joy o'er woe triumphs,—
Triumphs,—
Joy o'er woe triumphs,
Peace follows pain."

Saint John of birds, thou hermit,
From close beside the throne,
Beholding earth's deep anguish,
Interpreter alone

Of love and sorrow blending,
Sing on of robes washed white
Through greatest tribulation,—
Sing morn is born of night.

"Joy o'er woe triumphs,—
Triumphs,—
Joy o'er woe triumphs,
Peace follows pain."

NECROLOGY

REV. ATWOOD BOND MESERVEY, D. D.

Rev. Atwood Bond Meservey, ex-principal of the New Hampton Literary Institution, died at his home at New Hampton, February 20, the immediate cause being a complicated disease of the kidneys.

Dr. Meservey was born in Appleton, Me., September 30, 1831. His early education was obtained at a neighboring high school and at Kent's Hill seminary, Kent's Hill, Me. He attended Bowdoin Medical college one year, but decided to enter the ministry, and came to New Hampton to prepare for that profession. In 1857 he was graduated from the institution, and three years later from the Biblical school then located there. He was afterwards connected with Andover Theological seminary and Brown university from the latter of which he received the degree of A. M. in 1862. He has since received the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity, both from Bates college.

He was ordained to the Free Baptist ministry in 1861 and was settled as pastor of the Meredith church, but in 1862 he became professor of mathematics and natural science at New Hampton Literary Institution. This position he held for five years, when he accepted the position of principal of Northwood seminary, Northwood, N. H. One year later he returned to New Hampton to become principal of the institution, which position he held until he was succeeded in 1898, after thirty years of faithful service, by Prof. Frank W. Preston, A. M.

He was the author of a series of text-books, including bookkeeping, banking, and political economy, which has had an extended use throughout the country. He also wrote two works of fiction, "Through Struggle to Victory" and "Drifting and Resisting."

He was married three times: first, in 1861, to Miss Elizabeth G. Bean, of Canidia, who died in 1862; second, in 1871, to Mrs. Lovina S. Meade of Northwood, who died in 1880; and third, in 1883, to Miss Clara B. Fall, who died in 1887.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Willis S. Piper, of Pueblo, Col., and a son, Arthur B., who is now a student at New Hampton Literary Institution; also by Mrs. George W. Scribner, of Ashland, who was a daughter of his second wife by a previous marriage, but who was brought up in his family.

Dr. Meservey was one of the most prominent educators of the state during the thirty years of his principalship at New Hampton. A man of marked ability, of sound judgment, of phenomenal tact in school management, and of affable disposition, he will be remembered and revered by the thousands of students who have come under his tuition.

COL. EBENEZER STEVENS.

Col. Ebenezer Stevens died at his home in Meredith, Friday, February 15, 1901. He was a native of Gilford, where he was born May 9, 1810. He was a descendant of Maj. Ebenezer Stevens, famed as an Indian fighter during the French and Indian war, while his maternal grandfather was Dr. Howe, a brother of Gen. Sir William Howe, commander of the British forces at Bunker Hill, and of Richard Howe, lord admiral of the British navy. Although connected so directly with the British cause, Dr. Howe fought on the American side at Bunker Hill.

Colonel Stevens's early education was obtained in the public schools and at Gilmanton academy. In early life he followed the trade of blacksmithing, but later he entered the general merchandise business at Meredith. In his younger days he was much interested in military affairs, and was colonel of the old Tenth regiment of state militia.

He had been connected with several banking enterprises, among which was the Meredith Village Savings bank. He helped to organize this institution, and was one of its trustees at the time of his death. He was several times selectman of Meredith, his term of service including those years when the town had the onerous burden of raising the state's quota of soldiers for the War of the Rebellion. He was representative to the legislature in 1854-'55; a defeated candidate of the Republicans for state senator and for councillor; and one of the presidential electors who cast the vote of the state for Abraham Lincoln in 1860.

He had been, since 1840, a member of the Free Baptist church at Meredith, and was for many years a trustee of the New Hampton Literary Institution.

He was a justice of the peace for over fifty years and during this time tried many cases. Probably no other man in Belknap county has done more business in the probate court than Colonel Stevens.

PROF. JOHN P. MARSHALL.

John Porter Marshall, A. M., professor of geology and mineralogy in Tufts college, and dean of the faculty, was born in Kingston, August 11, 1823, and died at College Hill, Mass., February 4, 1901.

He prepared for college at the Kingston and Atkinson academies, and was fitted to enter at sixteen years of age, but spent a year at work in a carriage factory for the development of his physical powers; entered Yale in 1840, and graduating among the first of his class in 1844. After graduation from Yale, Mr. Marshall began teaching. While in Danvers, Mass., he was visited by Dr. Charles H. Leonard, now of Tufts Divinity school, but then a member of the Chelsea school board, and soon afterward became principal of the Chelsea High school. He taught most successfully in Chelsea until he received the offer of a professorship in the new college, together with an urgent request that he would consent to lend his aid to the work of its establishment. After serious consideration he decided to accept the professorship, but did not at once give up his position in Chelsea, and this gave rise to the old saying, familiar to many of the early graduates at Tufts, that Professor Marshall taught the Chelsea High school in the morning and Tufts college in the afternoon.

Professor Marshall at first had charge of all the scientific work of the college. Later, as the college grew and new instructors were engaged, his burdens were gradually lightened until only mineralogy and geology remained. These branches he taught up to the time of his retirement in 1899, after a continuous teaching life with that institution of forty-five years.

He was Dr. Ballou's most active assistant in the work of organization, and for the year following Dr. Ballou's death was acting president of Tufts. He was the first professor of the college to be appointed, and was the senior member as well as dean of the faculty.

In November, 1853, he married Miss Caroline Clement of Chelsea, a beautiful and talented woman, who died four years ago. They had two children, a son and a daughter, the latter only surviving her father. During the Civil War, Professor Marshall spent two years in hospital service in the South. In 1872 being greatly in need of rest, he obtained leave of absence from the college, and spent fourteen months in England, Germany, and Italy.

When he went to Tufts he brought with him a small private collection of minerals and fossils. Through his earnest efforts this collection was enlarged, by gifts from various quarters, to its present splendid proportions, and as curator, the care of it always remained in his hands.

REV. SYLVESTER A. PARKER.

Rev. Sylvester Ames Parker, who died at Springfield, Vt., January 5, 1901, was a native of the town of Lempster in this state, born June 10, 1834, being a son of William B. and Amanda (Miner) Parker. He was educated in the schools of his native town, at Tubb's Union academy, Washington, and at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vt., from which he graduated in 1855. He then attended Tufts college for one term, and on May 10, 1856, was united in marriage with Nancy M. Green of Barnard, Vt. In 1857, with his wife he went to Warren county, Ga., where they had charge of Oak Grove academy for that and the following year, his wife dying there August 8, 1858.

Returning to New England he continued his studies for the Universalist ministry, to which he was ordained at Stowe, Vt., August 25, 1859, and was located there three years, being united in marriage July 8, 1860, with Mary A. Huntoon of Hyde Park, Vt., by whom he is survived. May 1, 1862, he removed to Bethel, Vt., where he ever after had his home, and where he was for sixteen years pastor of the Universalist church. He was for many years secretary of the Universalist convention of Vermont and the Province of Quebec, and was an active worker for the welfare of his denomination in all parts of the state. His death was the result of a stroke of apoplexy, which came to him while officiating at the funeral of a friend in Springfield.

REV. STEPHEN G. ABBOTT.

Rev. Stephen Gano Abbott, born in Bridgewater, Mass., November 9, 1819, died at Keene, February 15, 1901.

Mr. Abbott was the youngest of eight children of Rev. Samuel and Sarah (Rand) Abbott. When he was at the age of eight years his father removed to the

town of Bradford in this state. In addition to a common school education he secured the advantage of one term at New Hampton, and then attended the Literary and Scientific Institution at Hancock, with a view to preparation for college, but was compelled to abandon the project of a college course to assist his father in a manufacturing enterprise upon which he had entered at Antrim, devoting his winters, however, to school teaching.

In 1845 he decided to enter the ministry, and began the study of theology at the Baptist Theological Institution at New Hampton, where he graduated in 1848. He was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Campton in 1849. His ministerial career was confined largely to the assistance of feeble churches, and to work among the smaller parishes. He held pastorates in Meriden, Bradford, Antrim, Hinsdale, and Swanzey in this state; Windsor and Stamford in Vermont; Wollaston, Needham, and North Adams in Massachusetts.

When the First regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, was raised, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, Mr. Abbott was made chaplain of the same, through the instrumentality of its commander, Col. M. W. Tappan, a personal friend. In this position, whose duties he faithfully discharged, he formed associations among the officers and men, which were always a source of gratification to him. He was one of the most popular officers in the command, and later wrote and published a very full history of the regiment. While a resident of Vermont, Mr. Abbott was twice chosen a member of the legislature. In 1871 he received from Bates college the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He was a trustee of Colby academy, New London, and was prominently identified with the educational institutions of the towns where he resided, as superintending committee, etc. In 1887, he was elected chaplain of the New Hampshire house of representatives. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and politically a Republican.

Mr. Abbott's last pastorate was at West Swanzey, where he went in 1883, and remained about six years. He removed thence to Wollaston, Mass., and then to Keene, where he afterward resided. He preached frequently, and did other ministerial and literary work, after he retired, his last sermon having been delivered at the Baptist church in Keene, in March, 1900.

Mr. Abbott, with two other ex-chaplains of the war,—Rev. John W. Adams and Rev. E. R. Wilkins—in 1899, organized the New Hampshire Association of Military Chaplains.

On April 16, 1846, he was united in marriage with Sarah B., daughter of Dea. Moses and Abigail Cheney of Holderness, a sister of Rev. O. B. and of Hon. P. C. Cheney, who died December 26, 1897, in Keene. Their only child, with whom they had their home in their later years, is Hon. John T. Abbott of Keene, formerly United States minister to Colombia, born in Antrim, April 26, 1850.

HON. NATHANIEL HOLMES.

Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, born in Peterborough, July 2, 1814, died at Cambridge, Mass., February 2, 1901.

When ten years of age he commenced the study of Latin at the academy in Chester, Vt. He subsequently studied at Appleton academy, New Ipswich, and Phillips-Exeter, graduating from the latter in 1833, and from Harvard college in

1837. Upon graduating he went South and was employed as a private tutor in Maryland. Then he returned to Cambridge and spent a year at the Harvard Law school. In 1839 he was admitted to the bar in Boston. Twenty years later he received the degree of A. M.

He opened his first law office in St. Louis, in 1841. For the two succeeding years he was a partner of Thomas B. Hudson. During the years 1846-'53 his brother, Samuel A. Holmes, was his partner. In June, 1865, he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of Missouri. He held the office till 1868, when he resigned to accept the royal professorship in the Harvard Law school. Three years later he resigned this office and returned to the practice of law in St. Louis.

About ten years later he came East again, and purchased his home in Cambridge, where he had since lived, working at his books, or not working at all.

In 1856 Judge Holmes helped to organize the Academy of Science of St. Louis, and later he served as vice-president and as corresponding secretary. He had been a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences since 1870.

He was a confirmed Baconian. In 1866 he published a work entitled "The Authenticity of Shakespeare." This book had a large sale, running to the third edition. He was also the author of a book on "Philosophy of the Universe." He considered his best book to be "Realistic Idealisms in Philosophy," issued in 1888.

Judge Holmes understood many languages, and was especially proficient in Latin. As a lawyer he stood very high. He was regarded, when in his prime, as one of the leading jurists of the country. His remains were brought to his native town of Peterborough for interment.

HON. WILLIAM H. HAILE.

Hon. William Henry Haile, ex-lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, and one of the best known public men of the state, died at his home in the city of Springfield, February 13, 1901, from chronic Bright's disease.

Mr. Haile was born in the town of Chesterfield, in this state, September 28, 1833, being the son of the late William Haile, governor of New Hampshire in 1857-'58, and removing with the family to Hinsdale, while in infancy, where his father engaged extensively in manufacturing.

After graduating from the Hinsdale public schools he prepared for college in Kimball Union academy, Meriden, passed a year and a half at Amherst, and then entered Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated with the highest honors in 1856, being a classmate of the late Gov. B. F. Prescott, and of Judge Caleb Blodgett. He then went to Springfield, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. For a short time he practised law in Boston, after which he returned to Hinsdale to engage in the manufacture of woolen goods. He became a partner of his father and Mr. Frost, under the firm name of Haile, Frost & Co. The business was afterward transferred to a corporation called the Haile & Frost Manufacturing company, of which Mr. Haile was the president, and continued until his death, although he removed to Springfield in 1872, where he became identified

with various prominent business industries and enterprises, and was also, for several years past, president of the National Association of ~~Wool Manufacturers~~.

While residing in Hinsdale Mr. Haile represented that town in the New Hampshire legislature in 1865 and 1866, and again in 1871. In 1881 he was chosen mayor of Springfield. In 1882, and again in 1883, he represented the First Hampden district in the Massachusetts senate. In 1889 he was elected lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, on the ticket with John Q. A. Brackett for governor—another native of New Hampshire. In the following year he was again elected, though Governor Brackett was defeated by Hon. W. E. Russell, and again in 1891, when Charles H. Allen ran for governor on the Republican ticket, and was also defeated by Governor Russell, Mr. Haile was elected for a third term. In 1892, however, when nominated himself by the Republicans for governor, he was defeated by Governor Russell, who was again the Democratic candidate.

Mr. Haile was an active member of the First Congregational church of Springfield, and held office both in the church and parish. He was a member of the Winthrop club for many years.

He was married in January, 1861, to Amelia L. Chapin of Springfield, who survives him, with two children, a daughter and son,—Mrs. Cheney Calkins and William C. Haile.

GORDIS D. HARRIS.

Gordis D. Harris, born in Chesterfield, October 29, 1824, died in Keene, February 21, 1901.

Mr. Harris was educated in the common schools and Chesterfield academy. He located in Fitchburg, Mass., in 1845, where he was for several years a carpenter and builder. In 1851 he commenced his career as a railroad contractor, first building depots, turn-tables, etc., and soon commenced building railroads, later being associated with his brother, Broughton D., of Brattleboro, Vt., in the firm of Harris Bros. & Co., general contractors for railroads and public works. He was engaged in the construction of Chateroi & Kentucky, the Brattleboro & Whitehall, the St. Louis, Jerseyville & Springfield, and the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Taughio-gony railroads.

In May, 1864, Mr. Harris went to California, where he became a resident, remaining on the Pacific slope until 1872. He spent most of his time east of the Sierras, prospecting and mining. In 1870 he discovered in the Pilot Knob range in the western part of Utah, the valuable Tecoma mines, rich in silver and lead, which were worked for two years and then sold to Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall of New York. Returning to New Hampshire, Mr. Harris took up his abode in Keene, where he ever after had his home, though carrying on work as a contractor in different parts of the country for several years.

In politics Mr. Harris was a Whig and Republican, casting his first presidential vote for General Taylor. He represented Chesterfield in the legislature in 1873, and Keene in 1881. He was a Unitarian in his religious belief, and was a liberal contributor to the church. He was a member of the Lodge of the Temple, A. F. and A. M., of Keene.

WILLIAM PICKERING HILL.

William Pickering Hill, eldest son of Isaac and Susan (Ayer) Hill, born in Concord, October, 1819, died at Denver, Col., February 17, 1901.

Mr. Hill was educated at New Hampton Institute, Phillips-Exeter academy, and Harvard and Dartmouth colleges, graduating from the latter in 1839, in the same class with Judge Sylvester Dana of Concord. Rev. Dr. O. B. Cheney, late president of Bates college, and the late Hon. Geo. G. Fogg.

Upon graduation from college, Mr. Hill successively read law and studied medicine, but in preference to either profession he joined his father and his brother, John M., in the publication of the *Farmer's Monthly Visitor* and the *New Hampshire Patriot*. He continued in this from 1840-'47.

In the fall of the latter year he purchased the *New Hampshire Gazette* in Portsmouth, which he published until 1851, printing for a time the first one-cent daily paper in New Hampshire. Subsequently Mr. Hill did a variety of journalistic work as a reporter and correspondent in different cities and sections of the Union. After 1874 he spent about ten years in Vermont, most of the time as an assistant of Hiram Atkins, publisher of the *Argus and Patriot* at Montpelier.

During the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, he was a clerk in the Boston naval office, being appointed by Col. Charles G. Greene in 1853, and removed by Amos Tuck in 1861.

Mr. Hill was married to Clara Ann, daughter of John West, October 26, 1843. Of five children, three survive: Isaac William of Concord; Mrs. Anna Montgomery Williams, wife of Robert R. Williams of Pitkin, Col.; and Mrs. Susan Ayer Lyford, wife of Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord.

HON. CHARLES J. GILMAN.

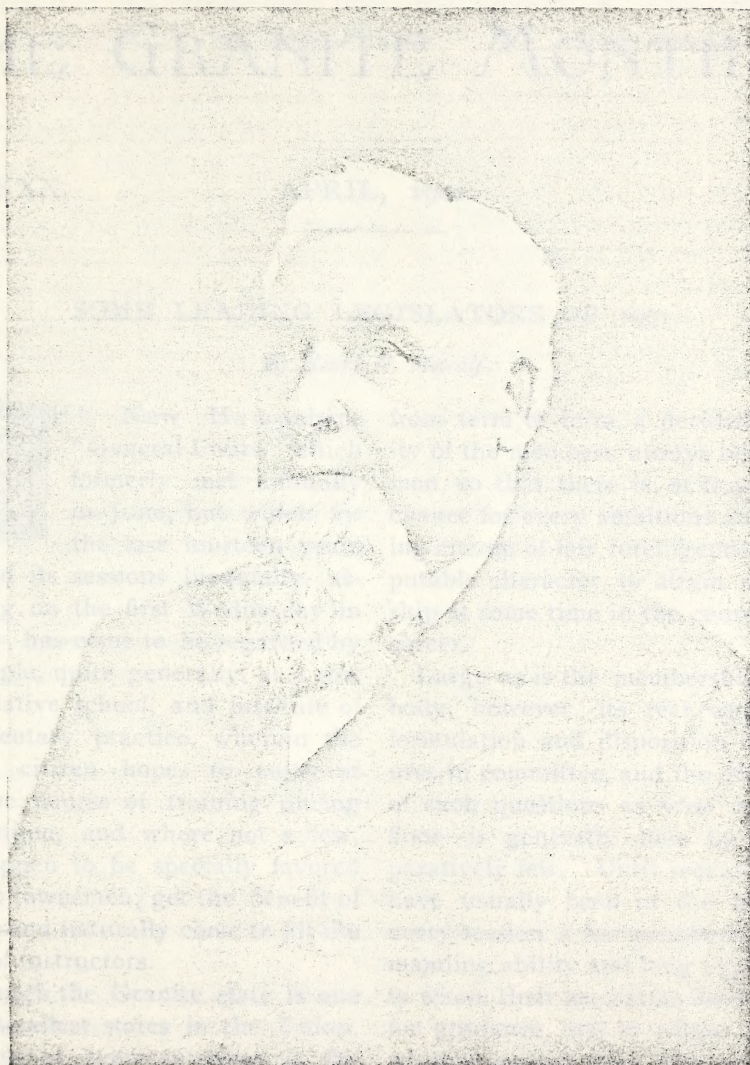
Charles J. Gilman, born in Exeter, February 26, 1824, died in Brunswick, Me., February 5, 1901.

He was the third son of the late Capt. Nathaniel Gilman, and was educated at Phillips-Exeter academy. He studied law with the late Gen. Gilman Marston, and at the Harvard Law school, completing his studies in 1850, in which year he was chosen a member of the New Hampshire legislature, but removed to Brunswick, Me., the same year, where he married Alice McKean Dunlap, a granddaughter of Dr. Joseph McKean, the first president of Bowdoin college.

In 1851 he was elected to the Maine legislature, in both branches of which he afterward repeatedly served. Two years later he was nominated to congress from the Second Maine district, but was defeated. He was again nominated in 1856, and elected. He served only one term, positively declining a renomination. He was also prominently mentioned as a candidate for governor, but he gave his friends no encouragement. He was, nevertheless, active in politics, being successively a member of the Whig and Republican state committees, and a favorite speaker in every campaign. In 1860 he was a delegate to the convention at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency.

He subsequently became interested in railroad and other public enterprises, and was long active in business life. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

199-193.



HIS EXCELLENCY CHESTER B. JORDAN.

Governor of New Hampshire.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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SOME LEADING LEGISLATORS OF 1901.

By Henry H. Metcalf.



THE New Hampshire "General Court," which formerly met annually in June, but which for the last fourteen years has held its sessions biennially, assembling on the first Wednesday in January, has come to be regarded by the people, quite generally, as a sort of legislative school, and institute of parliamentary practice, wherein the average citizen hopes to enjoy at least one course of training during his lifetime, and where not a few, who happen to be specially favored by their townsmen, get the benefit of several, and naturally come to fill the places of instructors.

Although the Granite state is one of the smallest states in the Union, its house of representatives is the largest legislative body in the country, outnumbering the corresponding body in the national congress, and being exceeded in this respect by only one other similar body in the world—the house of commons in the British parliament. Its membership, moreover, is quite largely changed,

from term to term, a decided majority of the members always being new men, so that there is, at least, a fair chance for every ambitious and aspiring citizen of fair intelligence and reputable character, to attain membership at some time in the course of his career.

Large as is the membership of this body, however, its real work—the formulation and disposition of measures in committee, and the discussion of such questions as arise upon the floor—is generally done by a comparatively few. Until recently, there have usually been in the house at every session a few members of commanding ability and long experience, to whom their associates have looked for guidance, and to whose superior wisdom, gained from long and active service, general deference has been rendered. The names of Marston, Bingham, Page, Wadleigh, Stevens, Sanborn, Briggs, Sulloway, and others are naturally suggested in this connection; but since these men have passed off the stage, the leaders in the house have been developed

from the ranks, as it were. Such has been the case, especially during the session just closed.

No men of long experience, and very few who had served more than a single term, were included in the membership, and it was thought by many, when the session opened, that there would be a serious lack of leadership, with resulting delay and confusion in the despatch of business. There has been no trouble, however, in this regard. Some one has been ready for the emergency and equal to the occasion in every instance, and the business has been carried forward promptly and properly. Reputations have been made and experience gained during the session that will be of substantial value in the years to come; and, if all that has been done has not been wise or expedient, the body of the work accomplished by the legislature of 1901 will, at least, compare favorably with that of recent predecessors.

GOVERNOR JORDAN.

Under our system of government, while the governor, with his council, constitutes a separate and independent branch, wielding executive power, and being responsible for the enforcement of the law as enacted, he is, also, an important part of the legislative or law-making power, not only recommending such measures as in his judgment are expedient or essential, but also giving his direct approval to such as may be enacted, before they acquire the authority of law, except in those very rare instances where they have been re-enacted over his veto by a two-thirds vote of each branch of the legislature.

New Hampshire has been specially fortunate, as a rule, in the character of the men who have occupied the executive chair, and whose influence has moulded in some measure, at least, the legislative policy of the state. While the people have not, for many years past, been accustomed to elect to the chief magistracy men who have been conspicuous as political leaders, and who have, either before or after, figured prominently in national affairs, as has been the case in some other states, and was in earlier days the custom here; they have, nevertheless, generally chosen those who, in character and ability, commanded confidence at home and respect abroad, and whose sound practical common sense and good business judgment furnished ample guaranty that the best interests of the state would be carefully conserved; and, for a generation past, this has never been more thoroughly the case than at the last election, when, for the first time in more than half a century, a citizen of the "North country," as that region of New Hampshire above the White Mountains is commonly called, was chosen to the governorship in the person of Chester B. Jordan of Lancaster, his last predecessor in the office from that section having been Jared W. Williams, of the same town, who served two years, from June, 1847 to 1849.

Chester Bradley Jordan is a native of the town of Colebrook, born October 15, 1839. He is the son of the late Johnson and Minerva (Buel) Jordan, his father being a native of the town of Plainfield, and his mother of the state of Connecticut. He comes of patriotic ancestry, his paternal grandfather, Benjamin Jordan,

having served three years in the war for independence. Governor Jordan's early life was that of the average New England farmer's son of his day, in a "back town" with limited educational advantages within reach, and little opportunity to utilize even those. He attended the district school in winter, but got no summer schooling after he was nine years of age, his labor being required on the home farm or in the service of others until he reached his twenty-first year, during which he was enabled to attend Colebrook academy for one term. His ambition was here stimulated, and, attaining his majority, he determined to secure an education and fit himself for professional work. For the next few years he spent his winters in teaching district schools, his summers in farm work, and the spring and fall of each year in attendance upon high schools and academies, completing his studies at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, where he graduated in the summer of 1866. Meanwhile he had served the town of Colebrook as school committee and as one of the selectmen, and had been the candidate of the Republican party, with which he was allied from youth, for moderator for several years. He always took a deep interest in political affairs, and was a leader among the young men of his party in Upper Coös, and recalls with special interest the fact that he presided over the first of the series of remarkable joint debates between the late Gov. Walter Harriman and the Hon. John G. Sinclair, in their noted campaign for the chief magistracy of the state. He continued teaching a portion of the time until the winter of 1868, when the

late Chief Justice Doe, who had made his acquaintance while thus engaged in Colebrook, selected him for the position of clerk of the court for Coös county, upon the duties of which position he entered in the summer following, removing to Lancaster, where he has since had his home. He attended faithfully to his duties as clerk of the court until October, 1874, when he resigned, having in the meantime pursued the study of the law to some extent, besides taking an active interest in political affairs and writing considerably for the press, for a time himself owning the *Coös Republican* newspaper. Subsequently he continued his law studies in the office of the late Judge William S. Ladd, and that of Ray, Drew & Heywood, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. In the following year he formed a partnership with Ray & Drew, of which firm and its successors he has been a member, engaged in active practice, up to the present time, the firm name since 1893 having been Drew, Jordan & Buckley, and its business among the most extensive in Northern New Hampshire.

Though never neglecting his professional business, Governor Jordan has been prominent in political life since 1880, when he entered heartily into the contest to regain for his party the control of the town of Lancaster. He was elected to the state legislature that year by a majority of one vote, was made speaker of the house of representatives at the following session and discharged the delicate duties of the office to the eminent satisfaction of all. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for state senator in the Coös district,

running several hundred votes ahead of his ticket but failing of an election. Ten years later, in the great tidal year of 1896, he was again prevailed upon to accept the nomination, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. Upon the organization of the senate, in January following, he was unanimously elected president of that body, and fulfilled the requirements of the position no less acceptably than he had previously done as the presiding officer in the popular branch of the legislature. In 1898 he was persistently urged to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, but repeatedly and emphatically declined to enter into any contest or scramble for the honor. Two years later there seemed to be a universal demand in the Republican ranks for his nomination to the chief magistracy, and the distinction was tendered him by the state convention with practical unanimity on the first ballot. He accepted the nomination, and his election by nearly 19,000 majority followed. During the canvass, as in many a previous campaign, he championed his party cause upon the stump, in an able and dignified manner.

In town affairs Governor Jordan has taken a strong interest, promoting all worthy enterprises with voice and influence, and was particularly active in carrying forward the movement for the preparation and publication of the Lancaster town history. He was one of the organizers of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association, was long a vice-president of the same, and is now, since the death of Hon. Harry Bingham, its president. He is also an active and valuable member of the New Hampshire Historical

Society, and is connected with the Masonic fraternity.

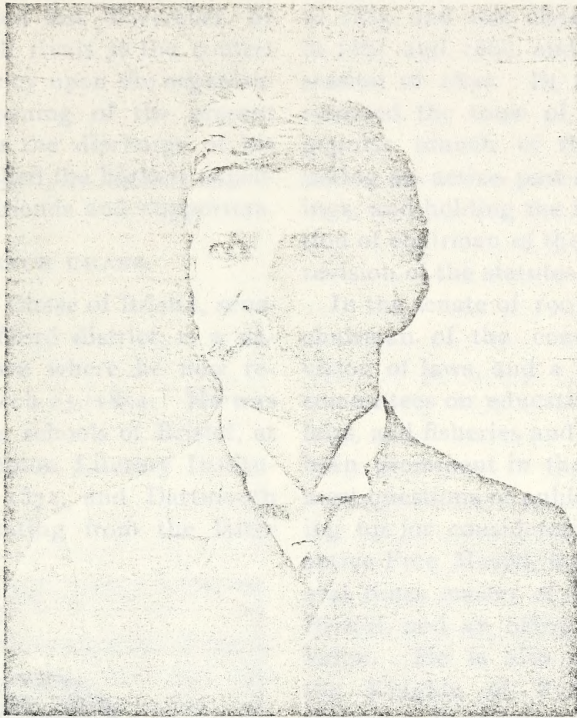
In 1879 he was united in marriage with Miss Ida R. Nutter of Lancaster, by whom he has three children—a daughter and two sons, nineteen, twelve, and eight years of age, respectively.

Governor Jordan is an example of the best type of the self-made men of New Hampshire, making his way, unaided, from the humblest walks of life to the highest office in the gift of the people, and everywhere and always so conducting himself as to command the confidence and respect of all with whom he has come in contact.

PRESIDENT ELLIS.

The New Hampshire senate, although now containing a membership twice as large as it had for ninety-five years after the organization of the government under the constitution of 1784, is still a comparatively small body, and the direction of its deliberations does not necessarily require so intricate a knowledge of parliamentary rules and practice, and such readiness in the application thereof, in order to success, as does that of the house of representatives, with its membership of nearly four hundred. Nevertheless, men of no small ability have been called to the president's chair in the senate in recent years, as well as in earlier days, and the latest occupant compares favorably with his predecessors.

Hon. Bertram Ellis, of Keene, is one of the few men whom the state of Massachusetts has contributed to public life in New Hampshire in exchange for the many which the Granite state has given Massachusetts, he



Hon. Bertram Ellis.

President of the Senate.

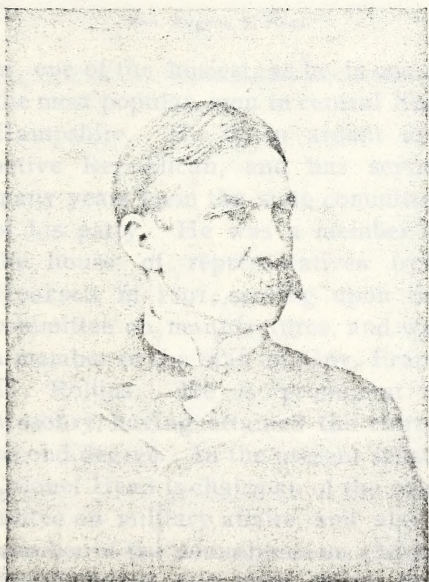
having been born in the city of Boston, November 26, 1860, but removing with his parents to Keene in childhood, where he received his preliminary education in the public schools, and graduated from Harvard college in 1884, and the Law school in 1887. He subsequently spent a year in the law office of Evarts, Choate & Beaman in New York, and was engaged in the practice of his profession in Denver, Col., in 1889 and 1890, at the close of which latter year he was recalled to Keene by the death of his father, and has there since remained, having acquired an interest in the Sentinel Printing company, proprietors of the daily *Evening Sentinel* and the *New Hampshire Sentinel*, of which

he is the editor. He is a member of the Keene board of education, and a trustee of the Elliot hospital. He was a member of Governor Busiel's staff, and a representative from Ward Four, Keene, in the legislature of 1897, in which he served as chairman of the committee on appropriations, and was particularly active in the work of the house. In the following legislature, two years ago, Mr. Ellis served as senator from the Keene district, number thirteen, and held the position of chairman of the committee on finance, corresponding to that of appropriations in the house, serving also upon the committees on the judiciary, revision of the laws, and fisheries and game, and participating prominently in the general

work of the senate. Being the only senator reelected last November, he naturally led all rivals in the contest for the presidency upon the organization at the opening of the present session, and in the discharge of his duties has fulfilled the highest expectations of his friends and supporters.

SENATOR CHASE.

Hon. Ira A. Chase of Bristol, senator from the Third district, is a native of the town where he now resides, born March 25, 1854. He was educated in the schools of Bristol, at the New Hampton Literary Institution, class of 1872, and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter



Hon. Ira A. Chase.

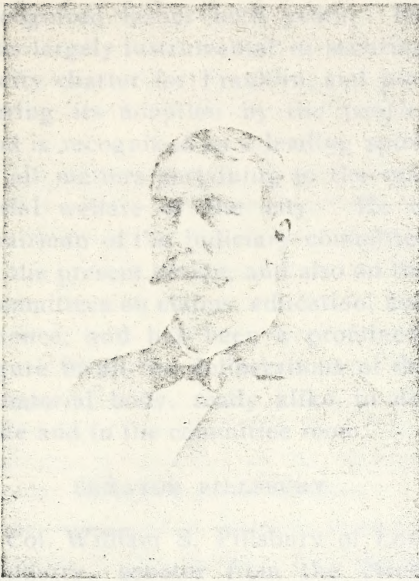
institution in 1877. He read law in the office of Hon. Lewis W. Fling, and has been in the active practice of his profession in Bristol since March, 1881. He has held various town offices including that of member of the board of education; was

chosen assistant clerk of the senate in 1883, and was clerk of that body in 1887 and 1889, and at the special session of 1890. In 1897 he represented the town of Bristol in the popular branch of the legislature, taking an active part in the proceedings, and holding the important position of chairman of the committee on revision of the statutes.

In the senate of 1901 Mr. Chase is chairman of the committee on revision of laws, and a member of the committees on education, military affairs, and fisheries and game, and has been prominent in the discussion of most questions of public interest coming up for consideration. He is an active Free Mason, having been several times master of Union lodge in Bristol, and an officer of the Grand lodge. He is also connected with the Knights of Pythias and the Grange. In religion he is a Congregationalist. He married Miss Abby M. Taylor of Bristol, but has no children.

SENATOR HEAD.

Hon. Eugene S. Head, of Hooksett, senator from District No. 9, is a native of that town, a son of the late William F. Head, and nephew of Gov. Natt Head, born June 1, 1863. He was educated at Pembroke academy and Dartmouth college. Since graduation he has been extensively engaged in business at Hooksett as a member of the great brick manufacturing firm established by his father and uncle, with whom he was associated during their lifetime, and since continuing as the head of the concern, and also being connected with various other important interests, making him, altogether



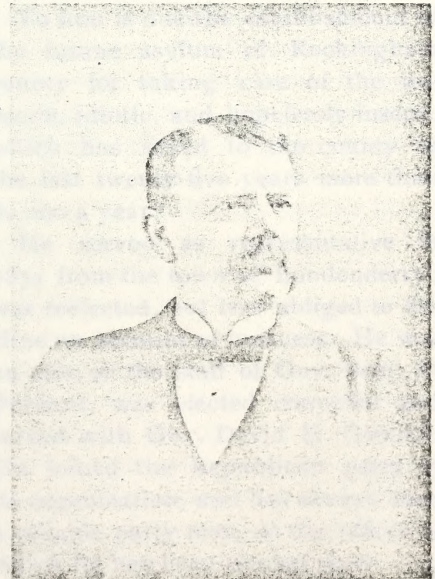
Hon. Eugene S. Head.

er, one of the busiest, as he is one of the most popular, men in central New Hampshire. He is an ardent and active Republican, and has served many years upon the state committee of his party. He was a member of the house of representatives from Hooksett in 1891, serving upon the committee on manufactures, and was a member of the staff of Gov. Frank W. Rollins. He is prominent in Masonry, having attained the thirty-second degree. In the present senate Colonel Head is chairman of the committee on military affairs, and also a member of the committees on claims, manufactures, and state prison and industrial school.

SENATOR LEACH.

Hon. Edward G. Leach of Franklin, who represents the Sixth district in the present senate, was born in the town of Meredith, June 28, 1849. He was educated at Meredith academy and Dartmouth college, gradu-

ating from the latter in 1871, and having worked his own way in securing his education. He studied law with the late Attorney-General Daniel Barnard and E. B. S. Sanborn of Franklin, was admitted to the bar, and has since been in active practice there, and has also been associated for the last twenty-two years with Henry W. Stevens of Concord, in practice in this city. He has taken high rank in his profession, has served four years as solicitor of Merrimack county, is city solicitor of Franklin, and has been engaged extensively in local and general business interests, being president of the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Mutual Insurance company, and clerk of the Tilton & Franklin railroad. He was a member of the house of representatives in the legislatures of 1893 and 1895, being chairman of the committee on revision of statutes in the former, and of the judiciary in the latter, and a

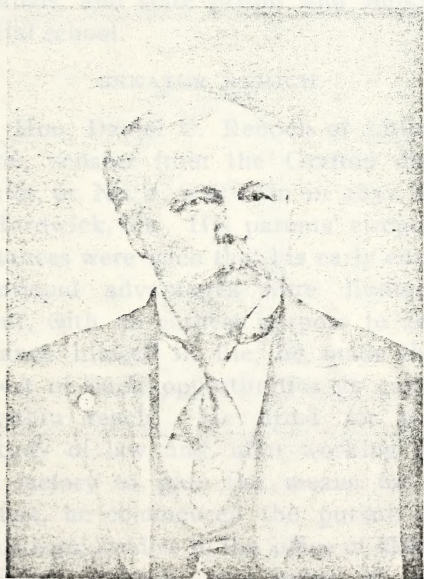


Hon. Edward G. Leach.

recognized leader both years. He was largely instrumental in securing a city charter for Franklin, and procuring its adoption by the people, and is recognized as a leading spirit in all matters pertaining to the material welfare of the city. He is chairman of the judiciary committee of the present senate, and also on the committees on claims, education, and finance, and has been a prominent figure in all the deliberations of the senatorial body, ready alike in debate and in the committee room.

SENATOR PILLSBURY.

Col. William S. Pillsbury of Londonderry, senator from the Nineteenth district, was born in Sutton,



Hon. William S. Pillsbury.

March 16, 1833, and has resided in Londonderry since 1838, being educated there and at Derry. He served during the Rebellion as first lieutenant in the Fourth, Ninth, and Heavy

Artillery regiments, and returned as quartermaster of the artillery.

While in the Ninth regiment in the battle of South Mountain, he saved one part of the regiment from being ambuscaded and notified Major-General Reno of the fact that he was liable to be ambuscaded if he continued on his journey. If he had taken Colonel Pillsbury's advice it would have saved his life to his country, whereas it was sacrificed in less than five minutes after Colonel Pillsbury notified him of the condition of affairs.

His last year in service was as an ordnance officer, First Brigade, Harding's division, defenses of Washington. He served his county as county commissioner, and, during his service, made out the first report for Rockingham county placing the financial affairs of the county in such a condition that the residents were able to understand the wealth and indebtedness of the county.

To him is due the establishment of the insane asylum of Rockingham county for taking care of the imbecile, idiotic, and hopelessly insane, which has saved to the county in the last twenty-five years more than \$2,000 a year.

He served as representative in 1874 from the town of Londonderry; was reelected, but was obliged to decline on account of business. He was an aide on the staff of Gov. Benj. F. Prescott, was elected councilor and served with Gov. David H. Goodell. He joined the Republican party at its organization, and has always been a reliable party man, as the offices to which he has been elected show.

He is a son of the Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, D. D., who formerly rep-

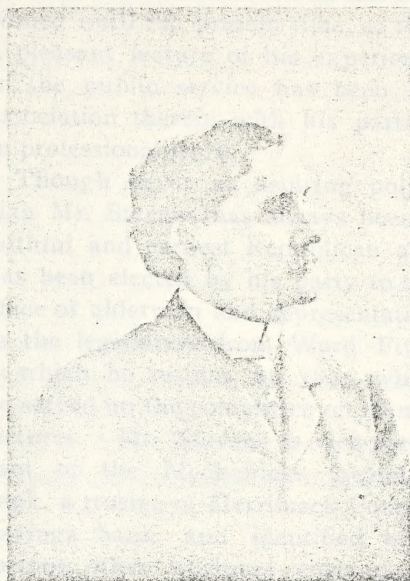
resented Sutton in the legislature, as a member of the Democratic party. To Colonel Pillsbury and his extensive business as a shoe manufacturer, more than to all else is due the rapid growth of the town of Derry, which, from a small hamlet, has come to be the third town in size in Rockingham county. Colonel Pillsbury is Presbyterian in religion, a member of the Loyal Legion, a thirty-second degree Mason, Knight of Pythias, an Odd Fellow, a member of the Grange, and of the Improved Order of Red Men, and also a member of the Mystic Shrine, Aleppo Temple, Boston.

He has been a faithful working member of the senate, serving on the committees on judiciary, claims, manufactures, roads, bridges and canals, and state prison and industrial school.

SENATOR REMICH.

Hon. Daniel C. Remich of Littleton, senator from the Grafton district, or No. 2, was born in 1852, in Hardwick, Vt. His parents' circumstances were such that his early educational advantages were limited, but, with an earnest purpose to advance himself in life, he made the best of such opportunities as came within reach. He fitted for the study of law, and, after working in a factory to gain the means for a start, he commenced the pursuit of his legal studies in the office of Hon. Edgar Aldrich, now judge of the United States district court, in Colebrook, in 1875. He graduated from the law department of Michigan university in 1878, and immediately commenced practice in Colebrook, in partnership with Jason H. Dudley. Four years later he removed to Lit-

tleton, where he became a partner with George A. Bingham and Edgar Aldrich, under the name of Bingham, Aldrich & Remich. When Mr. Bingham went on the bench the firm



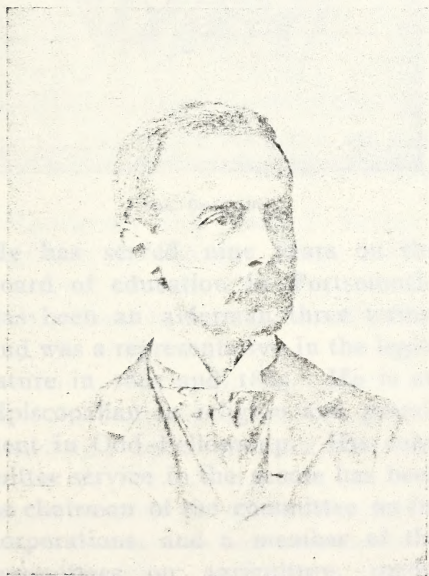
Hon. Daniel C. Remich.

continued as Aldrich & Remich, until 1892, when Mr. Remich formed a partnership with his brother, James W. Remick, from which he afterward gradually withdrew, devoting himself to various business enterprises in which he had become interested. He has been a leading spirit in every measure of progress which has distinguished the town of Littleton, has been active in every enterprise for promoting the material prosperity of his section, and has been particularly earnest in his efforts to promote the cause of temperance. He was a leading member of the house, as a representative from Littleton in 1895 and in 1899, serving both years as a member of the judiciary committee. In the senate he

has served as chairman of the committee on manufactures, and as a member of the committees on the judiciary, revision of laws, incorporations, and towns and parishes, and has been particularly conspicuous in debate. He has been twice married, his present wife having been Mrs. Elizabeth M. Jackson, the only child of B. W. Kilburn of Littleton. He is a member of the Congregational church.

SENATOR STEVENS.

Hon. Henry W. Stevens of Concord, senator from District No. 10, is a native of the city in which he resides, and a son of ex-Mayor Lyman D. Stevens, a prominent lawyer and



Hon. Henry W. Stevens.

business man of the Capital city. He was born March 5, 1853, and was educated in the public schools, at Phillips Exeter academy, and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter institution in 1875. He studied

law in his father's office, and at the Boston Law school, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. In the following year he formed a partnership, as has been heretofore noted, with Edward G. Leach of Franklin, which has continued until the present time, so that a pleasant feature of his experience in the public service has been his association therein with his partner in professional work.

Though never an aspiring politician Mr. Stevens has always been a faithful and earnest Republican and has been elected by his party to the office of alderman and representative in the legislature from Ward Five, in which he resides, for 1891, when he served on the committee on manufactures. Mr. Stevens is vice-president of the Mechanicks National bank, a trustee of Merrimack County Savings bank, and identified with various other business enterprises. He is prominent in social life and commands the esteem of all classes of citizens. He is a careful student of affairs, and has traveled extensively in this country and Europe. In the senate he has been active in committee work and prominent in discussion. His committee service has been as chairman of the committee on banks, and a member of the committees on judiciary and revision of the laws.

SENATOR URCH.

Hon. David Urch of Portsmouth, representing the Twenty-fourth district in the senate, was born April 13, 1846, in Newport, Wales, but removed to this country in early life, attending school in Portsmouth and in Chicago. He served for some time in the Union army, during the

War of the Rebellion, as a member of the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Illinois Infantry. He has been a resident of Portsmouth for many years, and is secretary and treasurer of the Newcastle Bridge company.



Hon. David Urch.

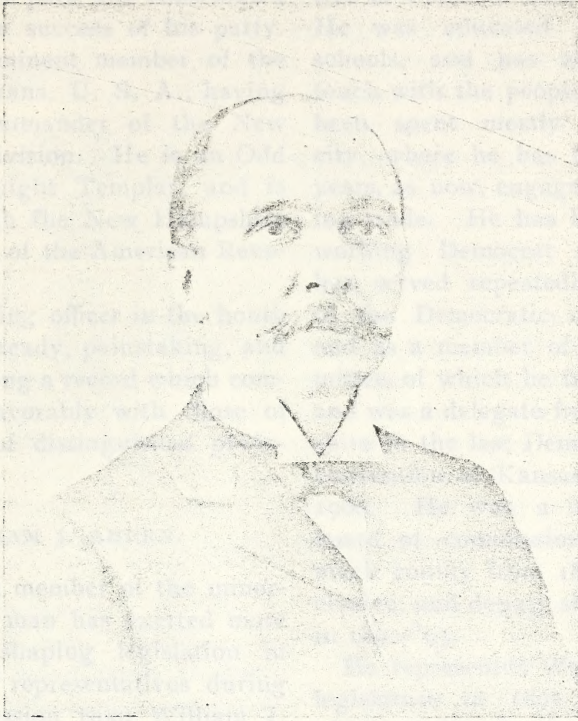
He has served nine years on the board of education in Portsmouth, has been an alderman three terms, and was a representative in the legislature in 1883 and 1885. He is an Episcopalian in religion and prominent in Odd Fellowship. His committee service in the senate has been as chairman of the committee on incorporations, and a member of the committees on agriculture, roads, bridges, and canals, and Soldiers' home. No senator has been more active in debate, and no matter of business has escaped his attention.

SPEAKER LITTLE.

Cyrus Harvey Little was born in Sutton, August 14, 1859, and is the

son of Hiram Kinsman Little and Susan Harvey (Woodward) Little. Many of the older Republicans of the state who recall the stirring events connected with the birth of that party in New Hampshire, remember Mr. Little's father as one of its pioneers in Merrimack county, who rendered it valuable service. He recruited over thirty men in the town of Sutton who served in Company F, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers. He went to the front as lieutenant of that company, and died of wounds received at Petersburg, July 4, 1864. Colonel Harriman said of him, "He was one of the most efficient and valuable officers in the service, and died a patriot's death." Two months later Mr. Little's mother died, leaving him an orphan, five years of age. Mr. Little comes of the best New England stock, being descended in the ninth generation from George Little and Alice (Poore) Little, who emigrated to this country from England in 1640 and settled at Newbury, Mass. His great grandfather, Bond Little, served with distinction in the expedition against Crown Point in 1758, and was also a soldier in the American Revolution. On his mother's side he is descended from the Harvey family of New Hampshire, of which the late Congressman Jonathan Harvey and Gov. Matthew Harvey were members.

Mr. Little was educated in the public schools of his native town, and prepared for Bates college at New Hampton Literary institution. He received the degree of A. B. from Bates in 1884, and after leaving college was engaged for several years in mercantile business. He afterwards commenced the study of law



Hon. Cyrus H. Little.

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

in Manchester with James F. Briggs and Oliver E. Branch. From there he entered Boston University Law School, where he received the degree of L.L. B. after a three years' course, in which he distinguished himself as one of the finest students of his class. Immediately upon his admission to the bar in New Hampshire he began the practice of law in Manchester, and has attained an unusual degree of success.

Mr. Little served as a member of the school board of Sutton for four years, from 1885 to 1889. He was elected to the legislature from Ward Three, Manchester, in 1896, and during the session of 1897 served on the committees on judiciary and journal of the house. He was reelected in

1898, and during the session of 1899 was a member of the committees on judiciary, national affairs, and rules. He took an active part in discussions upon the floor of the house, and was often called to the speaker's chair. He was justly recognized as one of the most reliable, substantial and influential members, and never failed to exert a commanding influence in all matters which he advocated or opposed. He was reelected to the present house, and was unanimously nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for speaker. Upon his election to that high office he received the solid vote of his party.

Mr. Little is a graceful orator, and in all political campaigns, state and national, of recent years, he has

taken an active part, and contributed greatly to the success of his party. He is a prominent member of the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., having served as commander of the New Hampshire division. He is an Odd Fellow, a Knight Templar, and is connected with the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

As a presiding officer in the house he has been ready, painstaking, and efficient, making a record which compares most favorably with those of a long line of distinguished predecessors.

WILLIAM J. AHERN.

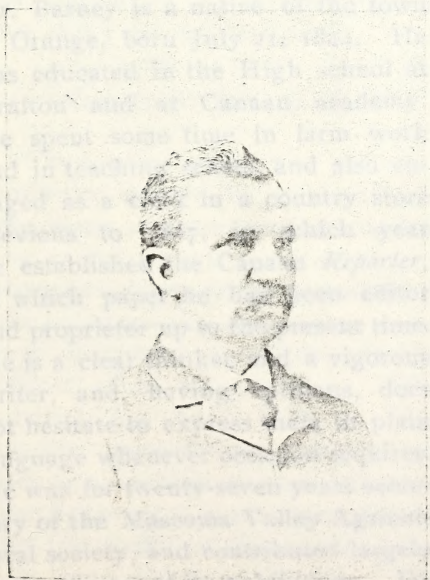
Although a member of the minority party, no man has exerted more influence in shaping legislation in the house of representatives during the recent session than William J. Ahern, representative from Ward Nine, Concord. Mr. Ahern is a na-

tive of Concord, born May 19, 1855. He was educated in the public schools, and has always been in touch with the people. His life has been spent mostly in his native city, where he has been, for many years, as now, engaged in the clothing trade. He has been an earnest working Democrat from boyhood, has served repeatedly as chairman of the Democratic city committee, and as a member of the state committee, of which he is now treasurer, and was a delegate from New Hampshire in the last Democratic national convention at Kansas City, in July, 1900. He was a member of the board of commissioners for Merrimack county from 1887 to 1891, inclusive, and deputy sheriff and jailor in 1892-'93.

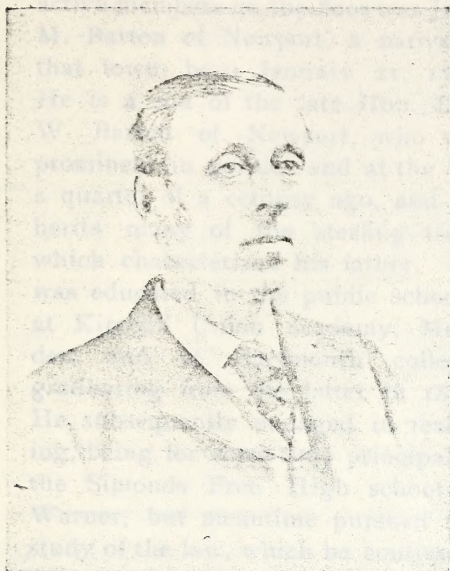
He represented Ward Nine in the legislature in 1895 and again in 1897, serving the former year upon the committees on appropriations and liquor laws, and the latter on appropriations and railroads, which were also his assignments in the present legislature, his former experience making him a particularly valuable member, his associates relying largely upon his judgment and experience for direction in their work, while as an alert parliamentarian he was particularly efficient in expediting the business of the house upon the floor. Mr. Ahern is a Catholic, a Knight of Columbus, a Forester, and a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

CHARLES O. BARNEY.

The most prominent among a number of representatives of the journalistic profession included in the membership of the house during the ses-



William J. Ahern.



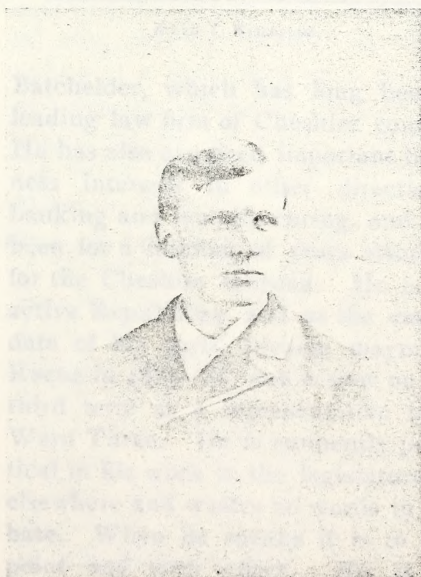
Charles O. Barney.

sion just closed was Charles O. Barney of Canaan, who served as a member of the committee on revision of the statutes, and took a prominent part in the proceedings on the floor. Mr. Barney is a native of the town of Orange, born July 21, 1844. He was educated in the High school at Grafton and at Canaan academy. He spent some time in farm work and in teaching school, and also engaged as a clerk in a country store previous to 1867, in which year he established the *Canaan Reporter*, of which paper he has been editor and proprietor up to the present time. He is a clear thinker and a vigorous writer, and, having opinions, does not hesitate to express them in plain language whenever occasion requires. He was for twenty-seven years secretary of the Mascoma Valley Agricultural society, and contributed largely to the success of its exhibitions. He was appointed by President Harrison

postmaster of Canaan, and served through his administration. He was a promoter and has been a director of the Crystal Lake Water company of Canaan, and clerk of the corporation since its organization. He is an active member of the Patrons of Husbandry, and has been master of Indian River grange. He is also a member of Mt. Cardigan Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and of Pinnacle Council, Junior O. U. A. M. Though an ardent Republican, he has not been an aspirant for political office, and was never a candidate before the people until his nomination for the legislature last fall when he ran largely ahead of his ticket.

JESSE M. BARTON.

One of the youngest members of the judiciary committee of the house, as well as one of the most earnest and diligent, and one of the most



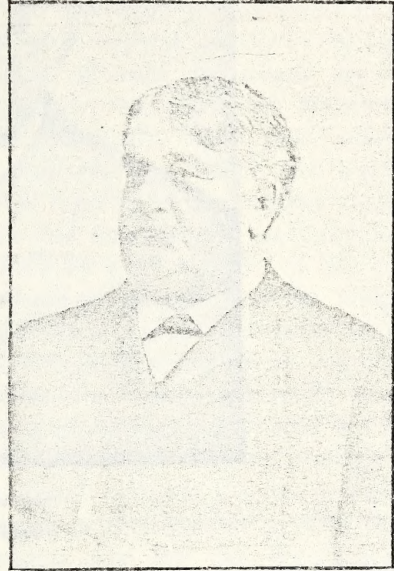
Jesse M. Barton.

active members on the floor was Jesse M. Barton of Newport, a native of that town, born January 21, 1870. He is a son of the late Hon. Levi W. Barton of Newport, who was prominent in politics and at the bar a quarter of a century ago, and inherits many of the sterling traits which characterized his father. He was educated in the public schools, at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and at Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1890. He subsequently engaged in teaching, being for some time principal of the Simonds Free High school of Warner, but meantime pursued the study of the law, which he continued at the Boston University Law school. Upon his admission to the bar he commenced practice in his native town, where he is now established, enjoying the confidence of the people, with fine prospects of both professional and political success. As would be expected of a son of Levi W. Barton, he is a stalwart Republican and a devoted Methodist.

ALFRED T. BATCHELDER.

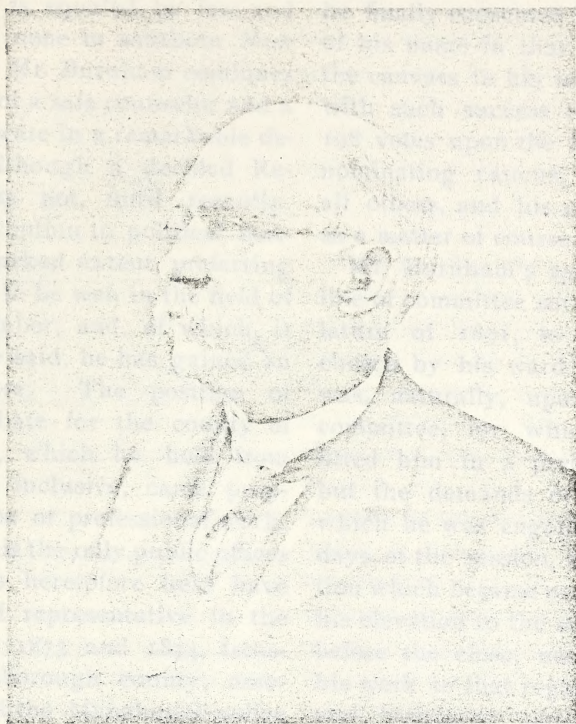
The leading position of honor and influence, next to the speakership, in the house of representatives, according to the general understanding, is that of chairman of the committee on the judiciary, the same being ordinarily conferred upon the leading lawyer of the majority party. This position has been held, not only in the present but also in the last two legislatures, by Alfred T. Batchelder of Keene. Mr. Batchelder is a native of the town of Sunapee, born February 26, 1844. He was educated at Colby academy,

New London, and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1871. He studied law with the late Judge W. H. H. Allen and Ira Colby of Claremont, and, in 1877, located in practice in Keene, where he became a partner in the firm of Faulkner &



Alfred T. Batchelder.

Batchelder, which has long been a leading law firm of Cheshire county. He has also acquired important business interests in other directions, banking and manufacturing, and has been for a number of years attorney for the Cheshire railroad. He is an active Republican, and as the candidate of his party became mayor of Keene in 1885-'86, and is now on his third term as a representative from Ward Three. He is eminently practical in his work in the legislature as elsewhere and wastes no words in debate. When he speaks it is to the point and with effect. He is an Episcopalian in religion, a prominent Free Mason and Knight Templar.



Hon. Henry E. Burnham.
United States Senator.

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM.

It rarely happens that the legislature of our own or any other state elects a United States senator from its own membership, as was done in January last, when Hon. Henry E. Burnham, representative from Ward Two, Manchester, was chosen to that honorable position, as the successor of William E. Chandler.

Mr. Burnham is a native of Dunbarton, born November 8, 1844, a son of the late Hon. Henry L. Burnham, long a leading citizen of that town. Dividing the years of his early life between labor on the farm and attendance at the district school, he then fitted for college at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, and gradu-

ated from Dartmouth with high honor in 1865, having already developed ability of a high order as a speaker and debater. Choosing the legal profession for his life work, he pursued the study thereof in the offices of Minot & Mugridge at Concord, and of E. S. Cutter and Lewis W. Clark of Manchester, and was admitted to the Merrimack County bar at the April term in 1868. He soon after formed a partnership in practice with Judge David Cross of Manchester, which was continued for a number of years. He was subsequently, for a time, associated with George I. McAllister, but for several years past he has been the head of the well-known firm of Burnham, Brown & Warren, a firm, which in reputation

and success, is equaled by few and surpassed by none in southern New Hampshire. Mr. Burnham combines the qualities of a safe counselor and a brilliant advocate in a remarkable degree, and, although a decided Republican, has not, until recently, turned his attention to political matters to any marked extent, preferring the successes to be won in the field of professional labor, and, of which, it may safely be said, he has gained an ample measure. The position of judge of probate for the county of Hillsborough, which he held from 1876 to 1879 inclusive, came properly in the line of professional work. Aside from this the only public offices which he has heretofore held have been those of representative in the legislature in 1873 and 1874, treasurer of Hillsborough county, associate justice of the Manchester police court, and delegate in the constitutional convention of 1889.

In the Masonic fraternity he holds high rank, and has taken deep interest in its work. He has been master of the Grand Lodge, and a notable orator in connection with important events in the history of the order. He is also prominently connected with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

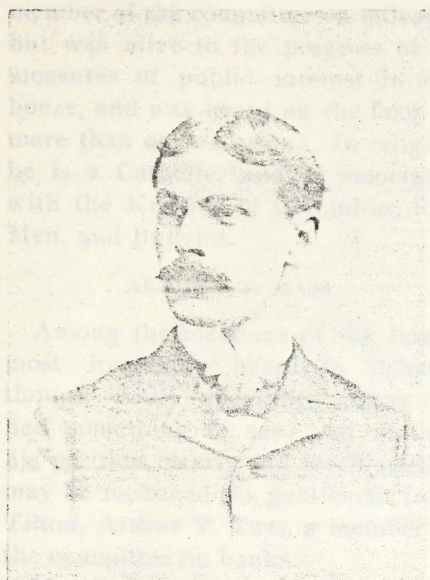
It was not until about a year ago that Mr. Burnham yielded to the persuasion of friends who had long sought to turn his attention to the arena of public life and the contentions of national politics, for which they believed him to be admirably equipped, but when it became apparent that a strong and probably successful movement would be made to place a new man in the position so long occupied by Senator Chandler,

he finally consented to allow the use of his name in that connection, and the canvass in his interest was made with such success that he received 198 votes upon the first ballot in the nominating caucus, against 122 for all others, and his election followed as a matter of course.

Mr. Burnham's assignment in the line of committee service in the legislature of 1891, to which he was chosen by his ward last November, was, naturally, upon the judiciary committee, for which his training fitted him in a preëminent degree, but the demands of the canvass in which he was engaged, in the early days of the session, and the resignation which became necessary, through his elevation to the senate, some time before the close, necessarily limited his work in that regard and his general legislative service, though he rendered valuable aid in committee during a considerable portion of the session, and left the legislature to engage in his senatorial duties with the respect and esteem of all his associates, and their confident expectation that he will acquit himself in the high position to which he has been chosen to his own credit and the honor of New Hampshire.

SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS.

Sixteen days younger than Jesse M. Barton of Newport, and a member of the same important committee of the house—the judiciary—Sherman E. Burroughs, representative from Bow, was born in Dunbarton, February 6, 1870, removing with his parents to Bow, in childhood, where he was reared on a farm, attending the district schools and finally entering the Concord



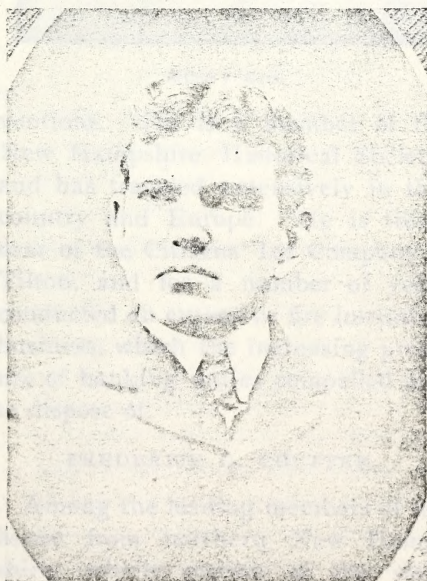
Sherman E. Burroughs.

High school, where he fitted for college, graduating in 1890. He entered Dartmouth college the next fall, graduating with high honors from that institution in 1894. He won several prizes for excellence in college work, including the first Rollins and Nettleton prize in oratory. He declined the offer of an instructorship in the college, at graduation, having decided to enter upon the study of the law, which he pursued in Washington at the Columbian University Law school from 1894 to 1897, while at the same time acting as private secretary to his uncle, Hon. Henry M. Baker, then member of congress from the Second district. He was admitted to the bar in Washington in 1896, and in the following year commenced practice in this state, establishing an office in the city of Manchester, though retaining his voting residence in the town of Bow. Mr. Burroughs is a brilliant

speaker, possessing a magnetic voice and a thorough command of language, and in the line of impassioned oratory easily took the lead among all the speakers in the house during the present session.

CHARLES E. CARROLL.

Among the more active of the younger members of the house of representatives during the recent session was Charles E. Carroll of Ward Three, Laconia, the only Democrat in the delegation from the Lake city. Mr. Carroll was born in Manchester, August 22, 1872, but removed to Laconia in infancy, receiving his education in the public schools of that city and in Canada. He has been engaged in business for the last five years as an undertaker, and is a wide-awake, enterprising citizen. He was chosen one of the supervisors of his ward in 1898, and to the legislature at the last election. He was a



Charles E. Carroll.

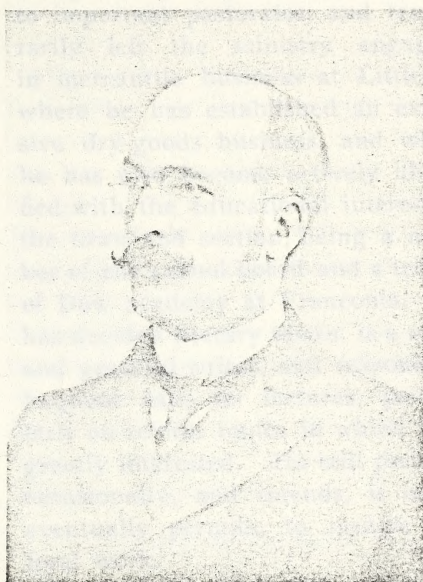
member of the committee on mileage, but was alive to the progress of all measures of public interest in the house, and was heard on the floor on more than one occasion. In religion he is a Catholic, and is associated with the Knights of Columbus, Red Men, and Buffalos.

ARTHUR T. CASS.

Among the members of the house most frequently heard in debate, though never speaking unless he had something to say, and stating his position clearly and intelligently, may be reckoned the gentleman from Tilton, Arthur T. Cass, a member of the committee on banks.

Mr. Cass is a native of the town from which he was elected and where he has always resided, born April 9, 1865. He was educated in the graded schools of Tilton and at the New Hampshire Conference seminary, in that town, from which he graduated with a thorough college preparatory training at the age of eighteen years. He then became assistant cashier of the Citizens' National bank of Tilton, upon whose books he had worked more or less in making entries for several years previous. April 1, 1889, he was made cashier of the bank, which position he has since held, serving also for several years past as a director. He has been active in politics and public affairs, having served as auditor two years, town treasurer one year, and as moderator continuously since 1896, and is president of the Republican club of the town. He is an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and senior warden of Doric Lodge, No. 78, A. F. & A. M., of Tilton. He has a decided taste for

music, and has been organist at the Methodist church for the last eighteen years. He was one of the three lay delegates from this state in the Methodist General Conference at Chicago in 1900, and has also repeatedly represented his party in county, state, and congressional con-

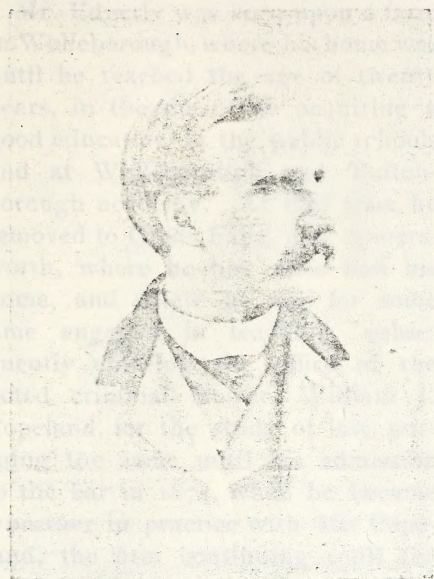


Arthur T. Cass.

ventions. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and has traveled extensively in this country and Europe. He is treasurer of the Citizens' Ice Company of Tilton, and for a number of years conducted an extensive fire insurance business, which the increasing pressure of banking duties compelled him to dispose of.

FREDERICK G. CHUTTER.

Among the leading members of the house from northern New Hampshire, which section of the state is always efficiently represented, is Frederick G. Chutter of Littleton,



Frederick G. Chutter.

who was an efficient working member of the committee on education, where he was placed in accordance with his taste and inclination, and who was heard several times upon the floor of the house in the discussion of important questions.

Mr. Chutter was born in Somersetshire, Eng., September 12, 1857, but removed to this country in early life, and was engaged for some time as a dry-goods clerk in Boston, but finally determined to prepare for the ministry. He pursued his studies at Phillips Andover academy, Coburn institute, at Waterville, Me., Colby university, and Andover Theological seminary, settling in Littleton, as pastor of the Congregational church, upon his graduation from the latter institution. While securing his education he had preached in different places, and had organized a parish and erected the Adams Memorial church at Vassalboro, Me. After a period of successful work in the Lit-

tleton pastorate, he resigned to study and travel abroad, spending a year at Oxford university, another at the Presbyterian Divinity college in Edinburgh, and some time in Paris, also traveling in different lands from the extreme north to Egypt and the Holy Land. Returning home he was obliged by ill health to decline calls to important pastorates, and temporarily left the ministry engaging in mercantile business at Littleton, where he has established an extensive dry-goods business, and where he has also become actively identified with the educational interests of the town and section, being a member of the school board and a trustee of Dow academy at Franconia. He has decided literary tastes, is a ready and graceful writer, and responds to frequent calls for lectures, particularly on reform topics in which he is greatly interested. He still preaches occasionally, and intends, if health eventually permits, to resume pastoral work.

JAMES A. EDGERLY.

No man took a more active or conspicuous part in the proceedings of the legislature during the session just closed than James A. Edgerly of Ward One, Somersworth, a leading member of the important committee on the judiciary in the house, and acting chairman during the absence of Mr. Batchelder of Keene on account of illness, which covered a considerable portion of the session, and also a prominent participant in the debates arising upon various questions presented on the floor, wherein he invariably displayed great energy, a ready command of language, and logical powers of a high order.

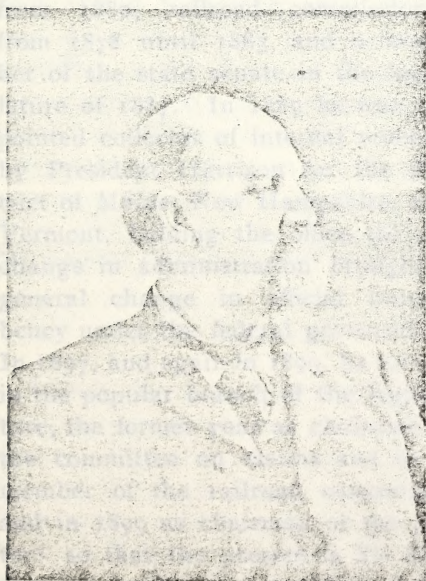
Mr. Edgerly was born upon a farm in Wolfeborough, where his home was until he reached the age of twenty years, in the meantime acquiring a good education in the public schools and at Wolfeborough and Tuftonborough academy. At that time he removed to Great Falls, now Somersworth, where he has since had his home, and where he was for some time engaged in teaching, subsequently entering the office of the noted criminal lawyer, William J. Copeland, for the study of law, pursuing the same until his admission to the bar in 1874, when he became a partner in practice with Mr. Copeland, the firm continuing until the death of the latter, August 1, 1886, since which Mr. Edgerly has continued the business of the firm, which is among the most extensive in the courts of eastern New Hampshire and western Maine. He has had an especially large and successful expe-

rience in criminal practice, having been of counsel for the defense in fifteen murder trials, some of them among the most noted in this section of the country. He has one of the largest private law libraries in New England, and has also a large collection of rare historical works, being strongly interested in historical matters, especially with reference to his own state.

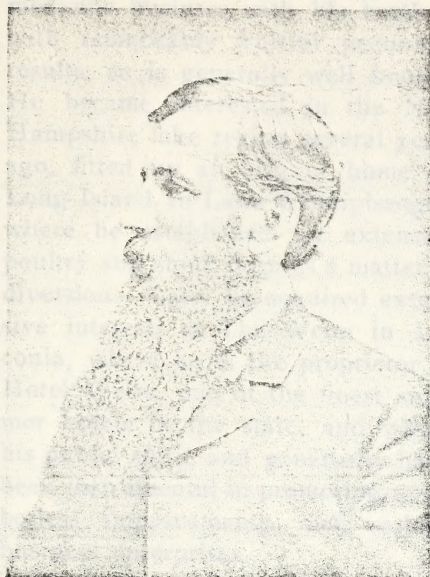
Mr. Edgerly has been an active Republican, but his devotion to his profession has precluded that attention to politics which might have brought continued public service. He served, however, efficiently in the house in the legislatures of 1883 and 1885, the first year as a member of the judiciary committee and the second as chairman of the committee on railroads, and also represented the Twelfth district in the senate in 1895, serving as chairman of the judiciary committee.

JAMES E. FRENCH.

No man in New Hampshire is more familiar with the art and science of practical politics than James E. French of Moultonborough, and no other member of the legislature of 1901 has had so extended a legislative experience. Mr. French was born in Tuftonborough, February 27, 1845, but removed with his family to Moultonborough at the age of six years, and has since lived in that town. He was educated in the common schools and at the New Hampshire Conference seminary in Tilton; was employed as a clerk in different places for several years, and in 1869 engaged in mercantile business for himself at Moultonborough, continuing the same successfully until 1884.



James A. Edgerly.



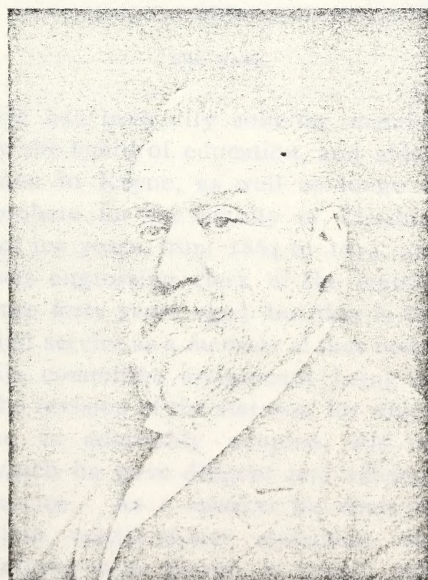
James E. French.

Meanwhile he served from 1873 to 1884 as postmaster, and was a representative in the legislature in 1878 and 1879. He was a deputy collector of internal revenue four years, from 1882, railroad commissioner from 1878 until 1883, and a member of the state senate in the legislature of 1887. In 1889 he was appointed collector of internal revenue by President Harrison for the district of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, holding the office till the change in administration brought a general change in official incumbency under the federal government. In 1897, and again in 1899, he served in the popular branch of the legislature, the former year as chairman of the committee on claims and as a member of the railroad committee, and in 1899 as chairman of the latter; so that the present is his fifth term of service as a member of the house. He is preëminently a worker

rather than a talker, but can express himself clearly if occasion requires.

J. ALONZO GREENE.

Jared Alonzo Greene, M. D., chairman of the committee on soldiers' home in the house of representatives, was born in Whitingham, Vt., October 5, 1845, was educated in the schools of Boston, Mass., and graduated from the Ohio Medical institute in 1867, having experienced many vicissitudes while laying the foundation for his career. He made his way to Pike's Peak, Colorado, in 1861, with abundant courage but a meagre amount of cash. There he enlisted in the First Colorado Cavalry, served throughout the war, was wounded at the battle of Sand Creek, and was mustered out at Fort Leavenworth in 1865. Having secured his medical education, he practised successfully for several years, and subsequently engaged in the proprietary



J. Alonzo Greene.

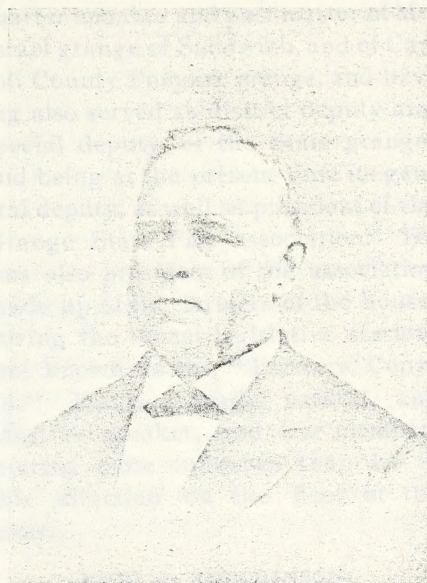
medicine business with his brothers with remarkably fruitful pecuniary results, as is generally well known. He became interested in the New Hampshire lake region several years ago, fitted up an elegant home on Long Island, in Lake Winnipiseogee, where he established an extensive poultry and stock farm as a matter of diversion. Later he acquired extensive interests at The Weirs in Laconia, where he is the proprietor of Hotel Weirs, one of the finest summer hotels in the state, and where his public spirit and generosity have been instrumental in promoting numberless improvements, and various business enterprises.

Dr. Greene is an active member of the G. A. R., associated with Darius A. Drake Post, No. 36, of Lakeport, of which he has been commander, and is prominent in the Masonic and various other orders. He is also a member and commander of the Amoskeag Veterans, and has been president of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, and president and treasurer of the National Veterans' Association. He is endowed with oratorical abilities of a high order, was heard with effect on two or three occasions during the session, and has been prominent in the lecture field for several years past.

SILAS HARDY.

Among the quiet, practical, hard-working members of the house, Silas Hardy, representative from Ward One, of Keene, is properly accorded high rank. He is a native of the town of Nelson, born April 3, 1827. He was educated in the public schools, at Marlow academy, and

Dartmouth college. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and has devoted his time largely, for the last forty years, to the practice of his profession in Keene, though agriculture and mercantile business have received some share of his attention.

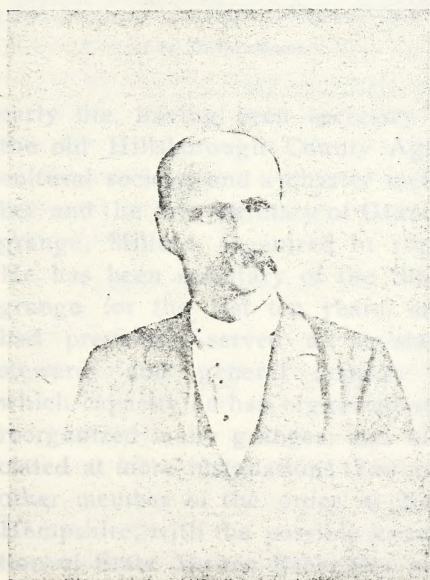


Silas Hardy.

He has been city solicitor, member of the board of education, and alderman in Keene, as well as judge of probate for the county of Cheshire for ten years, from 1864 to 1874, and was engrossing clerk of the legislature forty years ago; but this is his first service as a member of that body, his committee assignment being to the revision of the statutes, for which he is admirably adapted, and to which he gave diligent and efficient service. As a speaker he deals in plain matter-of-fact statement, indulging in no flowers of speech, and appealing to the reason and practical common sense of his hearers.

CHARLES B. HOYT.

Prominent among the men who have won high reputation for efficient service in the legislature without previous experience in that body is Charles Burleigh Hoyt, representative from Sandwich, who was assigned to the important position of chairman of the committee on agriculture, faithfully discharging its duties and looking well after the interests of his fellow farmers throughout the state, yet neglecting in no degree the general responsibilities of citizenship. Mr. Hoyt is a native of Sandwich, born December 12, 1850. He gradu-



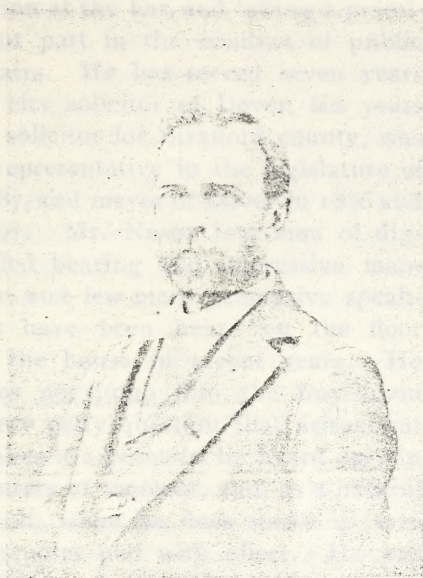
Charles B. Hoyt.

ated from New Hampton Institution in 1882, and engaged in teaching for several winters, but his main interest has been in the line of agriculture, and, with his brother, he has retained the proprietorship of the old home farm in Sandwich. He was a prime mover in the establishment of

the Sandwich creamery and in the organization of the Town Fair association. He has also been an efficient working member of the state board of agriculture since 1897, and a leading speaker at its institutes. He is specially prominent and active in the order Patrons of Husbandry, being a charter member and past master of Mt. Israel grange of Sandwich, and of Carroll County Pomona grange, and having also served as district deputy and special deputy of the State grange, and being at the present time its general deputy, as well as president of the Grange State Fair association. He was also president of the association made up of the farmers of the house, during the recent legislative session, and known as the "Farmers' Council." He is a ready, earnest, and effective speaker, and few members exerted more influence than he in this direction on the floor of the house.

EMRI C. HUTCHINSON.

There are few men better known in the state of New Hampshire than the genial and efficient secretary of the State grange, Emri C. Hutchinson of Milford, chairman of the house committee on agricultural college, who was born in the town where he now resides, July 31, 1849, being a kinsman of the famous Hutchinson family of singers, born in the same town. He was born, reared, and has always resided upon the ancestral farm which he now occupies. He was educated in the district and private schools, and was for a time a student in the agricultural college at Hanover, but did not complete the course. He has been prominent in agricultural affairs and grange work since



Emri C. Hutchinson.

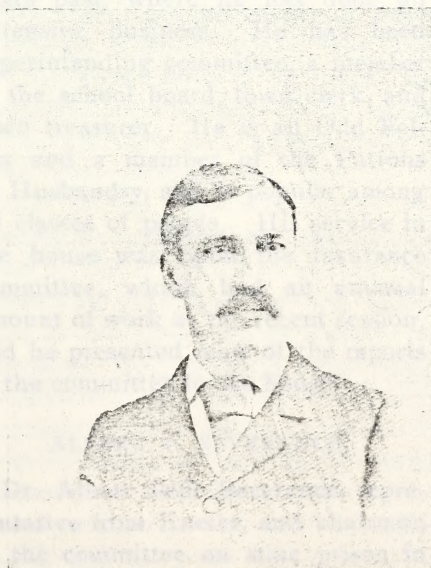
early life, having been secretary of the old Hillsborough County Agricultural society, and a charter member and the first secretary of Granite grange, Milford, organized in 1873. He has been secretary of the State grange for the last ten years, and had previously served as assistant steward, and general deputy, in which capacity he has organized and reorganized many granges, and officiated at more installations than any other member of the order in New Hampshire, with the possible exception of State Master Bachelder, and is probably personally known to more members than any other man. He has been the efficient secretary of the New Hampshire Grange Mutual Fire Insurance company since its organization, twelve years ago, and to his intelligent and conscientious labor the remarkable success of that association is largely due.

Mr. Hutchinson is a ready speaker,

when occasion requires, but never talks unless it is necessary, and was consequently not much heard on the floor during the recent session, but the discussion on the bill reinforcing the oleomargarine law brought him out as an effective champion of the farmers' interests.

WILLIAM F. NASON.

Among the most influential members of the judiciary committee of the house, during the recent session, was William F. Nason, a representative from Ward Two, Dover. Mr. Nason is a native of the state of Maine, born in the town of Sanford, November 22, 1857, a son of Joseph T. and Susan E. (Frost) Nason. He was educated at South Berwick and Kennebunk, Me., read law in Maine and New Hampshire, was admitted to the bar in 1879, and located in practice in Dover, where he has since remained, gaining an established repu-

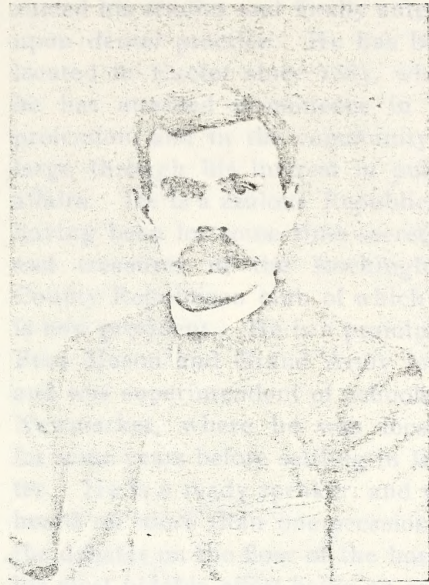


William F. Nason.

tation at the bar, and taking a prominent part in the conduct of public affairs. He has served seven years as city solicitor of Dover, six years as solicitor for Strafford county, was a representative in the legislature of 1887, and mayor of Dover in 1896 and 1897. Mr. Nason is a man of dignified bearing and impressive manner, and few more persuasive speakers have been heard on the floor of the house in recent years. He does not jump into the fray upon every petty question that arises, but makes it a point to be heard only in matters of moment, and, as a natural result, when he does speak it is to the point and with effect. He was called to the speaker's chair on several occasions during the recent session, demonstrating superior capacity as a presiding officer, and fairly justifying the prediction of his friends that the next speakership might be considered within his reach in case of his reelection.

FRED C. PARKER.

Fred C. Parker of Acworth enjoys the distinction of being the first Democrat chosen to the legislature from that town in a long series of years, and his election resulted from personal popularity rather than party strength, since the vote of the town for presidential electors was—Republican, 114, Democratic, 62; and for governor, Republican, 109; Democratic, 64; while Mr. Parker received 108 votes to 66 for his Republican opponent. He is a native of the town of Lempster, born January 27, 1858, being a son of Hiram Parker, a leading citizen of the town, and a nephew of ex-Congressman Hosea W. Parker of Claremont.



Fred C. Parker.

He graduated from the New Hampshire Agricultural college, with the degree of B. S., in 1879. He has been in business as a general merchant in Acworth for nearly twenty years past, where he has done an extensive business. He has been superintending committee, a member of the school board, town clerk, and town treasurer. He is an Odd Fellow and a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, and is popular among all classes of people. His service in the house was upon the insurance committee, which had an unusual amount of work at the recent session, and he presented most of the reports of the committee to the house.

ALBERT T. SEVERANCE.

Dr. Albert Tefft Severance, representative from Exeter, and chairman of the committee on state prison in the house, who is a leading dentist of his town, was born in Brewer, Me.,

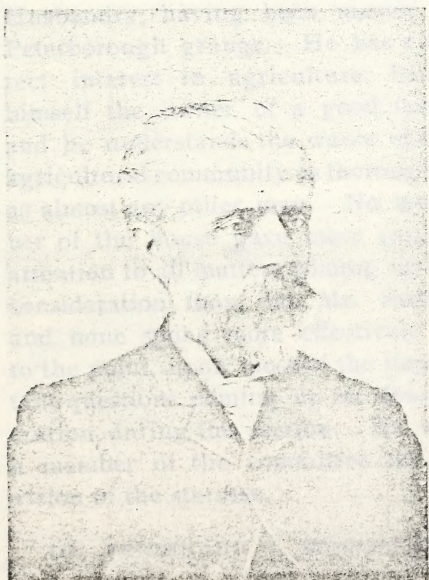
September 7, 1842, being a son of Thomas and Lydia (Lovell) Severance. His father was a soldier of the War of 1812, while his grandfather served under Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. His mother also came of patriotic ancestry, her grandfather having been wounded and captured at Bunker Hill, and having subsequently served under Washington in Virginia.

Dr. Severance received his primary education in Dexter, Me., and was the first man to enlist in the Union army from that town upon the outbreak of the Rebellion. He was enrolled in Company H, Sixth Maine Regiment of Infantry, and served three years, being several times wounded in action, one wound being from a bayonet thrust at Fredericksburg, where he was promoted on the field of battle, a distinction conferred on but one other member of his regiment. Returning home, he re-

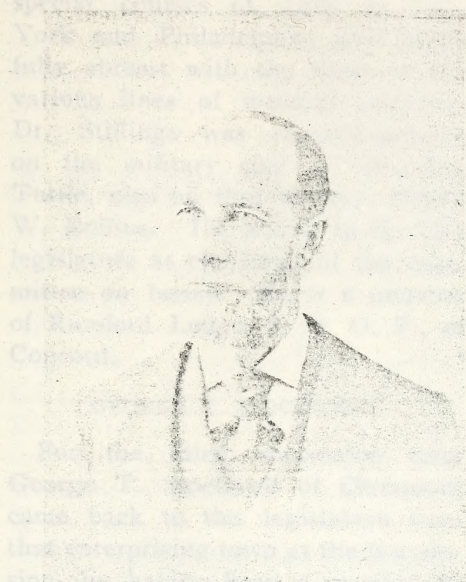
sumed his studies and finally entered upon dental practice. He has been located in Exeter since 1885, where he has attained prominence in his profession, and in the community at large through his interest in public affairs. He is a zealous Republican, having been for some time secretary and treasurer of the Rockingham County Republican club of which he is now president. He is a prominent Free Mason and Grand Army man, and was superintendent of schools in Newmarket, where he was located for some years before settling in Exeter. He is a ready speaker, and was heard on more than one occasion in the debates on the floor of the house, his most notable effort being an earnest speech in opposition to the Pierce statue resolution.

EZRA M. SMITH.

One of the most indefatigable workers and incisive and logical speakers of the house during the recent session was Ezra M. Smith of Peterborough, a lawyer of that town, born in Langdon, January 25, 1838. He acquired a college preparatory education, and then took up the study of the law, pursuing the same in the office of the late Chief Justice Edmund L. Cushing of Charlestown, and at the Albany Law school, from which he graduated, and was admitted to the Hillsborough County bar in May, 1864, locating immediately in Peterborough, where he has since remained. He has been active in public affairs as well as in professional work; has served sixteen years as a member of the board of selectmen, and ten years on the board of education. He was a member of the legislature in 1871 and 1872, and a



Albert T. Severance.



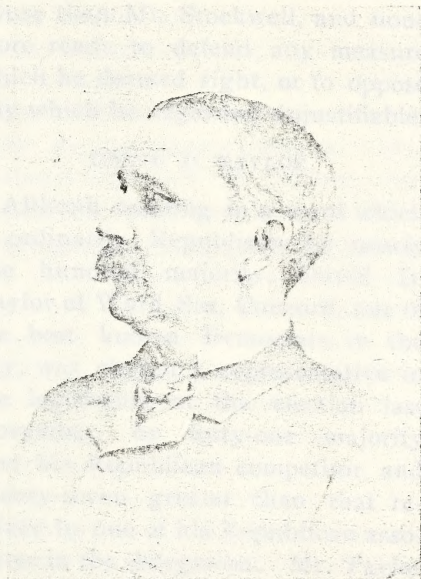
Ezra M. Smith.

delegate in the constitutional convention of 1876. He is also justice of the Peterborough police court. He is a member of the Congregational church, and a prominent Patron of Husbandry, having been master of Peterborough grange. He has a direct interest in agriculture, being himself the owner of a good farm, and he understands the wants of the agricultural community as thoroughly as almost any other man. No member of the house gave more careful attention to all matters coming up for consideration than did Mr. Smith, and none spoke more effectively or to the point, upon most of the important questions coming up for consideration during the session. He was a member of the committee on revision of the statutes.

DR. FERDINAND A. STILLINGS.

An appropriate appointment was made by Speaker Little when he

named Ferdinand A. Stillings, M. D., of Ward Five, Concord, as chairman of the house committee on asylum for the insane, and also as a member of the committee on public health. Dr. Stillings is a native of the town of Jefferson, born March 30, 1849. He was educated in the public schools, at Lancaster academy, Dartmouth Medical college, and in Europe. After graduating from the medical school in 1870, he served for three



Ferdinand A. Stillings.

years as an assistant physician at the McLean asylum in Somerville, Mass., and then spent a year in study abroad—at London, Dublin, and Paris. Returning home, he commenced practice in Concord, where he has since remained, establishing a business unsurpassed by that of any member of the profession in the city, being specially noted for success in surgery, in which line he is extensively employed by the Boston & Maine railroad. He has pursued

special courses of study in New York and Philadelphia, and keeps fully abreast with the times in the various lines of medical progress. Dr. Stillings was surgeon-general on the military staff of Governor Tuttle, also on that of Gov. Frank W. Rollins. He served in the last legislature as chairman of the committee on banks. He is a member of Rumford Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Concord.

GEORGE T. STOCKWELL.

For the third successive term George T. Stockwell of Claremont came back to the legislature from that enterprising town at the last session, he having been a member in 1897 and 1899, serving the first time on the committee on insurance, and two years ago on the railroad committee, to which he was also assigned this year. Mr. Stockwell was born in Croydon, April 9, 1847, and was



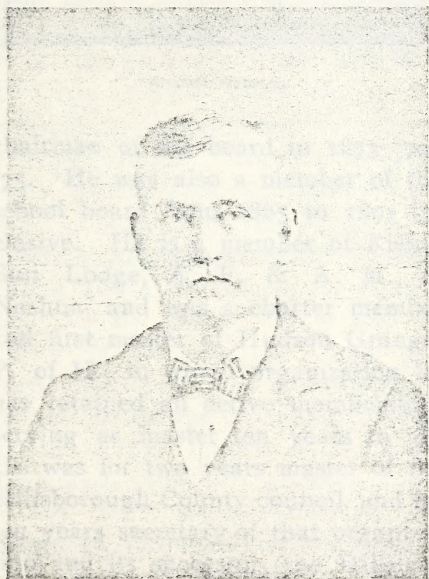
George T. Stockwell.

educated at New London. He has been located in Claremont many years, where he is extensively engaged as a contractor and builder, and also carries on quite a business in the insurance line, and as an auctioneer. He is prominent in Odd Fellowship, being a member of Sullivan Lodge, Evening Star Encampment, and Canton Oasis of Claremont, and having passed the chairs in the two former. There were few more industrious members in the house than Mr. Stockwell, and none more ready to defend any measure which he deemed right, or to oppose any which he regarded unjustifiable.

DAVID D. TAYLOR.

Although residing in a ward which is ordinarily Republican by nearly one hundred majority, David D. Taylor of Ward Six, Concord, one of the best known Democrats in the city, was chosen a representative in the legislature at the election last November, by forty-one majority over his Republican competitor, and twenty-seven greater than that received by one of his Republican associates in the delegation. Mr. Taylor is a native of Sanbornton, where he was born October 20, 1849, and was educated in the schools of that town, and at the New Hampton Literary Institute. He removed to Concord at the age of twenty years, in 1869, and entered the employ of Norris & Crockett, bakers and confectioners, in which establishment he has been a prominent figure for the last quarter of a century, and a partner in the firm since the death of Mr. Crockett, some fourteen years ago. There is no more popular man or public spirited citizen in Concord. Politically

he has always been an earnest working Democrat, but has never sought public office, and has never been a candidate for the same, except when made so against his own protest. He served four years as a member of the board of Merrimack county commissioners, taking a prominent part in the work, and his judgment and foresight contributed largely to the welfare of the county. He is an Odd Fellow, a member of White Mt. Lodge and Penacook Encampment. He is also a trustee of Union Guaranty Savings bank of Concord, and president of the Pass Creek Ranch



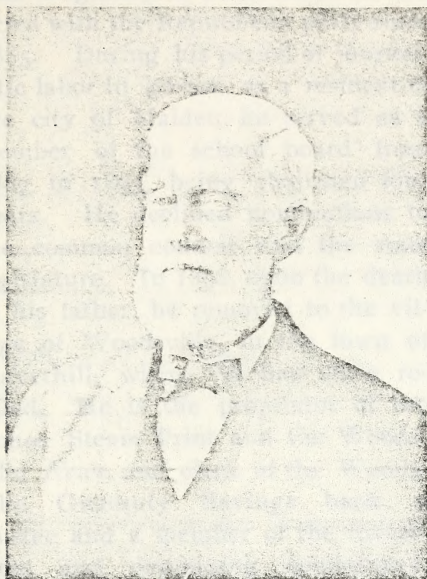
David D. Taylor.

Company of Wyoming. He has been for the last three years, since the establishment of the board, one of the United States Jury Commissioners for New Hampshire. June, 1878, he married Minnetta Cheney of Concord. They have one son, Fred B., now a student at Phillips Andover academy.

His committee service was on the judiciary, where, although a layman, his sound sense and practical business sagacity enabled him to do better work for the state than the average lawyer, and where he commanded the hearty respect of his associates.

KIMBALL WEBSTER.

Among the oldest as well as most active members of the house may be reckoned Kimball Webster of Hudson, a member of the important committee on appropriations as well as the committee on towns, both of which had an unusual amount of work at the recent session. Mr. Webster was born in Pelham, November 2, 1828, and was educated in the schools of that town and Hudson. His occupation is that of a surveyor and civil engineer, in addition to which, for many years past, he has been engaged to a considerable extent in probate business and conveyancing. In 1849, when only twenty years of age, he made the journey across the continent to California, being six months en route. The next season he went from California to Oregon, where he was engaged for more than four years in the employ of the United States government as deputy surveyor, leaving for home in August, 1854. In 1855 he was in the service of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, examining the lands of the company in the state of Missouri. Since 1857, in January of which year he married Miss Abiah Cutter of Pelham, he has been a resident and an active and influential citizen of the town of Hudson. He has served several years as a member of the board of selectmen, and was



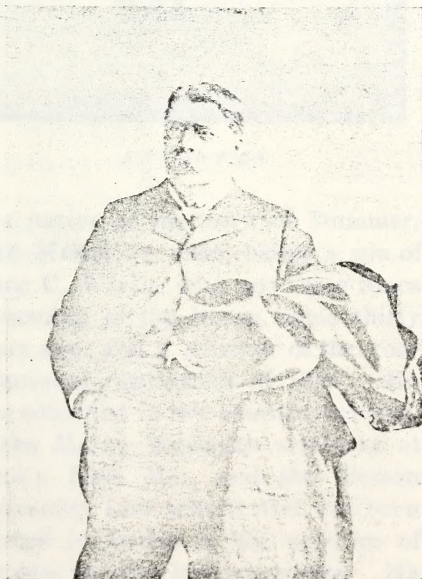
Kimball Webster.

chairman of the board in 1873-'74-'75. He was also a member of the school board from 1885 to 1891 inclusive. He is a member of Rising Sun Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Nashua, and was a charter member and first master of Hudson Grange, P. of H., in which organization he has retained an active membership, serving as master ten years in all. He was for two years master of the Hillsborough County council, and for ten years secretary of that organization and its successor, the Hillsborough County Pomona grange. He is also a member of Hudson Commandery, U. O. G. C., and has been several times noble commander. Politically he has always been an earnest Democrat, while in his religious views he is liberal. He commands the confidence of his townsmen in a high degree, has served as moderator of the town-meetings many times, and was chairman of the committee

appointed by the town in 1881 to build a bridge over the Merrimack.

WILLIAM F. WHITCHER.

William F. Whitchee, representative from the town of Haverhill, and an active member of the judiciary committee, is a son of the late Hon. Ira Whitchee, one of the best known men of northern New Hampshire. He was born in Benton, August 10, 1845. He graduated from the Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn., in the class of 1871, and from the School of Theology, Boston university, class of 1874, and, entering the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, held pastorates in Newport and Providence, R. I., and New Bedford, Mass., from 1872 to 1881. From the latter year till 1898 he was engaged in journalism in Boston, as editor of the *Boston Traveller*, and literary editor and court reporter on the *Boston Advertiser*. In politics he



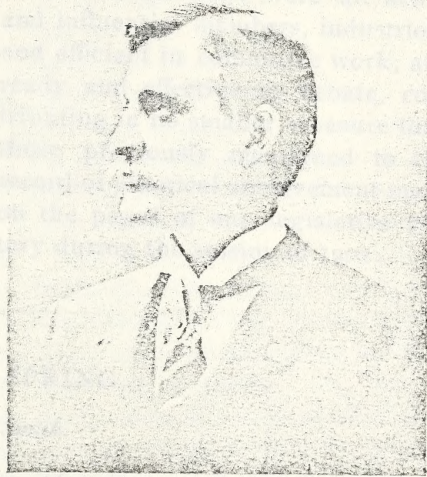
William F. Whitchee.

was originally a Democrat, but has acted with the Republican party since 1885. During his period of journalistic labor in Boston, as a resident of the city of Malden, he served as a member of the school board from 1887 to 1895, being chairman four years. He declined nominations to the common council and the state legislature. In 1898, upon the death of his father, he removed to the village of Woodsville, in the town of Haverhill, where he has since resided. He is the proprietor of the Cohos Steam Print and the Woodsville *News*, and clerk of the Woodsville Guaranty Savings bank, a trustee and a member of the investment and examining committees. He is also president of the Woodsville board of trade, and chairman of the board of trustees of the Methodist Episcopal church. He is a master Mason, having filled the chairs in his lodge; a member of the Royal Arcanum, having served in the Grand Council, and a district deputy grand regent for six years. He is also a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and is connected with various college fraternities. He married, in 1872, Jeanette M. Burr of Middletown, Conn., by whom he had one son, Burr Royce Whitcher, a member of the class of '02, Dartmouth college; second, in 1896, Marietta E. Hadley of Stoneham, Mass. His residence at Woodsville is one of the finest in the county, and his private library large and well selected, with special reference to American political history and biography. Mr. Whitcher is a close student and ready writer. He is a correspondent of the *Manchester Union* and *Boston Herald*, and a

contributor to various magazines and periodicals, aside from his own newspaper work. He is a forceful and effective speaker, and was frequently heard in debate on the floor during the session.

J. HOWARD WIGHT.

Joseph Howard Wight, representative from Ward One, Berlin, and a member of the judiciary committee,



J. Howard Wight.

is a native of the town of Dummer, born March 11, 1866, being a son of Isaac C. Wight, who was three times a member of the house, some thirty years ago, and a member of the constitutional convention of 1876. He was educated in the common schools, at the Maine Wesleyan seminary at Kent's Hill, Me., and the Boston University Law school, and has been located in Berlin in the practice of the law for the last ten years. He was elected town clerk of Berlin in

1891, serving for three years, and was chairman of the board of selectmen, during the year before Berlin became a city. He was also a member of the last legislature, then also serving on the judiciary committee and the committee on journal of the house. He is a successful lawyer, and is engaged in various business enterprises outside his professional work. He is prominent in secret orders, and is associated with the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Foresters, the Eastern Star, and the Grange.

No reference to the leaders in the legislative work of the session of the general court just ended would be complete without mention of the names of several men aside from those whose portraits we have been able to present in the preceding

pages. Messrs. John C. Bickford of Ward Four, Manchester, chairman of the committee on revision of the statutes; Arthur O. Fuller of Exeter, of the committee on the judiciary, and chairman of the committee on elections; Frederick E. Small of Rochester, of the judiciary committee; Charles W. Hoitt, of Ward One, Nashua, also of the judiciary committee; John B. Cavanaugh, of Ward One, Manchester, of the same committee, and Charles J. O'Neil, of Walpole, of the committee on elections were all active and influential members, industrious and efficient in committee work, and ready and effective in debate, contributing in no smaller measure than those previously mentioned to the record of practical achievement made on the pages of our legislative history during the session of 1901.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

By Merle Smith.

Look about for signs of spring
Speeding hence on swiftest wing;
First the south wind melts the snow,
Then the grass begins to grow;
And the robin sings once more
In the elm tree by the door,
While the snowdrop's modest bloom
Breaks the spell of winter's gloom.
Pussy-willows face the light;
Clad in gowns of purest white,
They now come to greet the spring—
Loveliness to earth they bring.

Little children, pure and sweet,
Why not bow at Jesus' feet?
Unto Him thy praises sing
For the welcome signs of spring.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF KEENE.

By Caroline E. Whitcomb.



As has been often remarked, Americans are devoted adherents to the idea of organization, and wherever three of their number may be assembled, there will spring up some kind of a society with president, vice-president, and secretary, and possibly one committee. Labor unions, trusts, fraternal organizations, and patriotic societies, all go to show that *E pluribus unum* not only portrays our national organization, but expresses also a national characteristic.

Of recent years, we have learned to ascribe the spread of almost everything, good and bad, in the material world, to the presence of some germ or bacillus whose power to reproduce is practically indefinite. Henry Drummond has taught us that natural law prevails in the spiritual world, and when we remember that the original meaning of the word *bacillus* is a little club, we cannot help fancying that to some undiscovered microbe are due the manifold organizations that have grown up in such numbers over our land.

Unique among these organizations are the women's clubs, whose aim is not solely intellectual or social or philanthropic, but a commingling of all three. New Hampshire is proverbially conservative, and the club idea did not quickly find lodgment in its rugged soil, nor has it, thus far, had a mushroom growth, but, little

by little, it has made its way, until in nearly every city and town in the state are bands of women studying and working together for mutual improvement and a broader culture.

Among the questions often discussed in club circles are the relative merits of the large and the small club. In the majority of cases, circumstances have determined largely the character of the clubs of a community. When a certain number of earnest, thoughtful women recognize the need of associating themselves together for a common interest, they say to one another, "Come, let us organize a club," and forthwith there springs into existence the Woman's Club, formed along the latest lines and according to the most approved methods. On the other hand, many of our most efficient clubs have grown up informally, from small beginnings, and the traditions of the past are too dear to be readily discarded for an up-to-date present. Thus Concord and Nashua have each the single, strong organization, with a membership of more than two hundred, while in Manchester and Keene are numerous clubs of fifteen, twenty, or fifty members.

As the State Federation is to hold its annual meeting next month in the city of Keene, it has been suggested by the editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* that some account of the hostess clubs may prove of timely interest to club women throughout the state.

There are at present five federated

clubs in the city; namely, the Fortnightly, the Colonial, the Tourist, the Current Events, and the Frœbel. In addition to these are the Granite Club of West Keene, the Art and the Music clubs, which have not yet joined the Federation.

The Fortnightly Club which stands as a pioneer among the federated clubs of the city, began its career as a reading circle of about twenty members in 1887. The next year more definite work was undertaken in the study of Rome, papers on its principal buildings, works of art, and other historic features, being prepared by its members. Then came the study of other important cities of Europe, the history of England, Greece, and Germany. For the past three years, American history has held first place in the calendar, while talks on sociology, current events or book reviews, given by club members or invited guests, form part of the programme of every meeting.

For the first years of its history, the club met informally, the hostess for the day presiding over the meeting; but with increased membership and broader aims, organization became essential, and a constitution was adopted and officers elected, in 1894.

Mrs. Mary B. Corey was the first president, and under her wise guidance there grew up that solidarity of aim and purpose so essential to club life.

In 1895, delegates were sent to the preliminary meeting of clubs held at Concord for the purpose of organizing a State Federation, and the Fortnightly thus became one of the charter members of that body.

The State Federation is the controlling principle in the club life of

New Hampshire, and membership in it has brought to the Fortnightly new methods of work, and also most friendly and cordial relations with the women of the state. On one occasion the state officers were its guests, while at other times it has listened with pleasure and profit to Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter, Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, Mrs. M. H. Varick, Mrs. Mary Wood, Mrs. Ellen M. Mason, and other representative women of the state. "Reciprocity Day," observed for the first time this year, also brought representatives from other clubs who contributed an afternoon of rare enjoyment to both club members and invited guests.

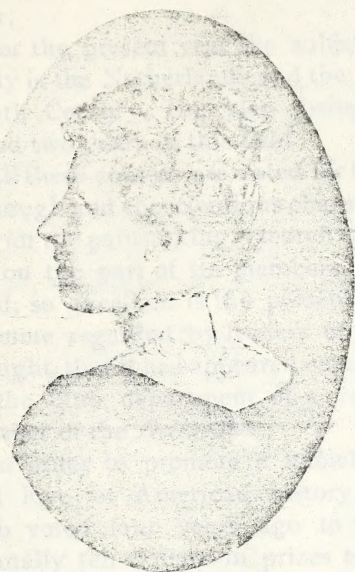
Other speakers from outside the state have appeared before the club, among the number being Ross Turner, Mrs. Ellen M. Johnson, Prof. Jean C. Bracq, Margaret Deland, and Richard C. Humphreys, while the clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and teachers of our own city have willingly given of their wisdom at the invitation of the club.

The Fortnightly has also received more than its share of honors from the Federation. Three of its members are found on the list of committees, while both the first and the present recording secretary have been taken from its membership.

The Fortnightly Club, however, has remembered that selfishness is stagnation, and with true altruistic spirit has endeavored to extend its spheres of influence beyond its immediate circle. It has manifested its interest in the matter of school-room decoration by adorning the walls of one of the primary schools of the city with carefully selected casts and photographs.

For the past two years the club has been a member of the Library Art

Association, and the collections of pictures received nearly every month are placed on exhibition at the public library, where all may enjoy them. Through the kindness of Dr. T. W. Harris, informal talks, open to the public, have been given in connection



Mrs. Carrie Kimball Hersey.

President Fortnightly Club.

with two of these exhibits, one on English country churches, the other on Oxford.

Through the Sociological committee and its efficient chairman, Mrs. Katherine L. Wright, Hospital Day has become a permanent feature of the yearly programme, and the Elliott City hospital has received a set of medical scales and a medical dictionary, together with supplies of bandages and household furnishings, the gifts of the club.

To the Kurn Hattin Homes at Westminster, Vt., has also been given financial aid as a token of the high esteem in which these institutions are held by the club.

But the Fortnightly has also its gala occasions, and foremost on the list of social events stands "Gentlemen's Night." The high esteem in which this is held by its guests was manifested two years ago by the gift of a beautiful gavel presented by the "Husbands of the Fortnightly."

"Ladies' Afternoon" is another red-letter day, when each member has an opportunity to exercise the grace of hospitality and invite some friend to the club meeting.

On the other hand the "Club Tea," which closes the year's work, is a gathering of club members, and is an occasion when wisdom is banished and wit and fun prevail.

On its "Field Day" in June the club and its friends find themselves each year in "fresh woods and pastures new," the sun always shines, and dame Nature is ever a charming hostess.

At the present writing, the Fortnightly numbers fifty active and three honorary members. The president, Mrs. Carrie Kimball Hersey, who is also recording secretary of the State Federation, is just closing her second year of service, which has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the club.

The Colonial Club, organized in 1894, is the outgrowth of a University Extension course given in this city by Henry W. Rolfe. Its course of study was suggested, however, through a lecture by Prof. John Fiske, in which he deplored the ignorance of Americans on the subject of colonial history, and suggested that a comprehensive study of this subject would amply repay any who might undertake it.

For three years the club devoted its

entire programme to a most careful study of the exploration and colonization of America, another year to the War of the Revolution, and still a third to the formation of the constitution, and the development of the country down to the time of the Civil War.

For the present year the subject of study is the Netherlands and the Sixteenth Century, the plan being to spend two years in this field.

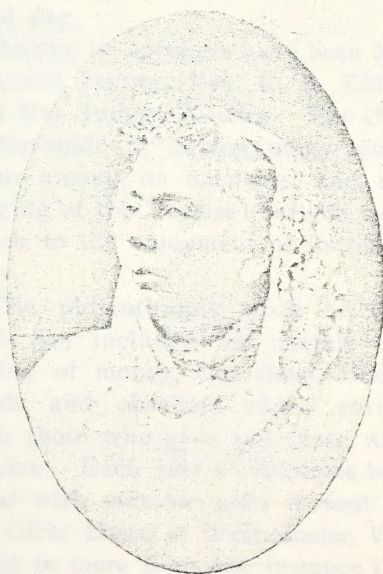
All these courses are noted for their thorough and conscientious character, and for the painstaking research called for on the part of its members. Indeed, so excellent is the present programme regarded by leaders of club thought, that it has appeared complete in the club department of a recent number of the *Delincator*.

In order to promote a knowledge and love of American history, the club voted four years ago to offer annually ten dollars in prizes to the pupils of the Senior and Junior classes of the Keene high school for essays on some topic connected with American history. The essays are submitted to competent judges, and at a meeting of the club the prizes are awarded and the best essay is usually read. Some of the subjects—which are always chosen by the club—have been the Colonial History of New Hampshire, the Early History of Keene, Abigail Adams, and Anne Hutchinson.

This club has also taken under its care two of the schools in the poorer section of the city. A committee is appointed to visit the schools, confer with the teachers in regard to the needs of the pupils, and furnish suitable clothing to any who may be in need. Each year a treat is furnished

to the children; one year this took the form of a turkey dinner; another, seventy-five children gathered to listen to an illustrated talk on "Birds," each child receiving at the close of the entertainment an orange and a bag of candy as souvenirs of the occasion.

The Colonial also has its holidays, its open dates, and its field meetings. On the former occasions, which occur in December, various speakers have appeared before the club and its friends, among the number being Rev. C. E. Harrington, Hon. John T. Abbott, and Rev. C. B. Elder. On one of its field meetings, the club members, with the D. A. R. as guests, visited the historic town of old Deerfield, where colonial history lives in



Mrs. Margaret L. Griffin.
President Colonial Club.

every stone and tree, and where the past seems more real than the present.

This club was admitted to the Federation in 1896. It now numbers thirty-five active, fifteen associate, and six honorary members. During its

entire history it has had practically the same officers, and the same executive committee. Mrs. Margaret L. Griffin, who has occupied the president's chair from the beginning, is also a member of the D. A. R. and of the Colonial Dames.

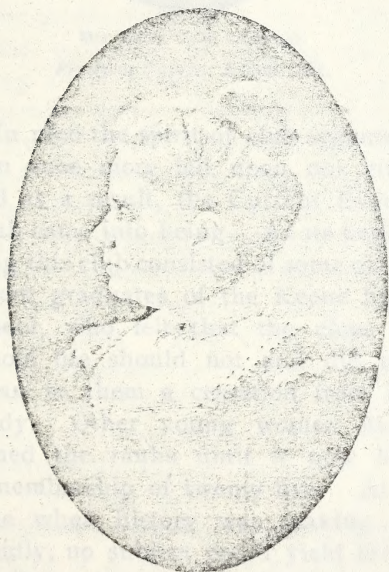
Another club of more recent origin is known as the Tourist Club. Its history begins in 1896, when five young brides met once a fortnight to spend an afternoon over their embroidery while one of their number read aloud from some book of travels. Mrs. Mary Kittredge Hall was the leading spirit in this company, and, indeed, president in fact if not in

by Mrs. Belle H. Worcester. During the past three years, the club has studied in turn Holland, Scotland, and England, and the programme found in the dainty year book of the current year is conclusive evidence of the excellent work done by the members. At the field meeting held in Boston last October in response to the topic, "Our Indifferent Members," the speaker remarked that she could not respond to that subject for there were no such members in her club. Her words might be truthfully echoed by the president of the Tourist club, whose members are all imbued with that spirit of loyalty which is a sure indication of prosperity.

This club has also its gentlemen's night, its guest afternoon, and its field day.

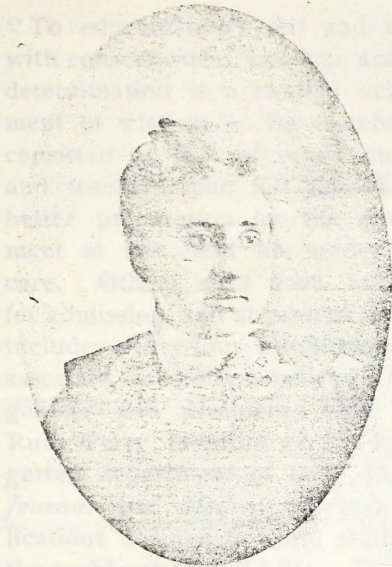
Among its speakers have been Mr. Reynold Janney, Rev. C. B. Elder, and Mrs. Juliette Rhodes. The club is fortunate in having many musicians among its members, and the singing of the Tourist quartette adds much to the enjoyment of its meetings.

The philanthropic work of this club has included not merely the giving of money, but those kindly deeds and charities which enrich both those who give and those who receive. Each year a Christmas box filled with suitable gifts is sent to the Girls' Home at Westminster, Vt., while in more than one instance the members have given material aid to those needing assistance at our very doors. This club also has joined the ranks of the Federation, being admitted in 1900. Its membership is thirty and its meetings are held on alternate Thursdays from October to April.



Mrs. Belle Marshall Worcester.
President Tourist Club.

name. In 1893 a more formal organization was effected by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers. Mrs. Ellis Ring was the first president, and to her energy and enthusiasm much of the later success of the club is due. At present the chair of president is most ably filled



Mrs. Nellie Calef Litchfield.

President Current Events Club.

In 1896 the spirit of club organization once more fell upon our city, and as a result, the Current Events Club came into being. At its beginning this club consisted of some of the recent graduates of the Keene high school, who felt that the close of school life should not and did not mean to them a cessation from all study. Other young women have joined the ranks until it now has a membership of twenty-five. At a time when history was making so rapidly, no subject could yield more of information or of interest than current events, and this was accordingly chosen as the topic of study for two years. As many of the members were musicians, a study of the lives and works of eminent composers was an additional feature of the programme. Later, two years were given to Spain, the country of which one heard so much and knew so little. For the past year, United States

history has been the chief topic for consideration.

As in the other clubs, guest night and field day stand forward conspicuously as play-days. On one of these, the club enjoyed a talk by Dr. A. M. Dodge of Boston, who told of his personal experiences in Arctic exploration.

Realizing that "no man liveth to himself," the Current Events club, too, has helped those in need both by gifts of money and kindly deed.

The president of this club is Mrs. Nellie C. Litchfield, and the meetings are held fortnightly on Wednesday afternoons.

Although the Froebel Club is perhaps the youngest literary organization in the city, it certainly ranks among the first in the importance of its subject of study. As the name would indicate, the club devotes itself to the study of child life, and its motto is found in the words of its great teacher, Friedrich Froebel,



Miss Ellen Ruby Perry.

President Froebel Club.

"To educate one's self and others with consciousness, freedom, and self-determination is a twofold achievement of wisdom." Its membership consisted at first of seven mothers and teachers who felt the need of better preparation for the development of the child life under their care. Others were soon knocking for admission, and at present the club includes thirty-four members, active, associate, and corresponding. Its organizer and president, Miss Ellen Ruby Perry, is editor of the kindergarten department of both *Mothers' Journal* and *Motherhood*, two publications devoted to child study and the problems of child life. The club has a course of reading comprising about twelve books, among the number being "Froebel's Autobiography," his "Education of Man," and "Mottoes and Commentaries of the Mother-Plays." Indeed, in every way the members endeavor to familiarize themselves with the teachings of the great leaders of thought along these lines. That these ideas may find lodgment in many a mother's heart and brain, the club has placed many of these books in the maternity ward of the Elliott City hospital.

The gala days of this club are Froebel's birthday, April 21, a guest night, a Shakespeare afternoon, and a children's day. On Froebel's birthday quotations are given from the great teacher's writings, his picture is decorated with flowers, and a review given of some of his works.

Children's day, however, is the favorite day with the club, when tiny visitors appear and are made glad with kindergarten games and stories. True to the kindergarten spirit of making others happy, even the chil-

dren spent a part of one afternoon in making flower baskets for the City hospital. The club, too, by its gracious ministries and gifts of flowers to the sick and the shut-ins has already won its place in the hearts of many.

Of the non-federated clubs in the city, the Granite Club of West Keene is the only one purely literary in its nature. Its membership is limited to thirty-five, and the president is Mrs. Ellery Rugg. Its programme is somewhat varied, comprising topics on ancient history, readings from American authors, and current events. The meetings are held fortnightly on Saturday afternoons.

The Art Club, which is composed of both men and women, has the largest membership of any club in the city. Its meetings are held monthly, and the programme is both interesting and practical. It alone has a club-room, which is also a studio and an exhibition-room. Classes in sketching, embroidery and wood carving have been carried on successfully during the club's history. The president is Mrs. Mary H. Prentiss.

The Music Club, which is limited to thirty members, is an organization of musicians and music lovers, with Miss Katherine Leverett as president. Its monthly meetings are full of interest and its members do faithful, conscientious work. Through its efforts, organ recitals, piano recitals, and concerts are brought within the reach of the public at comparatively small cost.

At present, the chief topic of conversation among the club women of Keene is the approaching meeting of the Federation to which all are look-

ing forward with pleasure and anticipation. Then we hope to welcome to our city and to our homes representatives from all the federated clubs of the state, from the mountains and the seashore, from our cities and our country towns.

Through this and kindred meetings may the women of New Hampshire learn to know one another, to inspire one another, and to clasp hands in all that makes for the enriching and ennobling of the individual, of society, of the state.

BY CONCORD'S BRIDGE.

By Walter Cummings Butterworth.

O where the men that Warren led?
They sleep, they sleep! but are not dead.
O ye who fought as brave men should,
For Freedom's home and Freedom's good.
Long shall a nation's voice upraise
In song, in anthem, and in praise.

O where the men that Prescott led?
They sleep, they sleep! but are not dead.
The voice of one was that of all;
As one they rose to Freedom's call;
As one they rose to rule, or share
The martyr's icy mantle there.

O where the men that Putnam led?
They sleep, they sleep! but are not dead.
O listen to the tale I tell,
Of how the freemen fought and fell,
And how before their scanty lead
The red-coats turn'd and backward fled.

O where the men that Lincoln led?
They sleep, they sleep! but are not dead.
Ye've heard how from old Concord's bridge
They drove the red-coats to the ridge,
And how from hill and dale they hurl'd
A voice of freedom round the world.

O where the men that Pinkney led?
They sleep, they sleep! but are not dead.
The sacred page from history won
Shall bear the name of Washington,
And e'er the roll of gratitude
The name of Lafayette include.

IT IS AS THE AIR.

O where the men that Sumter led ?
 They sleep, they sleep ! but are not dead.
 When Washington and General Greene
 Rode forward to review the scene,
 Cornwallis said, " 'The strife is done,'"
 And captive knelt to Washington.

O where the men that Steuben led ?
 They sleep, they sleep ! but are not dead.
 Strong beat the pulse of Bunker Hill ;
 A century down is beating still ;
 But grander yet was Yorktown's fall ;
 And Washington most grand of all.

O where the men that Schuyler led ?
 They sleep, they sleep ! but are not dead.
 Go ask the knoll by Bunker Hill ;
 Go ask the elms by Concord's rill ;
 Go ask the hearts from shore to shore,
 Whither the braves who are no more ?

O where the men that Allen led ?
 They sleep, they sleep ! but are not dead.
 " O can the lives of heroes die ?"
 I ask, and tones of fate reply :
 " Though deep and silent sleeps the soul,
 Their spirits know no earthly goal !"

IT IS AS THE AIR.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Why sue for public favor ! 'T is like air—
 Borne here and there by every passing wind,
 Never a moment to one purpose pinned,
 Now working exultation, now despair ;
 Now fawns and flatters till the heart is bare—
 Then all its tricksome petting will rescind,
 Toss you aside like some vile thing that 's sinned
 And seek some other trusting soul to snare.
 Oh, be indifferent and take no heed
 Nor try this fickle favor to entrap !
 Work for the sake of work—asking no need—
 And for its frown or smile care—not a rap !
 Then, when its changeful mood the least you heed
 'T will pour its choicest treasures in your lap !

TO A VIOLET.

By Esther D. Gill.

Modest little violet blue,
 Wet with pearly drops of dew,
 Tell me why you stand alone
 Beside this gloomy, gray, old stone.

You must be lonely growing here;
 No other violets are near.
 I saw so many by yon brook
 In such a quiet, shady nook.

Tell me, little floweret blue,
 Would you not like to be there too?
 Slowly the violet shook her head
 And in a gentle voice she said:

"The Father sends His sun and showers
 To me as to all other flowers,
 'T was He who placed me here and so
 I know 't is here I ought to grow.

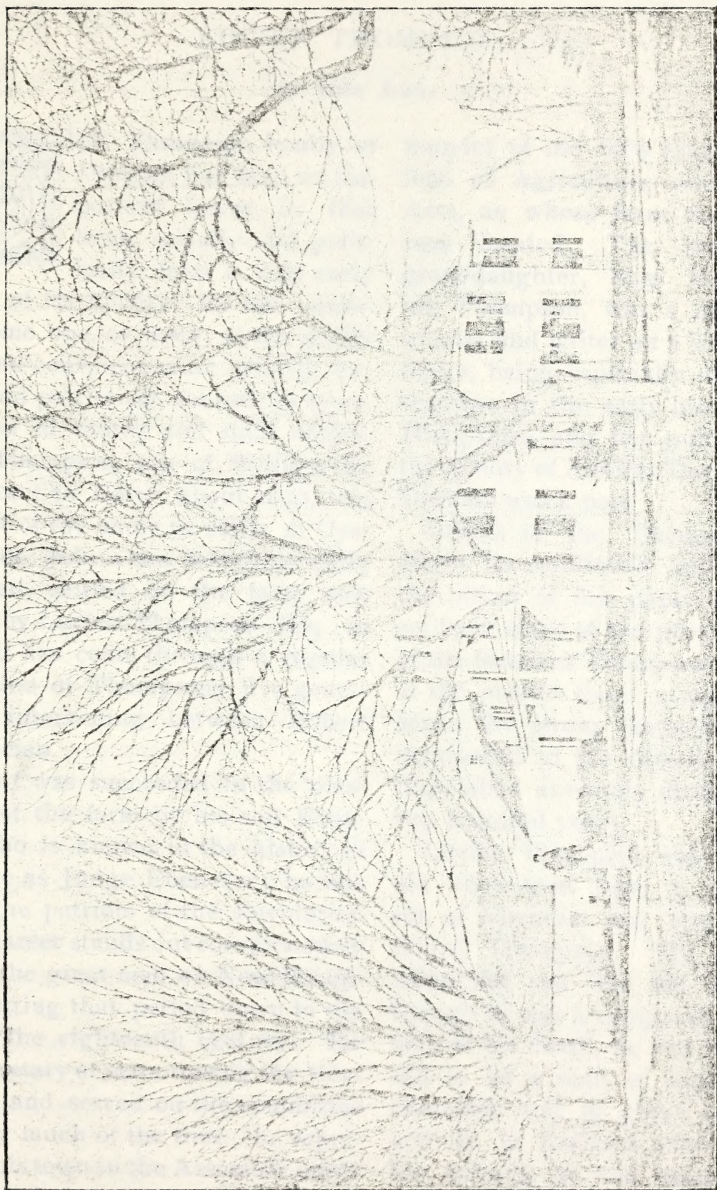
"Besides, a little crippled lad
 Whose face is pale and wan and sad,
 Comes often here and sits alone
 Beside the gloomy, gray, old stone.

"One day my form he chanced to spy.
 You should have heard his gleeful cry.
 He laughed—the echo lingers yet—
 And called me his dear violet.

"Oh, no! I cannot leave this place
 And bring fresh sadness to his face.
 He could not walk to yonder nook
 To watch the flowers by babbling brook."

I turned away with bended head
 Thinking of what the flower had said.
 Ah! violet, tender, brave and true,
 This lesson I have learned from you,—

A lowly life not to despise,
 To take the task that nearest lies,
 Glad if each day at set of sun
 One kindly action I have done.



THE THOMPSON HOMESTEAD, DURHAM, N. H.

LUCIEN THOMPSON, ESQ.

By John Scales, A. B.

THE Thompson family of Durham has been an important factor in that town, socially and politically, from a very early period of its history; for two centuries some one, or more, of the family has been conspicuous for activity, energy, and patriotism, not only in town, but also in county and state affairs. John Thompson, son of William the immigrant to Dover about 1640, was the first of the name to settle at Oyster River; John's son Robert, in early manhood, settled on the farm now owned by Lucien Thompson, Esq., to whom it has come through a regular succession of Thompsons, five generations intervening between Robert and Lucien.

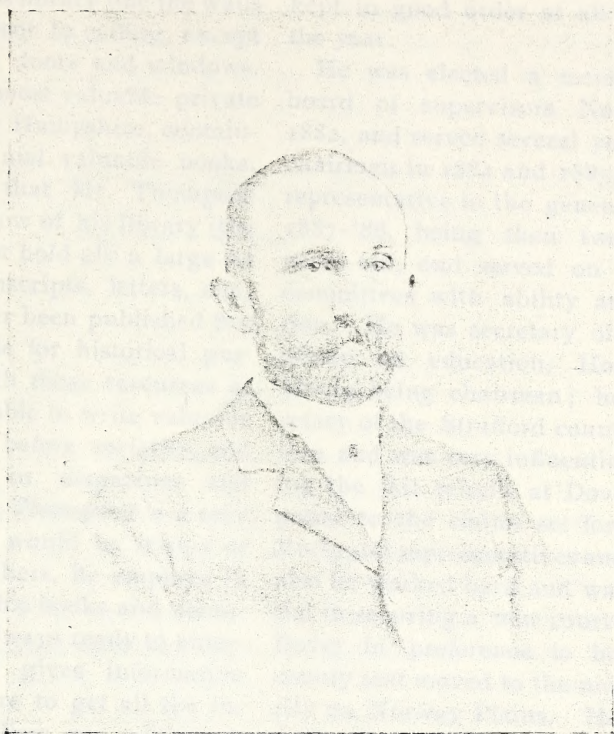
Robert was succeeded in the ownership of the farm by his son Ebenezer, who is known in the history of the state as Judge Ebenezer; he was one of the patriots of the Revolution whose career stands out conspicuously among the great men of New Hampshire during that period down to the close of the eighteenth century. He was secretary of state during the Revolution, and served on the committee of safety much of the time; he represented his town in the Assembly many years; and during the closing years of his life he was judge of the court of common pleas for Strafford county.

Judge Thompson's grandson, Benjamin Thompson, Esq., was the chief

founder of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, on whose farm the college is now located. The judge's great granddaughter, Miss Mary Pickering Thompson, was a distinguished scholar and writer on a wide range of topics, being especially noted for researches in the early history of New Hampshire and her publications on the history of Ancient Dover, of which Durham was a part.

Others of the Thompson family might be mentioned, but that is not the object of this paper, which is to set forth some of the prominent traits of the foremost Thompson in Durham at the present time; a man who possesses the strong features that were manifested in the careers of his distinguished ancestors during the past two hundred years.

Lucien Thompson was born at the old homestead June 3, 1859, being son of Ebenezer and Nancy Greeley (Carr) Thompson. The father died when the son was ten years old; though he was a comparatively young man at his death, he had shown himself to be a man of high worth of character and of great energy and activity in business affairs; besides his farming he had considerable to do in railroad construction in New Hampshire and in the West. At his death the family removed to Manchester where they remained some eight years, but returned again to the



Lucien Thompson, Esq.

ancestral farm in Durham when Lucien graduated from the Manchester high school at the age of eighteen years; in this school he won honors in the class, receiving a rank of 97 per cent. in his studies, and serving as salutatorian at the graduation exercises. He was urged to pursue his studies further in college, but his love for farming was so strong that he chose the old farm instead of the college, with the result that he is one of the most successful farmers in the state, and has done a good deal in teaching others how to be successful in farming.

His farm is located about half a mile from the state college buildings, on the road leading from Durham village to Madbury corner; it embraces about two hundred acres of land, and

produces annually about sixty tons of hay, with considerable ensilage. Fruit, milk, poultry, and pork are the leading specialties that he handles. The barn is spacious and convenient, the main part being 80 x 44 feet, with cellar under the whole. In this barn he keeps the best quality of stock, and whenever any neighbor gets something better than he has, Mr. Thompson is sure to soon catch up with him.

The house on this farm is one of those colonial mansions of the middle of the eighteenth century, large and invitingly homelike; it was built by Judge Ebenezer Thompson, Lucien's great-great-grandfather, and during his day was the centre of wide influence. A few years ago Lucien enlarged it somewhat by annexing a room for his library, on the east side.

The books of his library line the walls on four sides, floor to ceiling, except where there are doors and windows. It is one of the most valuable private libraries in New Hampshire, containing many rare and valuable books. But more than that Mr. Thompson has in the overflow of his library (the one room cannot hold all) a large lot of ancient manuscripts, letters, etc., which have never been published but are very valuable for historical purposes. It is with these resources at hand that he is able to write valuable articles to read before societies, and for publication in magazines and newspapers. Mr. Thompson is a very busy man; what would be leisure or idle hours for others, he employs in his library with his books and manuscripts. He is always ready to entertain callers, and gives information freely, and is sure to get all the information his callers are willing to part with. He is a social man and a good talker on whatever topic he undertakes.

Although Mr. Thompson is one of the busiest and most successful farmers in New Hampshire, he has found time to engage in public affairs when his fellow-citizens have called on him to serve them. When he left the high school and commenced the management of the farm, he soon found out that successful farmers need good roads; hence he at once became interested in road building, and was appointed highway surveyor for his district before he was old enough to vote, and continued to serve in that capacity till the district system was abolished and the work of repairing roads was given over to town agents. As long as Mr. Thompson was surveyor the roads in his district were

kept in good order at all seasons of the year.

He was elected a member of the board of supervisors November 7, 1882, and served several years, being chairman in 1884 and 1885. He was representative in the general court in 1887-'88, being then twenty-seven years old, and served on important committees with ability and discretion. He was secretary of the committee on education, Hon. O. C. Moore being chairman; he was secretary of the Strafford county delegation and was very influential in having the jail rebuilt at Dover as opposed to the claims set forth by the Rochester representatives and citizens; also he worked hard and was influential in securing a new court-house in Dover in preference to having the county seat moved to the neighboring city on Norway Plains. He was one of the court-house building committee and its secretary. But for the hard work and influence of those favoring her interests, Dover, no doubt, would have lost those public buildings as well as the county seat.

In September, 1888, he was appointed a justice of the peace, and since then he has received the autograph of every governor on some official document appointing him to some public position. In 1887 Governor Sawyer appointed him a member of the board of agriculture; at the expiration of his term he was reappointed by Governor Goodell. He resigned this office in 1892, when he was appointed by Governor Tuttle as one of the trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, which was about to be removed from Hanover to Durham and located on the farm of the late Benjamin

Thompson, Mr. Thompson's great uncle. He has continued to hold this office to the present time, and has been from the start an active and influential member of the board. Of course Governor Jordan will not permit such a valuable member to retire when his term expires, but will reappoint him as his predecessors in the gubernatorial chair have done. There are only two men besides Mr. Thompson, who are now members of the board, who were trustees when he was appointed in 1892.

At the beginning of his first term he was appointed chairman of the committee selected to draft rules and regulations for the government of the board of trustees; the burden of this work fell upon the chairman, but he and the committee with him did it so well that no changes have since been found necessary. He has been secretary of the board since June 2, 1896, and is so well posted concerning the records since 1887 that he can answer most any question that arises at the meetings of the board without reference to the records.

Mr. Thompson was one of the twenty charter members of Scammell grange, which was organized in 1887, and was elected secretary. He was elected master in December, 1887, and reelected four times, but he refused to accept the fourth reelection; the grange then numbered one hundred and twenty members. He has held the position of lecturer and overseer in Eastern New Hampshire Pomona grange, which then covered a much larger territory than it now does. He has also been a member of the executive committee of the State grange. He was representative from Scammell grange to the annual meeting of the

State grange several terms, and was chairman of a standing committee much of the time. Wherever the grangers placed him he has been an earnest and efficient worker. At the present time he is an officer in Scammell grange.

Mr. Thompson has taken a prominent part in town affairs during the past fifteen years. He was elected moderator March 8, 1892, and was reelected in the following November, and was reelected three times after that, serving in all nearly seven years. He has been secretary of the Republican club of Durham many years, and has served on the state central committee several years, being one of the active and efficient members when it required hard work to win a Republican victory in New Hampshire. Mention has already been made of his service in the legislature as representative from his town. During the last political campaign his friends urged him to enter the field as candidate for nomination for senator from District No. 22, but he declined to have his name^s used, but said they might consider him if they wished to do so in 1902. His friends say they shall insist on his being a candidate for senator at the next election. Mr. Thompson is a hustler and has a host of friends; if he should be nominated, as seems probable he will be, his election will be assured, and the interest of District No. 22 will be carefully guarded in the next legislature.

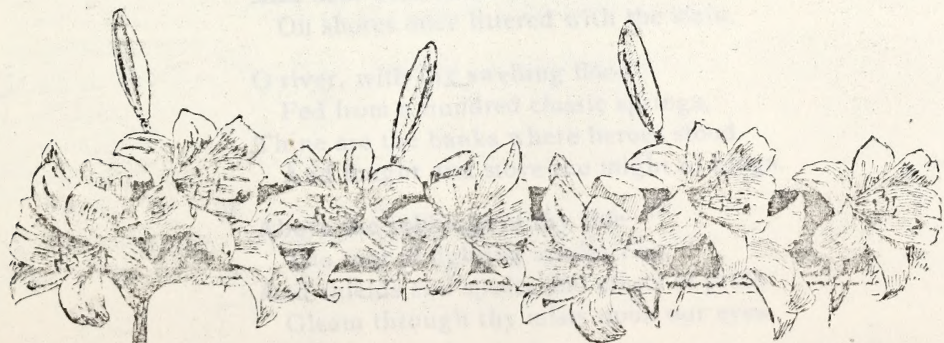
Mr. Thompson in 1881 was one of the prime movers in organizing the Durham Social Library, which was afterwards incorporated, in 1883, as the Durham Library Association, which now has one of the best town

libraries in the state. He has been secretary of the association during the past twenty years. He was chairman of the first board of trustees of the Durham public library, and one of the leaders in securing the union of the public library with the library association. He is also secretary of the Durham public library.

Mr. Thompson is a prominent and working member of the Congregational church, and no member is better informed in regard to the church history; he assisted in editing a manual of the church a few years ago, and in connection therewith published an historical sketch which brought to light much information never published before. He also drafted the by-laws for the church and the society. While his aunt, Miss Mary P. Thompson, was engaged in gathering material for her "Landmarks in Ancient Dover, New Hampshire," he rendered valuable assistance in searching the records for authority for the names of localities in the old town. Since then he has devoted much of his spare time to historical research; and as chairman of the committee appointed by the town to prepare a history of it, he is now engaged in collecting ma-

terial for that purpose; he has a large mass of data on hand, and when the whole is put into shape by him and published it will be one of the most valuable town histories. From time to time Mr. Thompson has prepared and read historical papers before various societies; one of special interest was read by him at the meeting of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars, and the Colonial Dames, at Durham in June, 1900.

April 6, 1887, Mr. Thompson was united in marriage with Mary Lizzie, daughter of the late Henry A. and Lizzie (Newell) Gage of Manchester. They have four children: Robert Gage, born 17 September, 1888; Ruth Elizabeth, 16 March, 1891; Helen Pickering, 13 January, 1896; Louise May, 1 November, 1898. His son Robert is the ninth generation in regular descent from the first Thompson who settled in Dover more than two centuries and a half ago, the order being as follows: (1) William; (2) John, who settled at Oyster river; (3) Robert, who settled on the farm now owned by Lucien; (4) Judge Ebenezer; (5) Benjamin; (6) Ebenezer; (7) Ebenezer; (8) Lucien; (9) Robert Gage.



THEN WE SHALL SEE.

By H. Maria George Colby.

The sun has loosed the snowy bond
That bound the daisies' eyes from sight.
They see the God of radiance
Who wakes them from their winter night.

The flashing of the gentle brook,
The coming of the bud and leaf,
The whole great miracle of spring,
Confirm my childhood's dear belief

In some great power, far about
The knowledge of the earthly mind,
When we shall rise above the tomb,
We'll find ourselves no longer blind.

BY THE SCAMANDER.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

Through the green grassed Phrygian lands
Flows a river arrowy, deep,
To the Ægean's glimmering sands,
Where purple Imbros lies asleep.

Beneath those blue, dilating skies,
Through poppled fields, the river flows,
From where the peaks of Ida rise
Gray-mantled, crowned with gleaming snows.

Its waves roll on with rhythmic flow
Past woodlands old and storied plain,
And beat with cadence soft and low
On shores once littered with the slain.

O river, with thy swelling flood
Fed from a hundred classic springs,
Thine are the banks where heroes stood
And fought and stove the might of kings.

Above the sobbings of thy tide
The roar of fighting armies rise,
And shields and spears and crests of pride
Gleam through thy mists upon our eyes.

THOU WHO SHALT BE

BY ALFRED DOUGLAS

The sun has faded the sunny bond
That bound the waters to the night
They see the God of radiance
Who waits their hour to set the light

The flashing of the golden mail
The coming of the sun and sea
The whole great island of Britain
Conquered childhood's days to be

In some great power far away
The knowledge of the coming night
When a still rise above the land
We'll find ourselves no longer free

BY THE SEASIDE

BY ALFRED DOUGLAS

Through the green grass there are waves
Flow a river away, deep
To the ocean's glimmering sands
Where purple shadows lie asleep

Beneath those high, distant hills
Through gabled dells the river flows
From where the peaks of the sea
Grown mountain, crowned with gleaming snows

The waves roll on with rhythmic flow
Past woodlands old and stunted pine
And past the cedars tall and low
On shores once littered with the slain

O river, with thy swelling flood
Fed from a hundred classic springs
Thine are the banks where heroes stood
And fought and strove the night of kings

Above the seabings of thy tide
The roar of fighting armies rise
And shields and spears and crests of pride
Gleam through the mists upon our eyes

Here, in the long-fled, changing years,
Brave Hector fought with zeal sublime,
And braved a nation's hopes and fears,
Which Homer sang in deathless rhyme.

Hoarse through the years the trumpets blow
That called the chiefs to battle there;
And from the sea with chantings low,
Passed queenly Helen, bright and fair.

And once again, with slow, sad feet,
Oenone walked beside thy flood,
And sang with plaintive voice and sweet,
Her world-known woes to field and wood.

A host of phantoms rise to sight,
Their voices mingle with thy flow,
And scenes of gayety and light
Contrast with those of wordless woe.

See, there upon his hollow shield,
Paris, the ingrate, dying lies;
Borne slowly from the fatal field,
Among the hills to close his eyes.

Stoled in her royal vestments white,
The Trojan sibyl walked thy shore,
And spoke her oracles of night
To ears incredulous evermore.

The hautboys played to dancing feet
When, at the harvests of the vine,
Dardanian maidens light and fleet,
Sang praises to the god of wine.

Bathed in the mists of classic time,
One moonlight night beside thy stream,
The gods in all their goodly prime,
Came down to earth with golden gleam.

They left a radiance new and strange
O'er all this fair Dardanian land,
And ever since, Time's ebb and change
Have exercised their magic wand.

Flow on, O stream, with murmurs low,
That o'er far lands their glamour cast,
And with a dim, sweet underflow
Rebearse the romance of the past.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.¹*By Mrs. Nathan P. Hunt.*

O the sound of trumpets, the noise of bells, the triumphant sweep of events, the nineteenth century gave place to the twentieth. In trying to extract a little that shall emphasize our inheritance in the century just rounded, we are confronted by a great number of agencies. Art, literature, religion, philosophy, governmental and industrial science, education, psychology, philanthropy, invention, social and domestic economics, and archaeology are a few of the forces that follow down in distinct lines to the end of a hundred years. That we may get some sure impression of what all the commotion is about, we will narrow our inquiry to our own country, and to a few of the agencies that have developed our resources and given us the position we hold among the nations of the earth.

In the year 1800 sixteen states were clustered near the Atlantic coast; Kentucky, Vermont, and Tennessee having been added to the original thirteen. The land east of the Mississippi was known as the Northwest Territory, and settlements were being made there. No railroads followed the rivers; the air carried no electric wires; the stage-coach wound its slow way along the valleys, carrying the mail at such rates (twenty cents for three hundred and

fifty miles) that few letters were written. Florida blossomed for Spain. Louisiana submitted to France. The vast territory west of the Mississippi slept in lonely splendor save for the tread of the Indian, the fall of cataracts, the varied cadence of the winds, or the touch of rain upon forest boughs. The Rockies and Sierras were tracked by snows and shadows.

It was seven years before Fulton launched the first steamboat on the Hudson. Bridges were rude and scarce. There was no hint of the splendid structures that would span cataracts and rushing streams, in quiet succession. Cotton manufacture had received a great impetus from the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney. Our great interstate canal system existed only in the forecast of Washington, and the imaginations of a few others. The meeting houses were as void of ornament as the catechism; the music was as dolorous as the creeds; but there was real piety and honest motive in action.

New England held at this time a character element in its yeomen that has been a powerful agent in the building up of our institutions. The South had a warm climate, an impressionable people, but the sturdy yeomen were a New England product. They combined large men-

¹ Read before Molly Stark Chapter, D. A. R.

tal activity with physical strength. They composed orations while they followed the plow, and originated governmental projects while they went to mill. Let us never forget to honor their rough hands and true hearts.

In the dawn of the century the United States of America was a nation. That wonderful instrument of government, our constitution, had taken shape; had bound the states together and made a nation. May I say a little about the making of this instrument without naming any of its provisions? It was done in convention, as you know, in Philadelphia, and by fifty-five delegates, who held thirteen sessions before it was brought into shape. The names of the delegates I need not repeat; they have a temple of fame in the hearts of our people. Nine were graduates of Princeton, four of Yale, three of Harvard, two of Columbia, and one of Pennsylvania. How did they go to work? Madison arranged an outline for discussion; then they studied the constitutions of the states to learn the wants of the imperial thirteen. Although they sat with closed doors the following things that were said there have come down to us: "Without the confidence of the people no government can exist." "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted; perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained." "The independence of the executive is the essence of tyranny." "The event is in the hand of God." "Let the senate resemble the British house of Lords." When Wilson proposed that the executive should consist of one person, a deep silence fell over the whole assembly. The

choosing of the chief executive by electors was borrowed from the Maryland constitution.

I have dared to say this much because our whole nineteenth century progress rests squarely on this instrument. Because the republic it created was the dream of what was best in ancient civilization, and stands to-day among the foremost governments of the world. By the Euphrates, the Nile, on a Syrian desert, in the enchanting vales of Greece, on the templed hills that rise above the Tiber, a republic was the partially realized dream that in our constitution became a reality.

As a progressive agent our canals have an importance that will be realized when we remember that ninety per cent. of the taxes of the Empire state are paid along the course of the Erie canal. The project of this canal was very dear to Washington. It became a fact in 1825, I believe. It revolutionized central New York, reared many cities, made its home the richest state in the Union, and led a four track railway, the only one in the world, from Albany to Buffalo. The Soo canal connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, boasts a greater tonnage than the Suez. Pittsburg will soon construct a canal from the junction of the rivers that form the Ohio to Lake Erie. When Pittsburg is also connected with the Chesapeake bay by canal Washington's vision will almost be a reality.

The Chicago drainage canal, already forty miles long, and liable to dash into St. Louis at any time, is the greatest ship canal in the world, being twenty-two feet deep. Chicago has paid all the expense thus far. The engineering feat of its construc-

tion ranks with that of the great dam across the Nile, and is very interesting to those who understand it.

The Isthmian canal—we may say the Nicaragua—in its project, its worry to financiers, its importance, belongs to the nineteenth century. We need not surmise what the future will bring; how the Atlantic and Pacific will bid each other good morning in the midst of the Rockies. Enough has been said to indicate the importance of canals in our national progress, and to show what a sweep the enterprise already enjoys.

The newspaper business can hardly be overestimated as an agent of progress. We are so used to newspapers—they come to our homes in such profusion, morning and evening—that we hardly know their worth. Unkind criticism falls upon them; they are too busy to mind it. They tell us when the trains start for everywhere, direct us to places where we can buy furniture or wonderful apparel for almost nothing; they offer evidence as to the merits of grocers; they kindle the imagination with radiant visions of millinery; they show the fortunate buyer how his stock goes up, day by day. They make jokes about the married man, and the typewriter, or the way papas behave in the dead of night, to weak-minded young men, who still linger. They have a patent form for the description of social events in which parlors are located by a point-of-compass method, and women move in an atmosphere of beauty, amid palms and music. They tell us what the weather will be; what the aunt of the last suicide wore when she met the reporter, where she lived and what the little boy was playing

with that showed himself over the banisters. They give pictorial synopses of patent medicine effects. They answer historical and other questions. They unroll sermons and lectures; scour the world for unusual happenings, and fix our gaze before breakfast with headlines that would leave us in a dead faint if we were not so used to them. Still we like the newspapers, and are glad to notice their flight through the century.

From the Boston *News-Letter* to the *Transcript*, *Herald*, or *Journal*, is a long and significant progress. From one of the early weeklies or semi-weeklies to the great New York and Chicago dailies of the end of the century, points a bright line in our national growth.

If the Franklin press could look on and see the great power presses of today give out, folded and ready for distribution, their 25,000 or more copies per hour, of I know not how many pages, the little thing would seek a hiding place and be no more seen forever. And this is only one item of the mechanical work; the pictorial transmission is a late development that is equally miraculous.

When we come to the holy of holies—the editorial sanctum—we meet such men as William Cullen Bryant, Murat Halstead, Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Whitelaw Reid, and many others equally notable, disseminating current history for the multitude, laying open policies that it would be wise for the government to follow; criticising public measures, or social tendencies, by the sure light of example in past events. Who like an editor knows the exact relation of a contribution to the reading public? For the collec-

tion of news there is no limit to the means allowed—money is not an object.

We all know how sublimely indifferent good correspondents are to environment; how they do their narrative in open fields, by the side of a boulder, in baggage cars, by moonlight on the top of freight trains—anywhere, so they can get ahead of the other man, and give it to the wires first. Evening papers giving the condensed news of the day, and selling for one cent, net their owners, some of them, \$100,000 per year.

Newspapers reflect in a way the people who read them. They try to give what the people want. Their influence increases.

When we turn to literature proper, our national pride is veiled by reverence and regret—reverence for the great names that star the century, and regret for the personalities that are no more with us. There was not much in the early century mode of living to stir the imagination, or foster mental endeavor. There was a faithfulness to detail in narration that gives a true picture of incidents, and a valuable delineation of character, especially Indian character. Where a man and his rifle could never part company we would not expect literary accomplishment.

Toward the middle of the century there came an epoch of great literary activity, and one interesting thing about it was that the brightest galaxy of writers was located not far from the place where the Pilgrims landed. The period was an uneasy one, preceding a great outbreak. There was intense feeling—warm friendships and bitter hatreds. Sectional feeling found expression in duelling. If you will

again permit a little digression there is on record two little—I should say *short*—speeches, given in the Senate of that period, that exactly illustrate the spirit of which duelling was an expression. The speakers were Samuel Smith of Maryland, and Mr. Lloyd of Massachusetts. Smith was large, tall, well-built, and aggressive. Lloyd was small and retiring. Lloyd in an argument had gotten the advantage of Smith. Smith with contempt for his antagonist did not take the trouble to argue the matter but chose intimidation thus:

“Mr. President: Gentlemen coming from a section of the country where the doctrine of personal responsibility is not recognized, ought to be specially cautious in the language they use toward gentlemen in this chamber. If their own principles or the sentiments of their constituents prevent them from giving satisfaction for words not properly chosen, they should take care not to wound the feelings of senators who were educated in a different school.”

Lloyd of Massachusetts replied instantly:

“Mr. President: I am not acquainted with the sentiments of my state upon what the senator calls the doctrine of personal responsibility. I recognize this doctrine to its fullest extent, and am prepared to be responsible in any way for every word I utter on this floor. Furthermore, sir, in order to prevent any misconception hereafter, I give the senator from Maryland to know that I shall hold him responsible for every word he speaks derogatory to my character, or injurious to my feelings.”

Such was the spirit of the times that fostered duelling and in which our best writers began their work. Where but in New England, the home of such a spirit as I have just quoted, could Emerson have done the work he did, and smiled in such saintly benignity? All forces took on a shape of beauty when they approached him. There was a door in his mind that opened upon the spiritual world, and he waited there often. The days were silent,

gliding forms. The blue sky was an urn poured full of light; the air was a river of thought; anxiety was an unseen rider that clung to men and women wherever they went. He gave himself to spiritual forces, loved the law that governed them, and found close companionship on his high Parnassus. So kindly and charitable and sweet was his nature that even Carlyle grew tender before it. Nature took him by the hand and let him look into her eyes. Love told him secrets. Is it any wonder that all the world listened to him?

Longfellow was a poet. Even Tenneyson said that. Hawthorne is a classic. He loved the woods and streams of New England, and its characters, subjected to the forming process of his fancy, will never be forgotten. He did not like to pitch hay, or tether cows. Brook farm held him but a short time. Mrs. Hawthorne was an artist and had so many endearing qualities that she should always be remembered by the side of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

O. W. Holmes I cannot forbear to mention. He did not regard his literary work very highly, and he felt a little contempt for anybody that praised him extravagantly; but he was O. W. Holmes and what more did anybody want? Like Emerson, he was attentive to the psychological side of existence, and took great joy in the intuition of it that was natural to him. Not long before his death, in speaking of his beloved companion, long gone, he said: "I would not have her here if I could; our meeting together is perfect now, undisturbed by any jar of events." I may as well say here that the recognition and growth of the inner consciousness has

gone on increasing, as traced in literature, until the mystic world that finds expression in music, is often personified, or, any way, is made to talk. The "Little Dead Baby" of Josephine Dascome hovers about its mother, lamenting, until she gives it counsel and bids good-by. The disembodied soul is given varied experiences. There is a society, I think it is international in its scope, for psychological research. I need not follow this tendency farther. It will be interesting to watch it as time goes on. It has often been said within the last week that there would be no such mechanical and material progress in the twentieth as there has been in the nineteenth century. There is a general belief that a gain will be made on lines just indicated.

Whittier was a reformer, a devout believer, and a poet. He struck a chord for liberty, and everybody loved the beautiful kindness of its tone. He transfigured our mountains, until, through every hill gap, his spirit is the glory we behold. Lowell was strong and sane, a poet, a scholar, and a statesman. His subconscious mind would work up a poem, while his thought was unravelling a diplomatic thread. He was entirely free from prejudice. He said his grandchildren talked through their noses. He knew men. He said, "I am convinced there is nothing men prize so much as privilege, even if it be the privilege of chief mourner at a funeral."

These, with many others, developed a world of ideas—and peopled it—that followed the course of our natural history through its time of severest trial.

At this moment their lies at anchor, or sails up and down our bays and

harbors, or moves over the oceans, something of which we are proud—a United States Navy. We shall soon have afloat eighteen battleships, twelve large cruisers, thirty-two small cruisers, and seven coast defense vessels. These represent a great deal of mechanical invention and national enterprise. However, we are only fifth or sixth on the list of naval powers. The twentieth century will carry us nearer the front than we now stand. England has seventy battleships, and one hundred and sixty-two cruisers.

Colossal fortunes are certainly a feature of the time; whether for good or evil there is a wide difference of opinion. Those who haven't them think they are a menace; those who have, think differently. When they enrich our educational and philanthropic institutions we think kindly of them, when they help out a titled foreigner we smile. Some believe that inherited wealth may interfere with organic evolution in its working out through conditions the survival of the fittest; but I never heard of anybody refusing to inherit a fortune on that account. I believe the largest personal fortune in the world is owned in our country.

Educational facilities never before begun to equal, in any age of the world, what they are now. Not only are schools and colleges scattered all over the land, but methods are undergoing a revolution. To remember all the capes and bays on the Atlantic coast, and then on the Pacific coast, and so on around the gulf, and the Mediterranean, and all the other coasts, is not permitted to stupefy thought as it once was. Memorizing is coming to be disregarded in some degree, and an all

around mental development is taking its place. Scholars think, instead of simply being alert and receiving impressions. Nobody can help acquiring in this age. Information of every kind is in the air, and just to breathe is to imbibe it. We can get it from a distance by correspondence. University professors extend their wings of learning until no one is too far away to come under their protection. They carry all kinds of information about the country, and give it out in lectures. Club women are taking it in with astonishing celerity. They go to the ends of the earth and bring it back. Sometimes it wearies them, but they never pause. They study all the sciences, as any programme will show; they do the arts; they study mummies and catacombs; they spread themselves over European art galleries; they climb mountains, and lay bare formations; they converse in many languages; they uncover thrones and examine the contents; they tread forgotten dynasties; they interpret age old hieroglyphics; they are ubiquitous; they are educated.

The waning of the century has created a great number of patriotic organizations, and dotted the land with monuments reared to the memory of Revolutionary and other heroes. The one that we love best is the D. A. R. To enumerate the work it has accomplished would be a long tale. Its membership is 31,192, embraced in 516 chapters. In its ninth congress 191 delegates were entitled to vote, representing every state in the Union, with the territories of Oklahoma and Arizona. It sent out 928 nurses to serve in the war with Spain. Its increase in one year was 3,759. The in-

come for the last fiscal year was \$36,727. It has reared a great many monuments and memorials. It gathers and stores relics and establishes scholarships for the study of American history. One chapter last year raised \$80,000 and bought with it an old burial-ground to hold and to preserve. It will erect a beautiful memorial hall in Washington, the fund for which is already \$60,698. Best of all, it aims to conserve the spirit in which our institutions were founded.

By the side of organic evolution and mechanical invention comes the most revolutionary movement of any age or time. It is the steady, broad-based movement of woman toward industrial and political activities; and an early consequence of it is the fact that earnest, painstaking attention is being directed to domestic economics; that the dawning intellect of youth is being ministered to as never before. Mythology and history and science are arranged for its enjoyment. Mothers have intelligent sympathy to offer in place of pale inertia. Sentimentalism is out of fashion. In 1858 there was published "An American Speaker" that contained the following:

"Men are the realities, women are the poetry of this world. . . . Give her but air and sky enough and she will seek no nourishment of the earth." (The writer evidently was not a married man who had done family marketing.) "All that she needs anywhere is something to grow to." . . . "Are we to speak irreverently of her, who by the greater fineness and greater purity of her corporal texture is made more sensible to the influences of sky and air

and sea and earth? As well might we deride the perfume of the flower, and the hue of the wild rose, or the songs of birds, or the flavor of a peach."

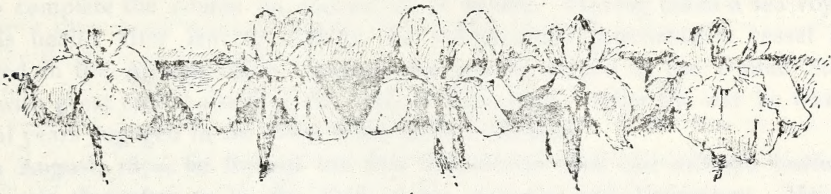
That is not quite what one would say of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Daniel Manning, or the Countess Aberdeen. It reads like a passage from the days of chivalry when women had nothing in the world to do but lean from tower windows and smile, while quixotic defenders swept their plumes and gauntlets and breastplates over fields of honor on caparisoned steeds, and run each other through with shining lances, in the interest of the survival of the fittest!

All down the centuries back to hundreds of years before the birth of Christ isolated women have performed deeds of valor, or endurance, or statesmanship, that mark like beacon lights the whole range of history. Artemesia was a more skilful warrior than Xerxes. Had he listened to her counsel his barbarians would have suffered less at the hands of the Greeks. Ancient Egypt owed much of her high civilization to the business and agricultural activities of its women. Pheretema of Salamis asked the king for an army to regain Cyrene. Instead of sending her one he sent her a golden distaff and spindle, with the wool ready for spinning, saying these are the gifts I present to women, not armies. He regretted his action when it was too late. The maid of Orleans had many prototypes. These lights on the road of history show that women have always come forward in emergencies. Whether the end of the century is an emergency in morals, false ambitions, want of honesty,

the blind rush of events, we may not judge. We are only certain that never anywhere, at any time in the history of the world, was there such a steady, irresistible movement of woman into the higher activities of life.

As a matter of observation we may be assured that women are improving all along the line. I need not weary you with statistics, the newspapers and magazines amply supply anyone who wants the sure evidence of figures. In regard to the ballot many

feel as did Gail Hamilton when she said: "As a woman I would not ask the ballot, as a man I would not refuse it." With full suffrage in four states, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho, with property rights of married women very well secured, with constant legislation in their interest, with their counsels respected and acted upon, we may soon expect the law makers of the eastern and northern states to take off their hats and bow women into halls of legislation.



A SPRING PROPHET.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

He blows his bugle fine and clear
O'er winter woods for us to hear;
We know the welcome spring is near.

It is the flicker, bright and shy,
A happy light illumines his eye,—
To clarion call bluejays reply.

In his tall pine tree all alone,
How strong and resonant the tone
Of that sweet bugle bravely blown!

We think of streams a-brawling soon,
Of the great sun so warm at noon,
And gath'ring bird choirs all in tune!

Above the brown earth springing fair,
The mayflower's perfume fills the air;
We dream of joys that all may share.

And so, dear prophet of the Spring,
Your notes of cheer around us fling;
Of Winter's broken fetters sing!

NECROLOGY

CHARLES P. CLARK.

Charles Peter Clark, long one of the most prominent men in the country in railroad affairs, who died March 21, at Nice, France, was a native of New Hampshire, born in Nashua, August 11, 1836. He was educated at Phillips Andover academy and Dartmouth college, entering the latter in the class of 1856, but failing to complete the course on account of ill health. Having taken a sea voyage for his health after leaving college, he subsequently purchased a vessel and engaged in the African trade. During the war he served in the United States navy with great credit, attaining the rank of lieutenant. After the war he was for several years engaged in the West India trade in Boston.

In August, 1870, he formed his first connection with the railroad business, which was thereafter to be the field of his energies and distinction. He was thirty-four years old, with a broad experience, forecasting, laborious, alert, and self-reliant. His beginning was modest enough, that of clerk to the receivers of the Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad. After a year's service in this station, he became a trustee of the Berdell mortgage, the other trustees being William T. Hart of Boston and George Talbot Olyphant of New York. In 1873, the unfortunate Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad was reorganized as the New York & New England railroad. Mr. Clark was appointed general manager of the reincorporated property.

In this opportunity he promptly developed his power of dealing with the peculiar problems of railroad operation. So notable was his management that it attracted the attention of the high officers of more important and prosperous roads, who gave him assurance that they would be glad to secure his services whenever he might desire to form another connection.

In February, 1879, he was made vice-president of the company, retaining, however, the office of general manager. His connection with the road in these capacities came to an end in the following December, when he went to Europe for two years of travel and observation, giving particular attention to European railway systems. In the latter part of the year 1881 he returned, to become second vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company, with headquarters in New York city.

In December, 1883, he was recalled to the New York & New England, as president of the company, which was again in financial difficulties, the upshot of which was that ten days later he was appointed receiver. In two years he had its affairs so straightened out that it was permitted to resume business as a solvent

corporation, of which he was again president. He held this place one year, until the road fell into the hands of others, and retired in December, 1886.

In March, 1887, Mr. Clark became president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad company, succeeding George H. Watrous of New Haven, who had voluntarily retired on account of impaired health. Illustrating the progress made by the corporation during the twelve years of Mr. Clark's management, the annual reports show that he increased the length of road owned from 141 miles to 448 miles, and leased road from 125 miles to 1,569 miles. Reducing these figures to miles of single track the increase was from 524 miles to 3,896 miles. Dividends of \$1,550,000 (10 per cent.), in 1887, were swelled to \$4,158,688 (8 per cent.) in 1899.

Subsequently the Old Colony system was acquired by the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and in 1895 the company purchased a controlling interest in the stock of the New England Railroad company, the reorganized New York & New England company, and Mr. Clark became for the third time its president. This control made an end of all rivalry and antagonism between the two lines and secured their harmonious operation thenceforth, although a formal lease was not consummated until July 1, 1898.

This last acquisition substantially completed the great system which exists to-day, covering all parts of New England south of the line of the Boston & Albany, and by its rail and water routes controlling nearly all the freight and passenger traffic that passes between Boston and New York city, and a growing proportion of all that goes beyond these terminals in either direction.

The magnificent new South Terminal station in Boston is the crowning monument to Mr. Clark's masterly business ability and sagacity. The plan originated with him, and was carried out largely through his genius and energy. He organized the Terminal company, and was chairman of its board of trustees from the start, and was the moving spirit in the prosecution of the work from start to finish. He resigned from the presidency of the railroad a year or two ago, and had been seeking rest and health abroad, though retaining a position on the board of directors.

Mr. Clark married Miss Caroline Tyler of Portland, Me., in 1857. Of their children six are living, two sons and four daughters. Of the sons, the elder, Charles Peter Clark, is now superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Consolidated system; the other graduated from Yale college in 1898. One of the daughters is the wife of Professor Hincks of the Andover Theological seminary; another married Edward G. Buckland, attorney of the New York, New Haven & Hartford for the state of Rhode Island; another daughter is Mrs. C. H. Blatchford of Chicago.

COL. JOSEPH WENTWORTH.

Col. Joseph Wentworth, born in Sandwich, January 30, 1818, died in Concord, March 1, 1901.

Colonel Wentworth was a son of Paul and Lydia (Cogswell) Wentworth, and a descendant of Elder William Wentworth. His paternal great grandfather, John Wentworth, was president of the Revolutionary convention of New Hampshire,

and his maternal grandfather, Col. Amos Cogswell, served in the patriot army throughout the Revolution. He was educated at the New Hampton, Hopkinton, and South Berwick academies, and engaged in business as a general country merchant in his native town, where he remained until his removal to Concord in 1870.

He held the office of town clerk and selectman, and was representative from Sandwich in the legislatures of 1844 and 1845, and was also a delegate from his town in the constitutional convention of 1850, and subsequently from his ward in Concord in the convention of 1876. He held the office of register of deeds for Carroll county two years, and was sheriff five years. He also served fifteen years as postmaster of Sandwich. He was also for some time president and principal stockholder of the Carroll County National bank. His title of colonel came from service on the staff of Gov. John Page. He was also for some years quartermaster of the famous cavalry troop known as the Governor's Horse Guards.

He was active in public affairs in Concord after his removal to the city in 1870, and held the office of assessor for Ward Six, which he also represented in the legislature in 1876, as a Republican, with which party he had acted for many years, but he subsequently allied himself with the Prohibitionists, and was their candidate for governor at one time.

Colonel Wentworth first married Sarah Payson Jones of Brookline, Mass., who died about four years ago. By her he had six children, two sons and four daughters, all of whom survive. The two sons, Paul and Moses, entered Harvard college the same day, and graduated in 1868, just one hundred years after the graduation of their great-grandfather from the same college. Immediately upon graduation Paul returned to Sandwich, where he now resides, while Moses went to Chicago to live with his uncle, Hon. John Wentworth, more familiarly known as "Long John," and is now in business in that city. The daughters are Sarah C., wife of Col. William F. Thayer of Concord; Lydia C., wife of Geo. S. Hoyt of Sandwich; Mrs. Susan J. Woodward of Concord, and Dolly E., wife of Fred W. Story of Washington, D. C.

Following the death of his first wife, three years ago, Colonel Wentworth was later united in marriage with Mrs. Clementine Couch, who survives him.

JOSEPH C. A. HILL.

Joseph C. A. Hill, born in Harvard, Mass., January 21, 1821, died in Concord, March 14, 1901.

Mr. Hill removed to Concord in 1841, entering the employ of Franklin Evans. Subsequently he became the partner of Mr. Evans, continuing for several years, but finally went to California, where he remained until 1873, as the representative of the Abbot-Downing Co., carriage manufacturers. Upon the death of the late Lewis Downing, whose daughter, Ellen, he had married, he returned to Concord and took up his residence at the Downing homestead, where he ever after resided.

For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Hill has been closely identified with all that contributed to the growth and progress of this city. For many years he was a member of the school board of Union school district, a work in which he took great interest. For two sessions he represented Ward Six in the legislature. Soon after the charter was obtained for the New Hampshire Centennial Home for

the Aged he was elected its treasurer, and for twenty-five years he successfully managed its affairs. All of the collections and disbursements of this institution passed through his hands, and he had the satisfaction of watching its growth from its beginning, with \$110, to the present plant, which, besides the buildings and grounds, has an endowment of \$97,000.

The Proctor academy at Andover was another institution which owed much to his interest and zeal. He was president of the board of trustees, and the present will be the first year since 1884 that the graduating class has not received its diplomas from his hands. Mr. Hill was a great lover of books and pictures, and he leaves a well selected library.

HON. DAVID B. VARNEY.

David B. Varney, ex-mayor of Manchester, died at his home in that city March 25, 1901.

Mr. Varney was a native of Tuftonborough, born August 27, 1822. He was the son of Luther and Lydia (Blake) Varney. When he was four years of age his parents moved to Dover where David remained until he was sixteen years of age, helping about the farm and attending the public schools. In 1839 he went to Portsmouth to learn the trade of a machinist, returning to Dover in 1842. The following year he went to Manchester, entering the employ of the Amoskeag Manufacturing company in 1842, and worked his way upward until, in 1854, he was made superintendent of the locomotive department, a position he filled until 1857, when he severed his connection with the Amoskeag corporation and went into business. His business venture was the opening of a brass foundry and copper shop on Manchester street, he being associated with H. I. Darling in the firm of Darling & Varney. Mr. Darling died in 1868, and since that time Mr. Varney had conducted the business alone and with much success. He was also for many years the treasurer of the S. C. Forsaith Machine company and had been a director in the Amoskeag National bank since 1874.

Politically Mr. Varney was a Republican, having been a member of that party since its organization. In 1871-'72 he represented Ward Three in the popular branch of the state legislature, and in 1881-'82 he was a member of the senate. In 1889-'90 he was mayor of Manchester, filling the position with honor to himself and credit to the city. He was an active Free Mason, and a member of the Derryfield club.

June 6, 1842, Mr. Varney married Harriet Bean Kimball of Warner, by whom he had three children. Mrs. Varney survives her husband, as do two daughters, Mrs. F. W. Batchelder and Miss Emma L. Varney.

ZEPHANIAH BREED.

Zephaniah Breed, son of Micajah and Ruth (Gove) Breed, was born in Henniker on March 10, 1819, and came to Weare with his parents in 1837. He has since resided on the farm purchased by his father, and his name has long been a familiar one in agricultural journals to which he was a frequent contributor. He was always ready to adopt any improved methods of farm work, and was the inventor of several labor-saving machines, the most prominent of which is the Uni-

versal weeder, now in general use throughout this country and being rapidly adopted in England and other foreign territories. He is said to have been the first man in Weare to use the mowing machine, and has always kept abreast of the times, not only in connection with agricultural pursuits, but with all of the progressive movements of his day. He was an ardent anti-slavery man and a zealous worker in all reforms that tended to the uplifting of the people. It is to his untiring efforts that the town of Weare owes her public library that has now become an assured success and a valuable acquisition to the place. But it was the temperance movement that took deepest root in his heart, and for that cause he has faithfully labored for nearly sixty years. He was one of the original signers of the Washingtonian pledge in 1842, and has lived up to his principles by precept and example since that time. His voice and pen were always ready to further the cause in every way.

The last article he ever wrote for publication was on this theme and addressed to the Society of Friends, of which he was a lifelong and consistent member. The article referred to was penned just before his last illness and appeared in the February number of the *American Friend*.

In the death of Mr. Breed, which occurred at his home on Monday, March 18, 1901, Weare has lost one of her most faithful and useful citizens, and his influence will long be felt and recognized in the community.

He is survived by two sons, William O., of Swampscott, Mass., and Charles H., of North Weare, and one daughter, Mrs. Charles Bishop, of Lynn, Mass. His wife, Mary (Thompson) Breed, passed away about seven years ago.

HON. JAMES H. EATON.

Hon. James H. Eaton, born in Candia, February 3, 1833, died in Lawrence, Mass., March 21, 1901.

Mr. Eaton was the son of Eben and Sarah (Shirley) Eaton, both parents being natives of Candia. His early life was spent on a farm, and in dull seasons he worked in a shoe shop and at a blacksmith's forge. He attended Pembroke academy for two years and later took a course at the Bridgewater Normal school, from which he was graduated in 1856. He went to Lawrence and was elected master of the Oliver grammar school, a position he held for more than nine years. For a time he read law in the office of the late Nathaniel G. White.

He entered the employ of the Essex Savings bank May 15, 1865, and in September of the following year he was elected treasurer of the bank, which position he held up to the time of his death. Under his wise guidance the bank grew to be one of the most solid financial institutions in the state.

Mr. Eaton was a member of the Lawrence common council in 1866 and 1867, and he served on the board of aldermen in 1869. In the fall of 1897 he was elected mayor and was reelected the following year.

He was a trustee of the Homœopathic hospital of Boston, trustee of the White fund, and of the Lawrence public library. He was a director of the Bay State National bank, and the Winthrop National bank of Boston.

After the failure of the Globe and Prospect Worsted mills he was appointed

one of the trustees in bankruptcy, to the duties of which office he had devoted much time.

MORGAN J. SHERMAN.

Morgan J. Sherman, one of the best known hotel men in New England, died at Walpole, March 13, 1901.

He was born in Worthington, Vt., January 27, 1828. He spent his early life at work in railway construction. During the war he was employed by the United States government in the purchase and sale of horses, with headquarters at Washington. In 1865 he became proprietor of the Wentworth House at Walpole, but soon removed to Keene, where he was landlord of the Cheshire House for twenty-two years, gaining much popularity with the traveling public. After selling the Cheshire House he removed to Washington, D. C., and opened the Hotel Regent, corner of 15th street and Pennsylvania avenue. His health soon giving out, he returned to Keene, and in November, 1889, removed once more to Walpole. In 1890 he removed to Hartford, Conn., bought the Brower House and carried it on for eight years, after which he returned to Walpole, which was his home until his death.

Mr. Sherman married, March 29, 1854, Miss Sarah S. Sandford of Marlborough, who survives him. Their children are Lizzie Van Etten, now Mrs. Brandebury of Washington, D. C., Grace E., of Walpole, George E., proprietor of the Hotel Dinsmore in Walpole, and Kate S., now Mrs. John F. Jenkins of Sing Sing, N. Y.

COL. EDWARD H. GILMAN.

Col. Edward H. Gilman of Exeter died at his home in that town from paralysis, March 19, 1901.

Colonel Gilman was the second son of Joseph T. and Mary E. (Gray) Gilman, born in Exeter, May 13, 1855. He graduated from the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth college in 1876, after which he spent a year in foreign travel. From 1879 to 1882 he was employed at Albany, N. Y., in various capacities in the offices of the Boston & Albany railroad. He then became a Boston dealer in mill supplies, and was thus engaged until 1887, having his office on Kilby street. This occupation brought him into close business relations with the management of the Sawyer woolen mills at Dover, and led to his engagement as their confidential agent, a lucrative and responsible post. In 1887 he was made treasurer and later manager of the Somersworth Machine company at Dover, where he displayed marked business and executive ability. For some time past he had been treasurer of the Laconia Car company.

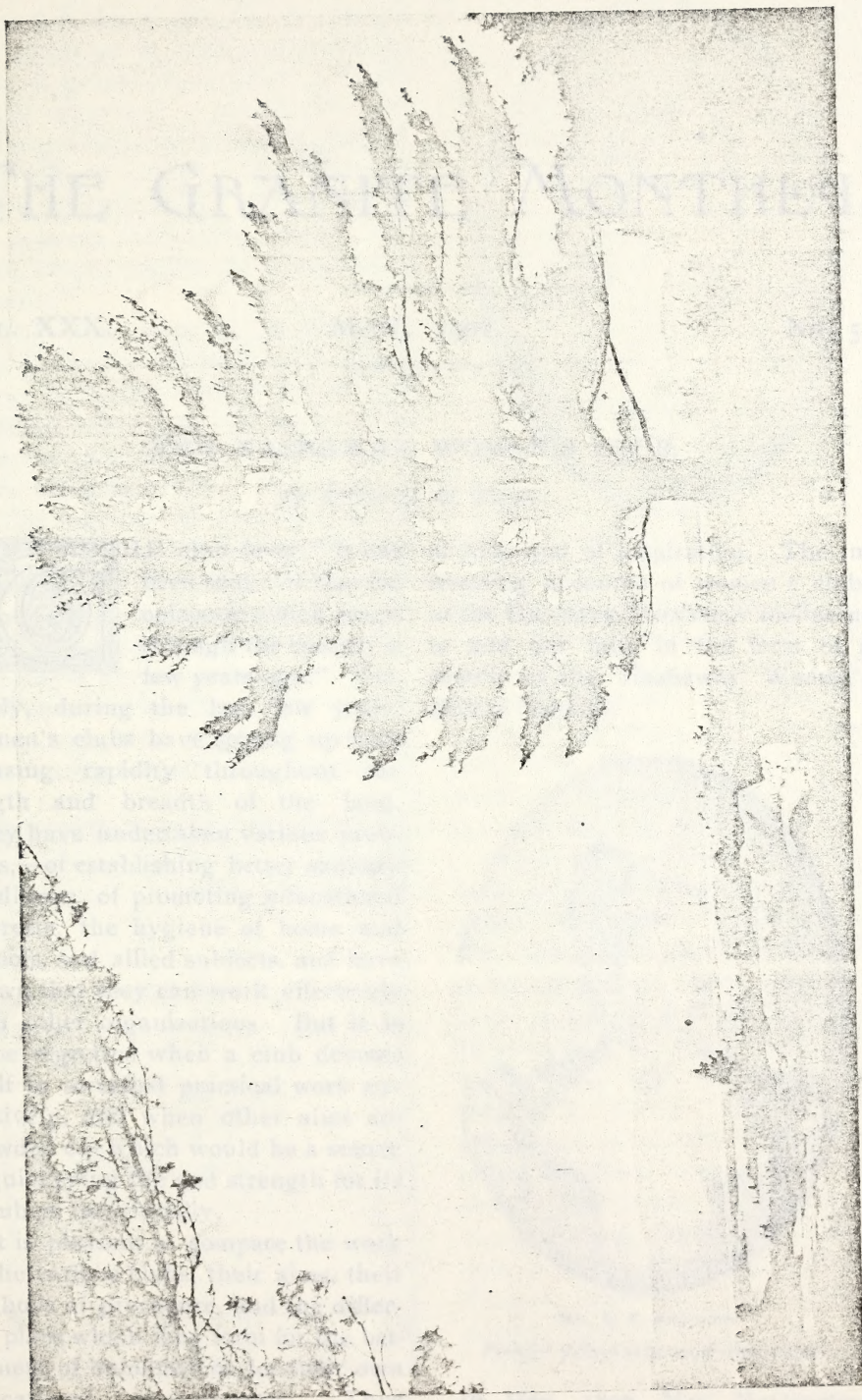
In politics he was an earnest Republican. He was an aide on the staff of his stepfather, Gov. Charles H. Bell, was a representative in the legislature of 1885, and a member of the state senate two years later. During the administration of Gov. Charles A. Busiel he served as a member of the executive council. He was also a delegate in the Republican National convention of 1888, which nominated Benjamin Harrison for president.

Colonel Gilman had been an extensive traveler, having, aside from many other

extensive trips on business and for pleasure, made the journey round the world in 1895 and 1896. He leaves a wife and son.

JOSEPH Q. BRYER.

Joseph Quimby Bryer, born in Sandwich, September 25, 1816, died at Wilmington, Del., February 25, 1901. He was the eldest son of Thomas and Hannah (Quimby) Bryer, and his parents were among the original settlers of Sandwich. When he was fourteen years of age the family removed to Orono, Me., where he remained until twenty, when he went to Havre de Grace, Md., with a company of others, to work upon the Susquehanna canal. In 1840 he went to Wilmington, where he ever after resided. He was for some time in the employ of the Dupont Powder company; but subsequently became proprietor of an extensive steam lumber and planing mill and bending establishment, which he operated for nearly half a century, running during the war on extensive government contracts. He was an enthusiastic Free Mason, and the oldest member of the order in Delaware at the time of his death. He was a charter member of the first lodge of American Mechanics in Wilmington, and one of the organizers of the West Presbyterian church of that city. He is survived by five children, sixteen grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.



THE WHITTIER PINE, SUNSET HILL, CENTER HARBOR, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE NASHAWAY WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Katharine M. Thayer.

“**T**HE club fever,” it has been said, “is like the epizootic which swept through the country a few years ago.” Certainly, during the last few years, women's clubs have sprung up with amazing rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the land. They have undertaken various problems,—of establishing better sanitary conditions, of promoting educational interests, the hygiene of home and schools, and allied subjects, and have shown that they can work effectively with other organizations. But it is to be regretted when a club devotes itself to so-called practical work exclusively, and when other aims are crowded out which would be a source of quickening life and strength for its members individually.

It is pleasant to compare the work of the various clubs, their aims, their methods of procedure, and the different plans which they form for the betterment of humanity or for their own educational improvement. Thus much good is gained both in the way

of help and of inspiration. The interesting accounts of women's clubs in the GRANITE MONTHLY incline us to add our mite in the form of a sketch of the Nashaway Woman's club of Nashua.



Mrs. E. F. McQuesten.

Founder of the Nashaway Woman's Club.

In May, 1896, Mrs. McQuesten, wife of Dr. E. F. McQuesten, invited

several ladies of this city to meet at her residence to form a club for the sake of mutual improvement. These ladies organized, a constitution and by-laws being drawn up and adopted and officers chosen. According to the constitution the "object shall be to promote sociability, mental culture, and to further the education of women."

The name given to the club was the Nashaway Woman's club, Nashaway being the name of the tribe of Indians who made the banks of the Nashua river their favorite headquarters "long ago."

The number of members was at first limited to fifty, afterward to one hundred and fifty, then to two hundred, which is the present limit, but with a waiting list ready to come in whenever any vacancies occur.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Nancy W. Moore; first vice-president, Mrs. Martha E.



Mrs. O. C. Moore.

First President Nashaway Woman's Club.



Mrs. George Bowers.

President Nashaway Woman's Club.

Powell; second vice-president, Mrs. Anna E. McQuesten; secretary, Mrs. Lizzie N. Flinn; treasurer, Miss Lucy F. Thayer; directors, Mrs. Carrie E. B. Stark, Mrs. A. Isabel Barr, Mrs. Ellen G. Whithed, Mrs. Anna M. Spalding, Mrs. K. F. McQuesten, Mrs. M. Etta Knight.

The first five of these officers were each reelected for three successive years. One section of the constitution states that "no person shall serve more than three consecutive years in the office to which she may be elected."

The next year, the fourth, Mrs. Urania E. Bowers, who had been prominent as president of various other societies, was elected president; Mrs. Maria D. Adams, first vice-president; Miss R. W. Longley, second vice-president; Miss Kate M. Thayer, secretary; Mrs. Della H. Allton, treasurer.

Last April, at the commencement of the fifth year, Mrs. Urania E. Bowers, who had so very ably served

the previous year, was reëlected president; Miss Roxanna W. Longley, first vice-president; Mrs. Susan F. Wallace, second vice-president; Miss Katharine M. Thayer, secretary; Miss Mabel Chandler, treasurer; directors, Mrs. Eliza D. Ramsdell, Mrs. Emma L. Parker, Mrs. M. Carrie Barnard, Mrs. Bertha R. Heath, Mrs. Ellen M. Hussey, and Mrs. Mabel Harriman. The direc-



Mrs. J. B. Parker.
Director.

tors each serve three years. Among those who have served besides those mentioned above, are Mrs. Martha A. Greenleaf, Mrs. Emma W. Gray, and Mrs. Helen B. Underhill.

In consideration of the valuable services of Mrs. McQuesten as founder and Mrs. Moore as first president, they have been elected honorary officers.

The club joined the State Federation October 15, 1896. The club color is scarlet, which is made con-



Mrs. George A. Ramsdell.
Director.

spicuous in the calendar, either in the lettering or the cover. Our motto is

"The Kingdom of Thought has no Enclosure."



Mrs. Webster P. Hussey.
Director.

The meetings are generally held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at which lectures are usually given. Sometimes we have had a symposium, consisting of papers

benefit of the whole club. A chairman is appointed for each department and the classes are held in private houses. Last year they became so interested that nearly every class had extra meetings, more than printed in the calendar.

One, the class in practical study, has two or three gentlemen talk to the class each afternoon about "Emergencies in the Household," "Home Training," "Business Forms for Women," "Municipal House-keeping," etc., after which questions are asked.

At the other classes no papers generally are read, but the subjects are discussed by the members. Thus it will be seen that

"Knowledge rare we seek—and share."



Mrs. Walter C. Harriman.

Director.

or discussions, ending with a club tea. Last year we had a Children's day, when the children of members were entertained. This year we have had a new departure, a Teachers' afternoon, with a lecture and a club tea. The lecture, a fine one, was given by Mrs. Mary Inez Wood, one of the talented women of the clubs in Portsmouth.

In addition to these regular meetings we have six departments of study,—literature, practical study, parliamentary law, art and architecture, current events, and music. Each of these classes have twenty dollars given to them and they are expected to furnish one lecture upon their particular department for the



Mrs. James H. Tolles.

Chairman Class in Music.

Much interest is manifested in all the departments. The Current Events class is planning an outing for summer for which a dainty dish of the Philippine Islands, brought to

light by their study, has been suggested for their menu.

Once a year a "Gentlemen's Night" is given, which is really the society event of the season. This year, as



Mrs. B. A. Pease

Chairman Class in Art and Architecture.

usual, it was a success. The hall was handsomely decorated with laurel, ferns, and bunting. The figures 1900 were upon the wall in white incandescents set in a frame of similar lights. One minute before midnight the bugle sounded and the lights began to fade away. In their places as the clock struck twelve the figures for the beginning of the twentieth century, 1901, appeared in red incandescents, and all present united in singing "America." The lecture of the evening was by Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, whose subject was "The Survival of African Music in America." Dancing followed the lecture.

At the commencement of each club

season a reception has been given by the board of managers to the members in the Boat Club house, which has been most kindly offered by the directors of the Boat club. It is situated on the banks of the Nashua river. From the piazza a lovely view of the winding river with the foliage on the banks and the hill beyond rich in their autumn coloring, is seen, making it an ideal place. At this reception the president gives an address, and the secretary a summary of the arrangements made during the summer by the board of managers for the various departments and lectures for the coming season. They

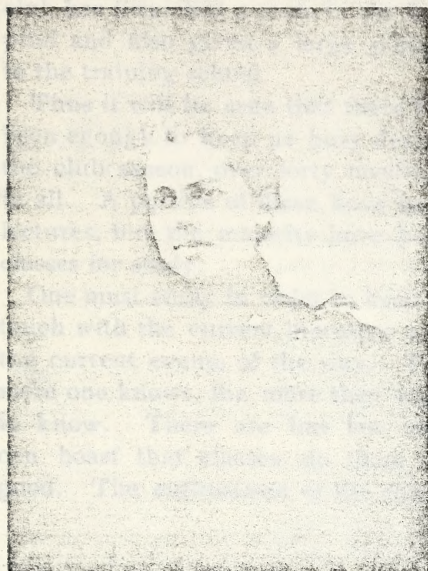
"plan that all be fresh and new,
Important matter yet attractive too."



Mrs. George E. Balcom.

Chairman Class in Parliamentary Law.

The result of their work is shown in the calendars, which are distributed at this meeting. The treasurer renders her account of the finances and the chairman of each department



Miss Charlotte A. Goodale.
Chairman Class in Literature.

gives a synopsis of the work which she and her assistants have planned for the winter's study. Songs and music are furnished by the class in music. All partake of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," and depart with the remembrance of another pleasant afternoon stored away in their memories.

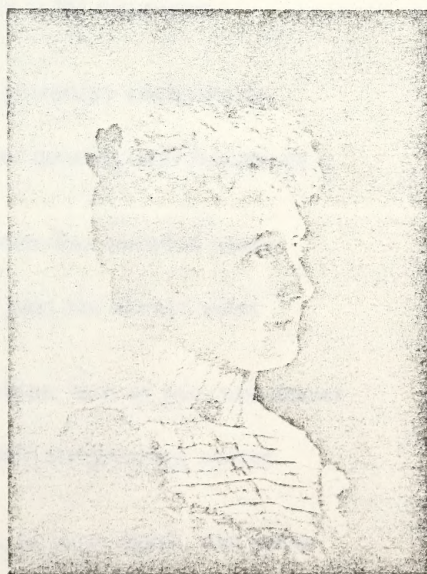
In May the club entertained the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs. The exercises were held in the Unitarian church and dinner was served in the Armory near by, where was also held a brilliant reception in the evening. The music at the federation was given entirely by members of the club, and many compliments were received upon its excellence. We have not as many historical places to show to strangers as were shown in Portsmouth, where the last annual meeting of the Federation was held, but one house, called "The Haunt," owned by Col. W. E. Spald-

ing, is filled entirely, from cellar to roof, with a rich collection of old-fashioned furniture. Colonel Spalding kindly extended an invitation to the delegates and visiting members to examine it, and many availed themselves of the opportunity.

We have generally had very fine lectures. This year we have had Miss Minnie Eliot Tenney, Miss Helen A. Whittier, Miss O. M. E. Rowe, Mrs. Mary Gregory Murray, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Mrs. Mary Inez Wood, and have in anticipation Mrs. Erving Winslow, Mrs. Fannie C. Hayward, and Judge Charles R. Corning. Last year we had Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and other talented lecturers.

The class in music, of which there is superior talent in the club, furnish several fine musical selections of the highest order at each afternoon's lecture.

For practical work in the city the



Mrs. H. L. Smith.
Chairman Class in Practical Study.

club has furnished a room in the hospital and also given a large picture to the training school.

Thus it will be seen that there has been enough to keep us busy during the club season, over forty meetings in all. A portion of these have been lectures, but the majority have been classes for study.

One must study in order to keep in touch with the current literature and the current events of the day. The more one knows, the more they wish to know. There are but few who can boast that classes do them no good. The enthusiasm of the chair-

man kindles a like spirit in class members. Knowledge and reform are the watchwords of the present and the future.

"The intellectual life," as some one else has said, "is less an acquirement than an attitude of mind, and one great good of the woman's club, not always recognized, is that it has improved the 'attitude of mind' for many a woman unaccustomed to the deeper ranges of thought. It has afforded a needed impulse toward broader living, a genuine stimulus to independent thinking."

IN OTHER DAYS.

By Wilbur D. Spencer.

The fragrance of the faded flower is ever sweeter
Than one fresh blown ;
The sanctity of earthly days is far completer
When they have flown.

The half-forgotten song of yesterday enchants us
More than the new ;
Some face of youth in tender memory still haunts us
And keeps us true.

The lilt of birds in olden times has sounded purer
To childish ears ;
The voices of the hallowed past are always surer
To start our tears.

The early loves and friendships, won of you, are dearer
Than earthly ties ;
Familiar stars in heaven itself are growing nearer
To dimmer eyes.

And so, the change of time, or even death, can never
Obstruct our ways,
For we shall find once more, and live again forever,
Those other days.

THE WHITTIER PINE.

By Lewis A. Browne.

NOTE.—This tree, situated on Sunset Hill, Centre Harbor, N. H., is known as the "Whittier Pine," and was the tree the poet had in mind when he wrote the "Wood Giant." Mr. Whittier passed many of his summers at Centre Harbor, and while there his favorite haunt was beneath this tree. See frontispiece.

It stands alone, this giant pine,
On brow of Sunset Hill;
Long nourished by a power divine,
Long guarded by His will.

Well should its branches wave on high,
Above all other trees;
Outlined in green against the sky,
Swayed gently in the breeze.

Well should it be to all endeared,
Who know its history best,
And know the poet, so revered,
Who journeyed there to rest.

For this majestic pine has been,
What privilege to know it,
Companion to that best of men,
The gentle Quaker poet.

While seated 'neath its cooling shade,
Well sheltered from sun's rays,
Who knows the inspirations made
For him those summer days?

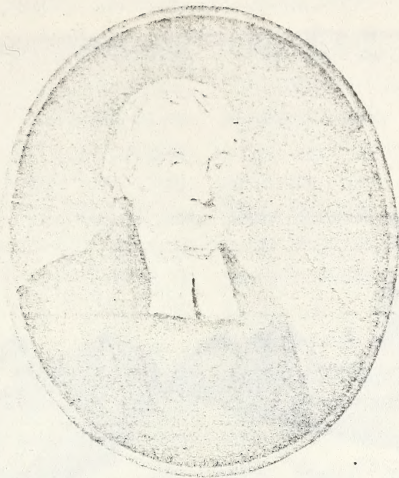
While zephyrs stirred each branch innate
With nothing to impede,
Those murmurings did he translate
And leave for us to read.

When thrilled the song-birds from each limb
With joy none could coerce,
'T was echoed from the tree to him
Who put it in his verse.

'T was Whittier's favorite spot, this tree,
Deep-rooted in the sod,
Where oft alone he came to be;
Alone—save with his God.

The Quaker poet has passed away,
Leaving an honored name,
Leaving his songs to live away,
Leaving his share of fame.

The giant pine on Sunset Hill,
Where oft he used to come,
Is murm'ring in the breezes still,
Murm'ring his requiem.



Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D.

EARLY LIFE OF REV. THOMAS BALDWIN, A NEW HAMPSHIRE CIRCUIT-RIDER OF 1783.

By Ernest Albert Farney.



THOMAS BALDWIN, the only son of Thomas and Mary Baldwin, was born in Bozrah, Conn., December 23, 1753.

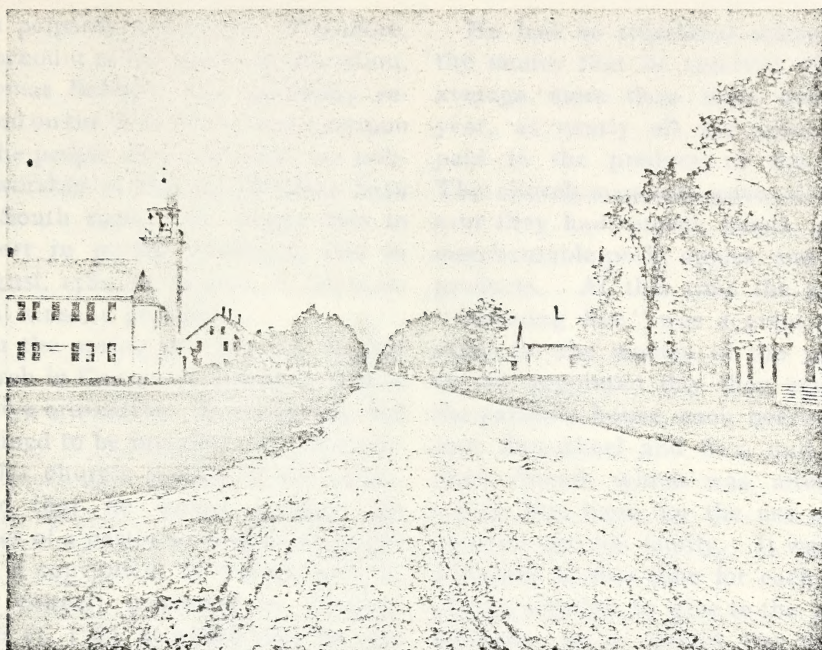
His father was attached to the military service, and rose to some distinction in the Colonial army. He died when the boy was twelve years of age. Four years later his mother married a Mr. Eames, and they removed to Canaan.

His mother's family was distinguished for talent; and she herself not only possessed a vigorous intellect, but was a woman of strong religious character and great spirituality. It is to her Thomas owed the distinguished traits of his character. From very infancy he was noted for his unruffled serenity. In his boyish sports, he was always the enemy of oppression and a peacemaker among his playmates; he was also remark-

able for a taste for reading and devoted every leisure moment to the improvement of his mind.

As a young man he was peculiarly noted for the sprightliness of his wit. Though always innocent and unoffending, it was frequently pungent and to the point. One day when he was assisting some carpenters who were framing the timbers of a house, a workman, who was fond of a joke, pressed young Baldwin to give his idea of the personality of the devil. He had an axe in his hand and requested the man to place his foot on the log and replied, "With cloven feet you could impersonate his satanic majesty to perfection." The laugh that followed silenced the fun-loving workman, and convinced him that the young man was able to take care of himself.

On September 22, 1775, he was married to Ruth Huntington of Nor-



Church at Canaan Street where Rev. Thomas Baldwin Preached.

wich, Conn., with whom he lived most happily until her death, February 11, 1812. In April, 1778, a son was born. The following November this beloved child, fresh from the hand of God, was taken away during the absence of the father. A little headstone of slate, carved by his own hand,—obtained from an outcropping seam near Lebanon—now marks the last resting-place of his beloved child in the cemetery near the Congregational church. Only a part of the name is legible. The date is November 22, 1778, “in his 7 month. This fading flower cut down and withered in an hour.” The loss of this child was to have a lasting influence on his life. He wrote, “This painful event was rendered more distressing, both to me and my dear companion, by the circumstance of my being absent at the time. As oppressed with grief

I rode silently homeward, the thought struck me: ‘This is the voice of God to call me to repentance.’”

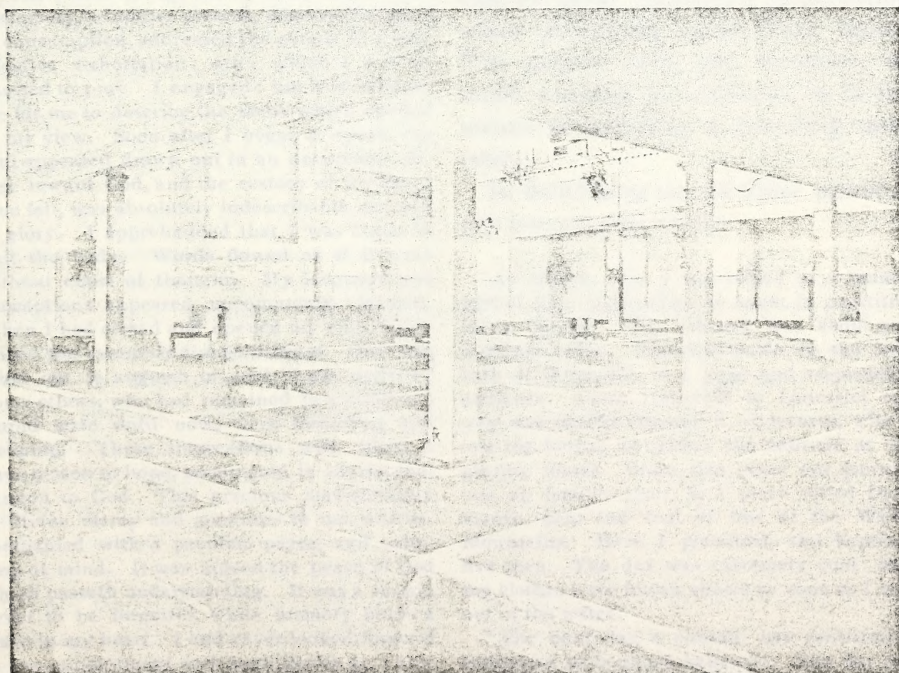
During this time Thomas Baldwin was actively engaged in the service of the town, and was elected town clerk for the years 1777-’78-’79. Before he was thirty years of age he was chosen to represent the town of Canaan in the state legislature, and, as he was repeatedly elected to the office it is presumed that he discharged his duties in a manner to satisfy his constituents. In 1775 he determined to devote himself to the legal profession, and had actually commenced his studies with reference to it, but his mind now took a different direction and he soon abandoned the purpose altogether.

The early settlers had little time to devote to educational work. Schools were rare and the modes of instruc-

tion palpably defective. Therefore, on account of his superior education, Thomas Baldwin was generally selected on the Sabbath to read a sermon to the people who assembled for public worship at Deacon Welche's barn on South road. He began first to exhort in public meetings, and in August, 1782, he became, in the technical sense, a preacher.

In the spring of 1783 the Baptist church in Canaan proposed to him to receive ordination; he consented, but declined to be installed over that particular church, though it was understood that he would perform the duties of a pastor so long as he might find it convenient to remain with it. The council convened in Canaan, June 11, 1783, at which time he was ordained to the work of an evangelist. He continued to labor in Canaan for seven years.

He had no stipulated salary, and the money that he received did not average more than forty dollars a year, as nearly all his salary was paid in the products of the farm. The church-members gave of whatever they had,—meal, beans, grain, merchantable pork, apples, and other products. At this time the annual "Spinning Bee" was a great social event for the women of the parish. On an appointed day they came to the parson's house, each bearing her own flax-wheel and flax, and spun linen thread, which was afterward woven into linen for the use of the minister and his family. It was also a custom at this time for each male church-member to give to the pastor annually, on a certain day in the winter, a load of the best hard wood. As each parishioner delivered his gift at the parsonage door he was served



The Original Interior of the Church.

with ample slices of cake, cheese, and other refreshments. Stoves were not in use in the churches and fire-places would have made little change in the temperature of those large church interiors with the two rows of loosely framed windows that rattled and shook in windy weather and poured currents of cold air in upon the shivering audience. Nobody thought of staying at home from church, however, as the weekly life was so laborious and monotonous that they welcomed the Sabbath with its sermon and opportunity of meeting the neighbors and discussing the affairs of the parish and the nation at the noon hour.

The following experience is from "Memoirs of Rev. Thomas Baldwin," during this early period of his ministry :

"After sermon one Lord's day, as was then customary, a brother present, who was far gone in consumption, addressed the people in a very effective exhortation; after which I was requested to pray. I engaged; but it is impossible for me to describe the scene which opened to my view. Soon after I began to speak, my soul appeared drawn out in an uncommon degree toward God, and the ecstasy of joy that I then felt, was absolutely indescribable and full of glory. I apprehended that I was about to quit the body. Words flowed as if it were without effort of thought. My language and conceptions appeared uncommonly elevated. When I had closed and opened my eyes, I perceived the assembly almost in tears. One man cried out in anguish of soul 'I am undone.' Some others, who had remained in a hardened stupid state until now, were trembling and weeping. These impressions with some, I have reason to hope, terminated in saving conversion to God. This gracious manifestation of divine mercy and goodness to me, was accompanied with a peculiar peace, and calmness of mind. It was indeed the peace of God which passeth understanding. It was a season never to be forgotten while memory holds a place in my heart. I had never looked forward to any appointment with such desire as I now waited the return of the holy Sabbath, that I might meet with the children of God, and tell

my fellow sinners the blessedness there is in believing."

Though he was generally at home on the Sabbath, he spent a considerable part of almost every week in traveling and preaching in thinly settled places. When on these missionary journeys he often carried a generous supply of apple seeds in his saddle-bags to plant in favorable localities near the homes and along the bridle paths, thus showing his thoughtfulness for generations as yet unborn. Sometimes he made journeys of more than one hundred miles, and that, too, through a wilderness, and in midwinter, depending almost entirely on the hospitality of the people; but so great was his zeal to preach the gospel to the poor that he accounted no sacrifice great by means of which he might accomplish his end. In his autobiography he states that he never received a contribution when preaching away from home. The people were not, however, so much wanting in kindness, as in the means of assisting a traveling minister.

In describing one of these missionary journeys he wrote :

"In March, 1790, I was called to a remote part of New Hampshire, to assist in constituting a church. The journey was about one hundred miles. Preached twice on the Sabbath at Haverhill, to a large and respectable audience. From Haverhill to Lancaster our way was chiefly through a wilderness, with a few log houses to relieve the solitude of the gloomy forest. From this place our journey was up Israel's river, to a place called Dartmouth, near the foot of one of the White Mountains. Here I preached, and baptized five men. The day was extremely cold; and my clothes were frozen almost as soon as I was out of the water.

"The next day a church was constituted, composed of baptized believers. The day following, I set out for Landaff in company with J. C., Esq. The distance was about thirty

miles. It so happened that neither of us had any money; we consequently expected to ride the whole distance without refreshment. But as we were setting out a gentleman belonging to the village proposed to bear us company. After riding a few miles, he observed that it was time to stop and feed our horses; but knowing our pecuniary resources were low, I observed that it was not necessary. He insisted upon it, and said, 'My father, sir, taught me, that whenever I happened to travel in company with clergymen, never to allow them to pay anything, and I am resolved that they never shall. Now, sir, whatever you may need, while in my company, is entirely at your service.' I was led to admire the goodness of God, in sending this kind stranger, who knew nothing of my situation, to supply my wants when passing through this dreary wilderness.

"At night we were hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. C. When we crossed the river and proceeded up the west side, and about noon I parted company with J. C., Esq., and pursued my journey alone. Toward night it began to snow, and at dark I passed the last settlement in Peacham, and entered into a wilderness, without a single house on the way. The prospect was dreary and appalling. Being an entire stranger, the night dark and the road narrow, and intersected with the limbs of trees, which obliged me to proceed slowly with my hand before my face, in order to preserve my eyes; imagination suggested the danger of being arrested by some of those ferocious animals which were known to infest these forests. But that God who had preserved my life thus far, conducted me safely through all these dangers and brought me to the house of my friends, who received me with no small kindness."

On September 18, 1790, Rev. Mr. Baldwin accepted a unanimous call from the Second Baptist church in Boston. He proved himself fully adequate to the important field into which he was now introduced. In 1791, seventy were added to the church. During the year 1799, it was found necessary to enlarge the place of worship. In the spring of 1803, another revival of great power began in the church, which continued nearly two years and a half, during which time the number received to communion was 212.

As a preacher, Rev. Thomas Bald-

win stood among the most eminent of his time, and his manner in the pulpit was dignified, simple, and unaffected. He rarely wrote his sermons in full. It has been said that his opportunities for improvement, either by reading or intellectual association, had been little. He had read little; he had seen little; but God had given him the ability to think.

He acquired no small degree of reputation as a controversial writer on baptism and communion. His first work, "Open Communion Examined," was published in 1789, at the request of the Woodstock Association, while he lived in Canaan. Among his other important works was "Sermons and Candid Letters," a volume of 250 pages, published in 1810. He also published many tracts and sermons. In 1794 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown university; and, in 1803, that of D. D., from Union college. From 1803-'17 he was sole editor of the *Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine*, and from the latter date until his death was its senior editor.

On the 28th of August, 1826, he left Boston to attend Commencement at Waterville, Me. On his way he passed the Sabbath at Hallowell, and preached twice, apparently under the full impression that he was just finishing his earthly labors. On the next day he proceeded to Waterville, and spent the afternoon in walking over the college grounds, and examining the condition of the institution. He retired to rest about nine o'clock, apparently slept well for about an hour, then with a deep groan, and in the twinkling of an eye, he died.

His remains were taken to Boston, and a sermon at his interment was delivered by the Rev. Daniel Sharp, from Acts xi, 24: "He was a good man."

One of his colleagues wrote :

"If any feature of his piety was more prominent than another, it was meek, child-like humanity. He obeyed the commandment, Speak evil of no man. But it was in the retirement of domestic life, as the husband, the father, and the friend, that he clothed himself in the most enduring attributes. To know him at home was to venerate and love him."

THE HERO.

By George Warren Parker.

Not Cæsar praised by every age,
Nor Bonaparte of iron nerve ;
Not Socrates, the Grecian sage,
Nor Cato whom no fear could swerve ;
Not Cromwell—England's Ironside,
Nor Washington, first of the free ;
Enroll the great that live and died !
Nor 'mongst these shall the hero be.

Not in the forum, camp, or mart,
But quite withdrawn from scenes of strife,
Unknown to fame, an humble part
He plays in the great drama—Life—
For those at home he toils and strives,
Nor questions aught, nor reasons why
Some plod and suffer all their lives
And ne'er find rest until they die.

With faith in Him who rules above,
With firm resolve and honest mien,
Disdaining hardship, moved by love,
Ennobling work as seldom seen ;
In shop or field, where'er he be,
He lives a sermon every day ;
At work he sings as sings the free
And thus cheers others on their way.

As gloaming deepens into night,
He homeward turns and greets with smiles
His wife and children. How the sight
Of these all toil and care beguiles !
The evening meal ; then those most dear
Climb on his knees, a tale to hear ;
We hail this man with humble cheer
The hero true, to heaven near.

THE VEGETABLE FOOD OF BIRDS.

By Ned Dearborn and Clarence M. Weed.



COMPREHENSIVE survey of the feeding habits of birds leads to the conclusion that the common terms, vegetivorous and insectivorous, have but a relative significance. They imply predominance in a given diet rather than an exclusive restriction to it. We cannot indicate a single finch, grouse, or pigeon—the most devoted of the vegetarians—and say that it never eats insects, while on the other hand after being assured that swallows and flycatchers—the most persistent of the insect hunters—sometimes eat berries, we cannot feel justified in maintaining upon purely negative evidence that any of the so-called insectivorous birds never eats vegetable food.

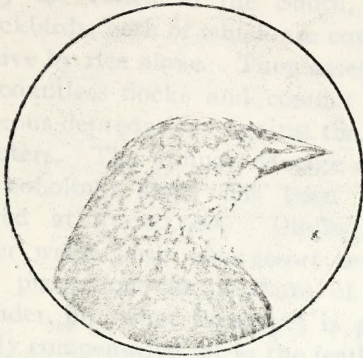
The vegetation eaten by birds may conveniently be considered under three heads, namely: Fruits, foliage, and roots. Under the first would be included all seeds and seed-bearing products of plants; they may be subdivided into seeds and achenes, nuts, and fleshy fruits. Under the second head would be included leaves, buds, and blossoms, while the third would include roots and root products.

SEEDS.

The largest proportion of the seeds eaten by birds are produced by herbs, most of which are useless, while many of them are noxious weeds.

The quantity of pestiferous seeds thus annually destroyed is enormous and man is deeply indebted to the birds that destroy them. The great family of many-flowered plants of the order *Compositæ* supply food for a multitude of small finches. Early in the season the downy heads of the dandelion call sparrows and goldfinches to lawns and roadsides. A little later horseweeds and thistles furnish similar food to the same hungry company. The ragweed which springs up unbidden everywhere is perhaps the best bird provider in this family; in grain fields, along roadsides, in worn-out pastures this plant affords the feathered foragers a feast unsurpassed either in amount or duration. During the latter part of their stay the summer sparrows largely depend upon it, while in the winter bobwhites, goldfinches, redpolls, English sparrows, snowflakes, and horned larks make festival among its miniature branches. Even the red-headed and red-bellied woodpeckers as well as the flicker have been known to partake of these ragweed seeds.

The Buckwheat family—the order *Polygonaceæ*—also contributes a liberal supply of food to many birds. The list of birds that devour these triangular seeds is a large one. Knotweed, sheep-sorrel, dock, bindweed, and many more contribute each to the birds that frequent its



Red-winged Blackbird—Female.

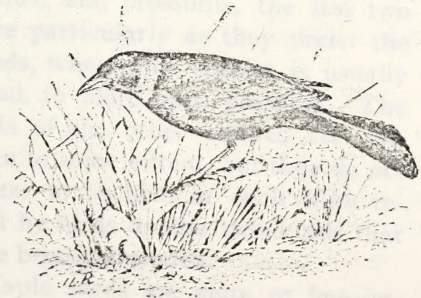
station. Juncos, chipping sparrows, and redpolls come to the dooryard to glean among the knotweed; cowbirds, redwings, mourning doves, bobwhites, and flickers look for the seeds of dock and bindweed in fields and meadows; mallards, teals, and other river ducks dabble for the seeds of water smartweed, and other aquatic or semi-aquatic varieties, making a full meal of them whenever they are able to do so.

The seeds of the pigweeds, hemp, mullein, and a host of other weeds belonging to less numerous families are also freely drawn upon for the support of bird life.

The wild grasses of the order *Gramineæ* also supply their share. Among them the pigeon and other grasses of the genus *Setaria* are perhaps the most important in bird economy, as they invade cultivated ground everywhere and are fed upon very generally by the sparrows and many other birds. In swamps and along the borders of ponds and streams, especially in the Southern and Western states, wild rice grows abundantly, and during the autumnal migration it is often the predominating element in the diet of such marsh-loving birds as bobolinks,

blackbirds, rails, and ducks, all of which become very fat upon it.

Cultivated grains are consumed in varying quantities by a large number of birds, though comparatively few commit appreciable depredations, the grain eaten being generally gleaned after harvest. All varieties of small grain, such as wheat, rye, oats, etc., are taken without apparent discrimination. The birds that habitually feed upon them are those already named as patrons of the larger seeds—crows, jays, blackbirds, pigeons, prairie chickens, and other members of the grouse family, sparrows, meadow larks, horned larks, brown thrashers, towhees, and others. The crows, bluejays, blackbirds, and English sparrows do considerable harm at times, though it is probable that the insects destroyed at other times by all except the English sparrow go far to compensate the loss. Pigeons and grouse are not sufficiently abundant to do much damage. In the West wild ducks and geese visit the grain fields and sometimes cause considerable injury by taking the sprouting seed from the newly sown fields. During the fall migration the Southern rice fields attract many birds. Foremost among these are the bobolinks, or rice birds as



The Crow Blackbird.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

they are called in the South, and blackbirds, both of which are content to live by rice alone. They assemble in countless flocks and commit outrageous depredations against the rice planters. The annual damage done by bobolinks alone has been estimated at \$3,000,000. Ducks and other water birds also resort to the rice plantations for a share of the plunder, but what these get is generally compensated for in the feathers and flesh that the owners obtain.

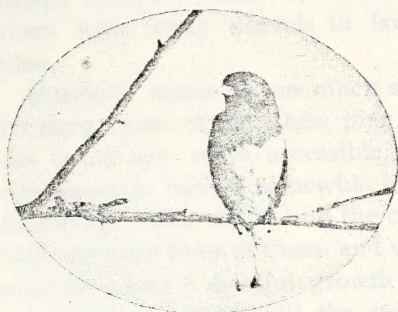
Indian corn or maize on account of its larger kernels is precluded from the food-list of most of the sparrows, but otherwise it has the same depredators as the smaller grains. Among the casual devourers of maize are the woodpeckers and nuthatches which seem to prefer it to all other cereals.

Cultivated grass and clover seeds are frequently taken by sparrows. Sunflower seeds are sought by the more arboreal finches, like the purple finch, goldfinch and the cross bills. In the garden we find that lettuce, turnips, and similar seeds are enjoyed by goldfinches, and that English sparrows and Baltimore orioles occasionally fall into the evil habit of eating green peas. Except in rare instances, however, these garden invasions are insignificant.

Among the trees that contribute seeds to the birds, the different species of elm deserve notice, the more especially as their seeds mature earlier than those of most other plants. The seeds of the widely diffused white elm ripen in the latitude of central New England about the first of June, and at once become a lure to the arboreal seed-eaters—crossbills, goldfinches, and purple finches—which, when the seeds fall,

follow them to join the host of "ground sparrows"—song, vesper, chipping, English, and others that ordinarily live on the seeds of weeds and do not feel at ease away from the cover of humble vegetation.

The birches are also important elements in bird food because their tiny



The Junco.

winged seeds are quite persistent, many of them clinging to the catkins throughout the winter. They offer an unfailing supply so long as they remain upon the trees, and are liberally patronized by the winter finches—juncos, tree sparrows, goldfinches, redpolls, siskins, and crossbills. The small gray birch is levied upon in autumn by chipping and field sparrows, and in winter it becomes an especial favorite with juncos, tree sparrows, and redpolls. Seeds of the yellow birch are sought by redpolls, siskins, and crossbills, the last two more particularly as they prefer the woods, where this species is usually found, to more open pastures. The seeds of the other birches are also eaten to some extent, but they do not appear to be held in such high regard by birds as the two kinds that have been mentioned.

Maple seeds are more or less important in bird economy according to circumstances. As a rule the spar-

rows and finches do not care for them so much as for smaller seeds that are more easily handled. The winter grosbeaks—pine and evening—however, find them quite to their taste, and give them almost exclusive attention so long as the supply holds out. It sometimes happens that a severe drouth in August dries the stems of maple seeds before they have become woody, so that they are tough enough to withstand the blasts of autumn, and thus remain upon the trees indefinitely. Under these conditions the grosbeaks find life easy, and never quit the neighborhood of trees thus laden until the last seed is plucked. If the ground is not covered with snow they frequently obtain maple seeds after they are fallen.

Among other deciduous trees bearing dry fruits eaten by birds are the poplar, sycamore, and ash trees. None of them is in general favor, however, the larger finches and grosbeaks being their only patrons.

The cone-bearing trees cater to a rather select company of birds. This is particularly true of the white pine, the winged seeds of which are so deeply hidden between the leaves of its great cones that they cannot be extracted by ordinary bird tools. There are a few specialists, however, endowed with an appetite for such seeds and an adequate apparatus for obtaining them. These are the crossbills whose falcate mandibles are admirably adapted for grasping the vane of a pine seed and thus withdrawing it from its hiding place. The siskin is another lover of pine seeds, and it is able to supply its wants by having a bill, which, for a finch, is very long and acute. Although most of the white pine seeds

fall in September enough remain in place to keep the birds supplied until early winter. Besides these specialists, several other birds occasionally eat pine seeds. Any of the seed-eaters finding them strewn upon the ground seem ready to accept them, as are also the woodpeckers and the brown creeper, when fortune favors them with stray kernels in famine time.

Hemlock cones are so much smaller than those of the white pine that the seeds are more accessible, and consequently have a somewhat larger following. The siskin and the crossbills are very fond of them, and wherever they find a fruitful growth they are likely to remain till the store is spent—usually about midwinter. After the snow has come, covering the weeds, goldfinches also resort to the hemlocks. Even the chickadees, nuthatches, and woodpeckers seem to find it agreeable to sandwich these seeds in with their fare of frozen insects.

The spruces have larger and more refractory cones than the hemlock, and rank about with the white pine in bird economy. The other coniferous trees are of varying importance in this connection, but an account of them would not differ materially from those already given.

Comparatively few of the vegetivorous birds are capable of devouring nuts. Crows and bluejays, by holding them between their toes and their perch, are able to remove the shells from any of the thin-shelled nuts with their strong bills, and during the mast season feed very largely upon them. The wild doves, pigeons, grouse, turkeys, and many of the ducks eat them entire, leaving the

task of shelling to their muscular gizzards. To all these, nuts are a standard article of diet. To the nuthatches and woodpeckers they are among the contingencies, as a rule, though some of the Western woodpeckers seem to depend upon them considerably for winter food. The smaller nuts, or nutlets, approaching the borderland of the seed-like achenes—such as those of the hornbeams and basswood—are eaten to some extent by the grosbeaks and woodpeckers.

There are a number of dry fruits intermediate between nuts and soft fruits which are of some consequence to birds on account of their persistence. The various sorts of sumach berries fall in this class. These berries remain throughout the winter as they grew, and during that season of want add materially to the food supply of Northern birds. Ruffed grouse, crows, jays, woodpeckers, nuthatches, and chickadees frequently partake of them when the ground is covered with snow. Brown thrashers, catbirds, mocking birds, bluebirds, robins, and even king birds eat them at times, though probably never to any considerable extent. It is interesting to note in passing that the berries of the poison ivy and poison sumach are eaten as freely as those of any other species of equal abundance.

The small, hard berries of the red cedar and juniper contribute to the livelihood of practically the same company. They are especially sought by cedar-birds and are evidently enjoyed by purple finches, pine grosbeaks, and myrtle warblers. The myrtle warbler, however, depends in cold weather more upon bayberries than anything else. In

fact it got its name from one of the vernacular names of the shrub that bears them—wax-myrtle. Bayberries are also eaten by other winter birds and late migrants much the same as sumach and cedar berries are.

These dry fruits must be reckoned as necessities rather than luxuries in



Cedar Berries.

bird economy; they are seldom eaten when more palatable fruit is to be had.

Pulpy fruits, on the contrary, are evidently enjoyed by birds, for they form the main diet of many normally insectivorous birds just when insects are most abundant. Of the various plants, large and small, bearing pulpy fruits, those of the rose family (*Rosaceæ*) hold first place from our present point of view. Among the many kinds of fruit produced by this family the cherries are most important, as they are eaten by all the birds accustomed to taking fruit of any sort, and are to be had in un-

limited quantity during more than two months in the year. The wild red cherry, which is the first to ripen, is least esteemed, though cedar birds appear to find it quite satisfactory. Birds in general, however, eat these far more sparingly than they do the



Black Cherries.

later varieties. Choke cherries and black cherries form an appreciable per cent. of the food of cedar birds, thrushes, catbirds, thrashers, orioles, jays, crows, and grouse from the time the first choke cherries begin to grow brown in midsummer until the rains and frosts of autumn have despoiled the black cherry trees of the last of their shining loads. Grackles, flycatchers, sparrows, woodpeckers, and pigeons assist to a limited extent, but cherry birds and robins are the most persistent devourers, with the flicker a close follower. The large number of cherries consumed, as well as the variety of birds involved, doubtless depends somewhat on the fact that cherry trees grow in all sorts of places. The shy grouse and the woodland thrushes, catbirds, and thrashers are able to get plenty

of them without being exposed to the dangers of open grounds, while the familiar robin and cedar bird, which prefer cleared land, find all they want by roadsides and pasture fences.

Wild strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries are all dear to the avian palate. The first are not so largely eaten as the other two, for the reason that many birds which undoubtedly relish them do not like to hunt for them in the grass. Raspberries and blackberries are available to a larger number. Catbirds, brown thrashers, and sparrows are at home in a brier patch and enjoy the fruits thereof. The ruffed grouse makes a regular practice of living in blackberry thickets, while the fruit is on the vines and during that time feeds upon little else. The running blackberries or dewberries near the coast are frequently eaten by the larger shore birds, such as curlews and plovers.

The shadbush or service berry, another member of the rose family, is of some value to birds, more especially as its fruits mature early. It is visited by the same group of birds as flock to the cherry trees later in the season, but the quantities taken are not large. The fact that birds do not gorge themselves upon these berries seems not to be through any fault of the berries, but rather because they come at a time when a more concentrated food is needed for the prosecution of vernal activities. When the nesting season is over and the year's labor done, comes the time for relaxation, moulting, and a general rejuvenescence. Then fruit is in order. Each bird according to its nature seeks its favorite. Crows and jays prefer mast and go to the nut

trees. Sparrows loiter among the weed-thickened stubble. Robins, cedar birds, and a host with similar tastes, gather at the cherry trees.

But though early fruits are more or less neglected, late varieties of ever so mean quality receive better attention. The berries of the mountain ash, the last of the wild species of the rose family to be mentioned here, are among the latest maturing of the wild fruits. They are unpalatable to our taste, but the rear guard of southward bound migrants eat them with apparent relish. Cedar birds, robins, and other thrushes are especially fond of them.

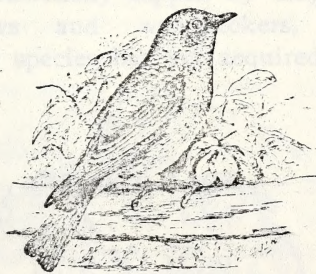
The shrubs belonging to the family *Caprifoliaceæ* produce a number of soft fruits that are consumed by birds. Those of the viburnums—sheepberry, witherod, cranberry-tree, etc.—are all patronized by grouse, woodpeckers, and the thrushes and their allies, though with by no means the zest shown for cherries and other more favored fruits. The elderberries, on the other hand, have a more pronounced following. The common elderberry, in particular, attracts birds in such numbers and variety that it ranks among the leading fruits of the woods in this connection. The red-berried elder is not so highly regarded, though it is visited by woodpeckers and a few other birds.

Among the late maturing berries are those of the dogwoods, belonging to the order *Cornaceæ*. There are several sorts of these which birds seem to hold in about equal esteem. They are taken in moderation by nearly or quite all the birds mentioned above as feeding upon fruits of this nature. The one berry in this order of which the birds are par-

ticularly fond is the sour gum. Thrushes, woodpeckers, crows, jays, and grouse are found assembled for this and persistently abiding by it until the supply is gone.

Among the Heaths (*Ericaceæ*) the most prominent fruits on the avian bill of fare are the blueberries and huckleberries. The abundance and edible qualities of these berries suffice to account for their large consumption by all the fruit-eaters. Birds find the seclusion of the bushes not less agreeable than the good food, just at a time when both are needed. It is not strange that so many of them desert orchard and village trees for the blueberry pastures when the trials of rearing the young are over.

The black alder of the Holly family (*Ilicineæ*) is another late maturing berry eaten by woodpeckers and the thrushes and their allies. After the leaves are fallen the bright red color of these berries renders them very conspicuous. To us they have an abominable taste, but evidently the



The Bluebird.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.,

birds do not dislike them. In the wooded swamps, where they grow, one may often find robins, up to the verge of winter, long after they have disappeared from the fields, subsisting almost wholly on these berries. Other members of the *Ilex* family,

such as the holly and cassena, are similarly eaten.

Among the miscellaneous small fruits eaten by birds must be mentioned wild grapes and the berries of



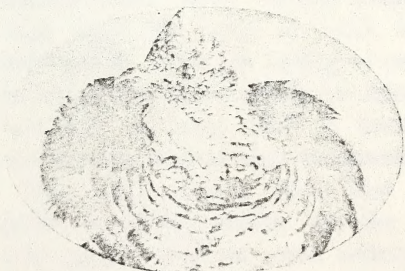
Barberries.

the Virginia creeper, which are taken by woodpeckers and many other birds. The mulberry has many devotees, among them the cuckoos. Poke-weed, in spite of its poisonous properties, supplies berries for a multitude of birds. It is a notable fact that whenever a woodlot is cleared, poke-weed, if it grows anywhere in the neighborhood, is sure to spring up in abundance from seeds dropped by birds at their roosts. Partridge berries, which remain unchanged through the winter, are relished by grouse and pigeons in both spring and fall. The persistent fruit of the common barberry, which along the New England coast is thoroughly established, ministers largely to the support of the robins, flickers, bobwhites, and ruffed grouse that winter there. Persimmons, hackberries, spice berries, cranberries, crowberries, sarsaparilla, greenbrier, Indian turnip, and many other wild fruits are eaten by birds to a greater or less extent, but none of them compares in importance with those that have been mentioned.

THE CULTIVATED FRUITS.

Of the cultivated fruits, cherries are subject to pilferings by cedar birds and robins to an irritating extent. Catbirds and woodland thrushes are less troublesome, on account of their retiring habits. Strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries are similarly affected. Currants and gooseberries are on the food list of the robin and the English sparrow at least. Apples are tasted by pine and evening grosbeaks, woodpeckers, bluejays, English sparrows, and ruffed grouse, but the fruit thus molested is usually of poor quality, growing in out-of-the-way places. The grosbeaks eat both seeds and pulp of apples during their winter peregrinations. In autumn the ruffed grouse frequents the neighborhood of scrub apple trees in the alder runs as well as in neglected fields, and for a month or so subsists largely upon apple pulp.

Pears, plums, peaches, and oranges are occasionally tapped by English sparrows and woodpeckers, but neither species has yet acquired the



Ruffed Grouse.

habit of thus molesting such fruits.

On the whole the harm done by birds to cultivated fruits is of comparatively little consequence, except in some of the special fruit-growing

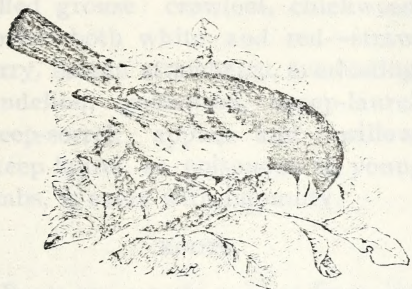
regions. Probably it rarely begins to offset the good done by them through the destruction of insects.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

A few birds make a practice of eating the buds of trees and shrubs. These are mostly winter birds which otherwise could scarcely find subsistence in the north after snowfall,

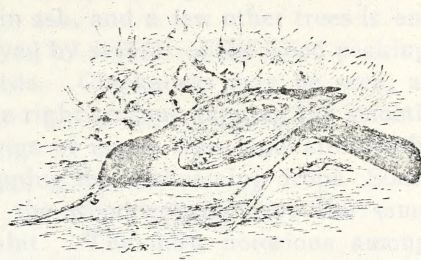
where apple orchards, located near woods, have been rendered useless by them.

The blossoms of trees are of considerable indirect interest to many birds because they attract so many insects. Orioles and warblers are always associated with apple blossoms in the mind of the naturalist because he invariably finds them



The Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)



The Robin.

(After Beal, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

While snow lasts the ruffed grouse lives almost wholly upon buds, preferring those of poplar, apple, and maple trees, but occasionally sampling the tips of birch, hazel, and other twigs. Pine and evening grosbeaks are also fond of buds, apparently without much regard as to kind, for they eat the buds of a large number of trees both evergreen and deciduous. In early spring the swelling buds of oaks, maples, and elms are relished by the rose-breasted grosbeak, purple finch, English sparrow, and the crossbills.

In the garden and orchard the buds of grape vines, currant bushes, peach, plum, cherry, apple, and pear trees are sometimes eaten by English sparrows, purple finches, and pine grosbeaks, but it is rare that any injury from this cause is noticed. The ruffed grouse, however, is capable of inflicting real damage by a too-close pruning of buds, and cases are known

associated in nature. They may sometimes eat a petal or a few stamens; they certainly destroy a multitude of insects. The cherry bird, however, has a liking for petals and devours them greedily, and so does the purple finch. Probably other birds will be found to take parts of flowers when more careful observations upon the ways of birds have been made. But the eating of petals and stamens can scarcely be deemed injurious, at least, until it becomes much more serious than at present.

The only native birds that are given to eating leaves are the few wild species that are most nearly related to our domestic fowls. The wild turkey, all of the grouse, the geese, and many of the ducks feed freely upon them. None of them seems to have much preference but takes such leaves as are found convenient. The ducks, for instance, are usually lim-

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BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS.

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The Chickadee.



The Nuthatch.

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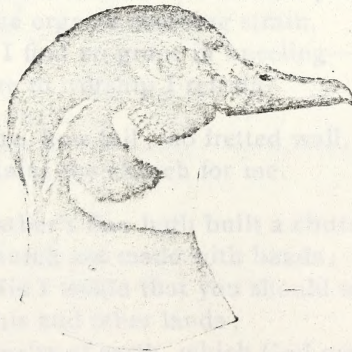
ited to aquatic plants. Eel-grass is eaten by many of them, notably the scaups, the red-head and the canvass-back. Geese are more terrestrial, and consequently they enjoy a more extensive bill of fare. The more strictly vegetivorous grouse plucks right and left, as may be inferred from the following list of leaves taken by the writer from the crops of ruffed grouse: crowfoot, chickweed, clover—both white and red—strawberry, barren strawberry, everlasting, dandelion, goldenrod, sheep-laurel, sheep-sorrel, apple, and willow. Sheep-laurel, so poisonous to young lambs, is eaten with impunity.

ROOTS.

Roots are mostly exempt from consumption by birds. The crow occasionally uncovers newly planted potatoes and feeds on them. Both Irish and sweet potatoes are relished by cranes, which are also said to de-

vour the roots of pond lilies. The roots and bulbs of aquatic plants are greedily taken by geese and vegetivorous ducks whenever they are to be had. Only the larger birds are powerful enough to get at roots or to eat them after they are exposed. The great majority are content to let them fulfil their mission, and await results above ground.

The sap of maples, birches, mountain ash, and a few other trees is enjoyed by several of the wood-pecking birds. Chickadees may be seen, at the right seasons, tapping the smooth twigs of maple trees and attentively sipping the forthcoming drops. Some of the woodpeckers have the same habit. The most notorious among them are the yellow-bellied woodpeckers or sapsuckers, which are inveterate tipplers of the sap of black and canoe birches and mountain ash. They also eat the tender, inner bark of these and other trees.



The Wood Duck.

THAT LAST NIGHT OF ALL.

By Laura Garland Carr.

In that last night of all how will it be?
 Shall I be mindful of the transit strange—
 Be gazing in death's face at shortest range
 With all my faculties alert to see?
 Or shall I go out as I came—thought free—
 Unconscious of the life for death exchange,
 The darksome plunge, the dreaded, final change,
 Unconscious that I 've reached death's mystery?
 I'm glad I do not know. I wonder why
 Such thoughts as these will rankle in the mind!
 Death—like our birth—in nature's plan comes by.
 Should not her motherhood work good and kind?
 'Tis often harder, far, to live than die—
 And at the grave earth's ills are left behind.

THE CHURCH FOR ME.

By Hervey Lucius Woodward.

In no temple of man's building
 Let my church be situate,
 Though the walls have gorgeous gilding—
 Busts of saints inanimate;
 Though the aisles resound with pealing
 Of the organ's soothing strain,
 There I find no grace in kneeling—
 There to worship I refrain.

No spire, how tall; no fretted wall,
 Contains the church for me.

Our Father's Son hath built a church—
 A church not made with hands;
 'Tis His I would that you should search
 In this and other lands;
 The flow'rs of earth, which God gave birth,
 By every land and sea,
 Now these are they that preach and say,
 "Thy Father loveth thee."

No spire, how tall; no fretted wall,
 Contains the church for me.



Home School, Washington, Georgia.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HOME SCHOOL.

By Lulu Armstrong, C. S.



THE home school for the children of Christian Scientists is yet in its infancy, but in presenting a sketch of this school I will show the readers of the **GRANITE MONTHLY** the peculiar circumstances surrounding its conception, its birth, and its present encouraging conditions. In the first place I will say that from my early recollection there was in my thought and experience a trinity of ideas so blended as to be virtually "three in one." These were the church, the

school, and the home. They were never *apart*, but always *one* in my mind. I can remember how I used to think that churches should be always open and warm and attractive, so that religion would seem an everyday thing. I can also remember how often I have declared the school-room to be the most effectual pulpit on earth, and at the same time I have urged upon mothers the grandeur and glory of their position as workers for God. All these things came into my experience before I was out of my teens, and you will

see that this divine conception brought forth what is now the home school, where we are making religion an everyday thing, and proving God to be everpresent.

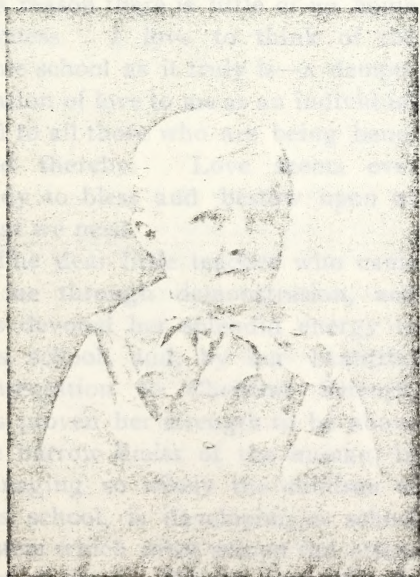
Christian Science came to me when I was still holding this triune thought; a simple country home, a dear little school-room, where I taught my own and the neighboring children, and a love-thought so deep and strong that the children heard more of truth often than they did from the pulpit. Christian Science supplied all that was needed to make practical this triune thought, and now many are rejoicing in this beautiful school.

We are on a large plantation, where it seems nothing is missing which pleases children. The brooks, the hills, the sunny fields, the fruits and flowers—all are here, and the home thought is so strong that the dear boys and girls speak of everything in

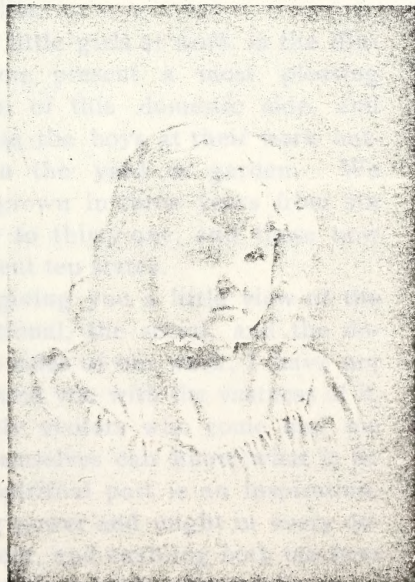
the possessive case. I am often amused at the way in which some pretty city child throws that possessive case around the mules, the cows, and the wagons, and it would surprise one to see how quickly they learn to distinguish *our* wagons and mules from those of our neighbors.

While I am writing, and it is near midnight, two wagons filled with merry boys and girls are out somewhere in the moonlight, where these dear children are watching the old year die. The very small children did not go, and right here I will show you the faces of those left at home, and you will see why the teacher who had the wagons in charge left them, and why I felt better to tuck them in their snug little beds.

You will see that we have very young children in the home school. Our baby, Minnie, is but four and a half years old, and has a very lovely



Frank Armstrong.



Minnie Patton.

and cultured mama in Atlanta. She is a very charming child, and we are all fond of her, but we never allow a child here to be spoiled, and this may in a measure show why we have such happy children.

Our twins are boys of seven, who are from Elgin, Ill., and have been with us now for two years. Christian Science has done much for these boys in giving them health. Frank is my own baby, but you would not know it were you to visit the home school, for he has taken to calling me "Mama Lulu" just as the others do, and I doubt if he knows that I am any more his mama than I am Harry's and Freddy's. The other day he came in from his play with the twins, and, sitting close beside me, said, "Mama Lulu, aren't you Harry's and Freddy's mama too?"

I said, "Why, yes, who ever thought I was n't?"

The motherhood of ever-present good is strongly felt here, and for this reason there is little or no home sickness. I love to think of the home school as it truly is—a demonstration of love to me as an individual and to all those who are being benefited thereby. Love seems ever ready to bless and bestow upon us what we need.

The dear little teacher who came to me through demonstration, and has devoted her splendid energy to this school, and, by her beautiful consecration to Christian Science, has proven her strength to be above the narrow limits of the human, in managing so wisely the children of this school, is developing a school system which must attract the attention of many. She is gradually removing the barriers which lie in the

pathway of children generally, but which are placed there by inherited family claims of limit, and can only be removed by a scientific understanding of powers divinely bestowed on all of God's children.

We believe, as Christian Scientists, that the home school should send out the finest men and women in all branches of education, and, therefore, have as teachers those who are capable of imparting this education.

In developing the school thought in my trinity of ideas we have called Wellesley's culture to work with us, for our standard is high and we must have the best. In the development of the home thought in my trinity, your readers could not ask for a higher sense of home than is seen and felt here always. A sight of our fireside groups amusing themselves these long winter evenings, suggests contentment, at least. Our Friday evening dances afford a most beautiful picture of the social side of our home life.

Our little girls at work in the dining-room present a most pleasing picture of this domestic side, and likewise the boys at their work outside in the yard or garden. We have grown in three years from six pupils to thirty-one, and these now represent ten states.

In giving you a little view of the educational, the social, and the domestic sides of our work, I have not impressed you with the vastness of it, for only visitors who come and see for themselves can know what it is. The spiritual part is an inspiration, giving power and might in every department, and enabling both teachers and pupils to work successfully.

We use "Science and Health," by

Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, as a daily study in our school-room. We find its rules practical and demonstratable by any one who applies them aright, and that neither age nor education has anything to do with the right application of Christian Science rules. I often see the youngest children prove the power of truth more readily than I do. God as ever present good, healing, and saving His children, is the light of the home school, and many shall come into it.

Washington, Ga., Jan. 3, 1901.

BUD, LEAF, AND BLOOM.

By C. C. Lord.

O lustrous time! O life in light
 Triumphant! Now no shades of gloom
 Pervade the hours, the bliss of sight
 Intent on bud, and leaf, and bloom.

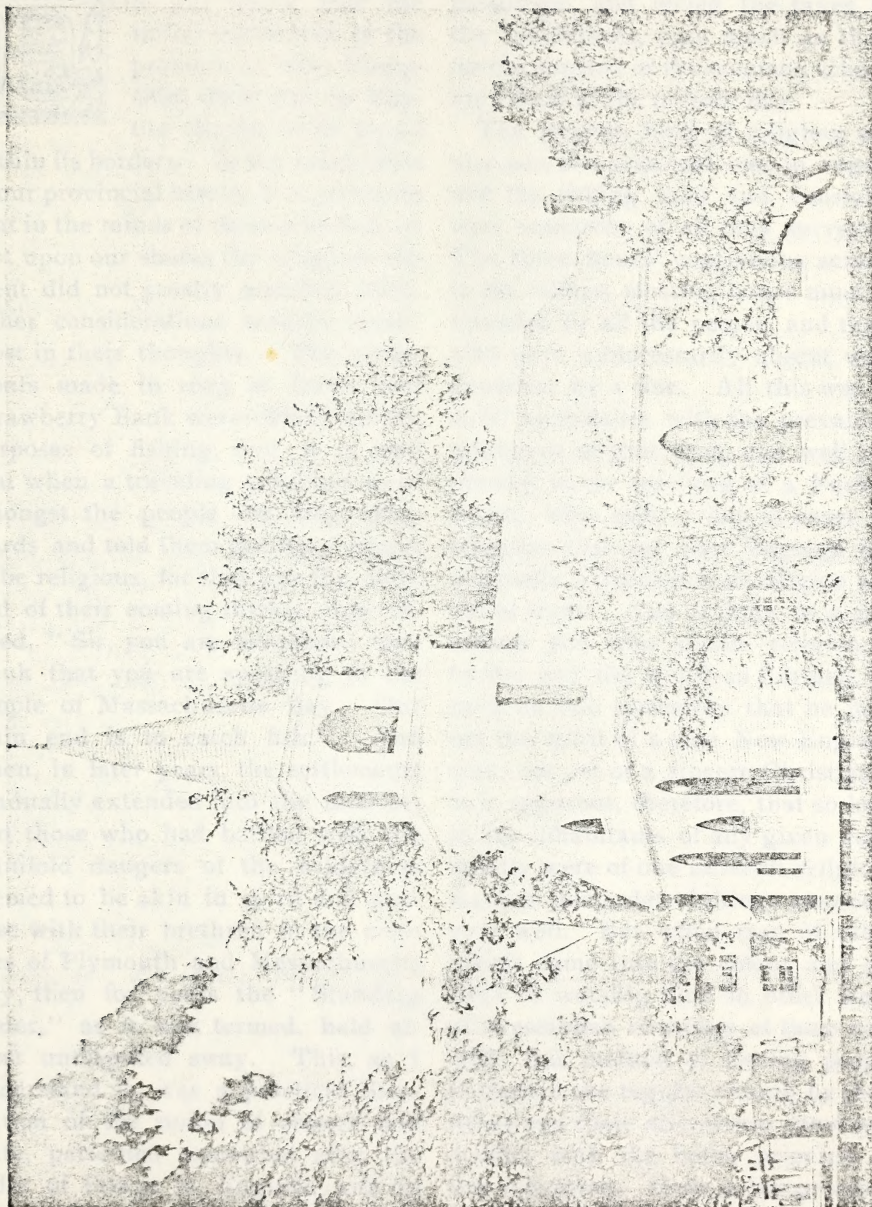
O world, exult! O spring, the praise
 Of brightness! Winter's dark and doom
 Evade this excellence of days,
 The pride of bud, and leaf, and bloom.

O thou, sweet soul of beauty, blest
 Of worth that lasts beyond the tomb,
 Invade this heart and prove its rest,
 With endless bud, and leaf, and bloom!

LOVE'S EARTH.

By Alice P. Sargent.

I do not ask that I may share
 Alone thy joy,—full rather would I
 Suffer with thee: and to know
 When night comes, where thou art
 And do for thee a thousand little things
 To make you happier, and life more sweet.
 Then come what will beside, I do not care!
 For when thy love, a mantle, covers me
 Naught, naught can harm me of this old earth's woe!
 For I am dwelling in an earth apart.
 The only light—the sunlight in your face—
 The only music—that within my heart—
 A place where Joy is king, and Grief takes wings,
 Where sin is not, and years leave not a trace.



BAPTIST CHURCH, HOPKINTON.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN HOPKINTON.

By Howard M. Cook.



FOR 132 years after the initial settlement of the province of New Hampshire there was no Baptist church to be found within its borders. In the early years of our provincial history it would seem that in the minds of those who first set foot upon our shores the religious element did not greatly manifest itself. Other considerations seemed uppermost in their thoughts. The settlements made in 1623 at Dover and Strawberry Bank were chiefly for the purposes of fishing, and it is said that when a traveling preacher went amongst the people not long afterwards and told them that they ought to be religious, for that was the main end of their coming thither, they replied, "Sir, you are mistaken; you think that you are speaking to the people of Massachusetts Bay. Our main end is to catch fish." And when, in later years, the settlements gradually extended into the interior, and those who had battled with the manifold dangers of the wilderness seemed to be akin in spirit and purpose with their brethren in the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, then for years the "Standing Order," as it was termed, held almost undisputed sway. This, as I understand it, was a practical illustration of the union of church and state, patterned somewhat after the order of things in England and on the continent. The town, in connection with the church, called and settled the minister, paid his salary in money, or in such things as he needed, built the meeting-house and

parsonage, and levied the taxes on the inhabitants, very much as those for the support of the common schools are raised at the present day.

The Puritan form of religious service was the principal one in vogue, and the tithing man and constable were monarchs of all they surveyed. The three hours' continuous service in the village meeting-house must be attended by all the people, and those who were unnecessarily absent were punished by a fine. All this was in strict accordance with the prevailing sentiment of that time, and well expressed in the teaching of a Puritan divine, who said, "Let it never be forgotten that our New England was originally a plantation of religion and not of trade. And if there be a man among you who counts religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such an one remember that he hath not the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian." It is apparent, therefore, that so long as the inhabitants of any given community were of one mind in religious matters, this order of things answered very well. But when men of other beliefs came into the colony and desired to worship God in other ways or to establish churches of their own faith, this method of forcing people to sustain the regular church by their tithes and their attendance came into conflict with the better principle of free toleration. Here in the province of New Hampshire persecution for opinion's sake was frequently experienced, and the laws for the support of the dominant church and ministry were enforced with due severity.

In 1755, the year that witnessed the beginning of the French and Indian War, a blow was struck for religious toleration in the formation of the first Baptist church in the town of Newton, and the county of Rockingham. This was 116 years after the organization of the first Baptist church in America at Providence, R. I., in 1739. Previous to this time the progress of the denomination in our country had been very slow. Opposition and even persecution, fierce and determined, and all the more to be dreaded because of the sincerity of their persecutors, raged against those who opposed the assumptions of the standing order. Such, it is said, was the severity of the Colonial laws relating to religious matters, especially in Massachusetts, that Baptists in the mother country were deterred from coming over to America, so that very few accessions were received from England, and of those who came over some returned.

Near the middle of the eighteenth century a remarkable man came from England to this country and exerted a marked influence in the religious world. It was George Whitefield, the friend and contemporary of John Wesley. His biographers tell us that though not a learned man, he possessed an unusual share of good sense, general information, and an acquaintance with human nature. These qualities, allied to an impassioned manner in discourse, made him an instrument for the accomplishment of great good. One of the results that followed his labors was the breaking down, in a degree, of the power of the standing order, while it contributed indirectly to the spread of Baptist sentiments and the

increase of Baptist churches. So that, while in 1739, 100 years from the organization of the Providence church, there were but 38 churches of our faith in the land, in 1783, or in less than half a century, there were 309.

Scattered over the state, in the period of which we speak, were many who were longing for the time when they should be permitted to worship God and observe His ordinances unhampered by the rules and regulations of the standing order. In the year 1770, the dawning of a brighter day appeared in the colonies. The example and great success of Whitefield had taught the utility of the itinerant system of preaching. In our own state, several Baptist ministers at nearly the same time entered its borders at different points and commenced their labors. Among the more prominent and successful of these was Rev. Hezekiah Smith, pastor of the church in Haverhill, Mass. He made missionary tours in various directions, accompanied by some of the members of his church. In 1771 various towns in Rockingham county were visited by him, the more important of which were Nottingham, Brentwood, and Stratham. Thirty-eight persons were baptised at that time, among them Rev. Eliphalet Smith, a Congregational divine, who was afterwards pastor of the Baptist church in Deerfield. Another of these converts was Dr. Samuel Shepard, a physician of Stratham, and who became the pastor of the church in Brentwood. The early history of this Brentwood church is a remarkable one, without a parallel in the state and perhaps so in the country. At one time it had branch churches in

about a dozen different towns,—one of these as far north as the town of Meredith, and nearly a thousand names were included in its membership. In the course of his journeyings Mr. Smith visited the towns of Concord and Hopkinton. And the origin of this Hopkinton church, as well as that of the Concord church in later years, can be directly traced to the words of truth that he here then proclaimed.

This church, as first organized, was a branch of the one in Haverhill, and as such was organized July 20, 1769. The following is a copy of the first church record :

"July 20, 1769. We a branch of the Baptist church in Haverhill, concluded from this day to keep a record of the names of all who are or shall be baptized in these parts, who join with us, and also the particular transactions of us as a branch of the Haverhill church: Benjamin Rogers, Samuel Brackenbury, John Blaisdell, John Jewett, Mary Emerson, Anna Brackenbury, Abigail Rogers and Susannah Blaisdell.

"July 21, 1769. Then were added the following persons named: James Buswell, Moses Jewett, James Jewett, Ruth Stanley and Hannah Jewett.

"Oct. 29, 1769. Then were added the following persons named: Zebulon Adams, Mary Dow, and Mehitabel Jewett.

"July 25, 1770. Then was added Joseph Jefferson.

"May 8, 1771. We are baptized into a church. Then we whose names are assigned to the covenant, having obtained a dismission from the Baptist church in Haverhill, of which we were members, did solemnly engage to walk together in a distinct Baptist church in this place; accordingly we are constituted a regular church, with the approbation of the church from which we were dismissed; and also Thomas Rowell, John Currier and Mary Rogers were constituted with us. We the subscribers assisted in constituting the Baptist church in Hopkinton, as a committee from the Baptist church in Haverhill, as witness our hands: Hezekiah Smith, Ebenezer Colby."

From this record, we find that the constituent members of this church numbered twenty. By this course of

procedure we also find that this church became the second oldest Baptist church in New Hampshire, the Newton church, as I have stated, having been formed sixteen years previous to this time, or in the year 1755. For a number of years the church had no settled pastor and the preaching and pastoral work was mostly performed by the deacons, with the occasional labors of Elders John Peck, Job Seamans, Samuel Shepard, and Thomas Paul. About this time the first meeting-house was erected. The walls were enclosed in 1775, but it was not completed till about twenty years later. As this was during "the time that tried men's souls," when the colonies were seeking their independence, perhaps the unsettled state of the country was the main reason for this delay. It was situated, as I understand, near the "three corners," on the old Hen-niker road, at the foot of Putney's hill. This meeting-house was like all country churches of that period in its appearance and architecture. When you had seen one, you had seen them all. The style was essentially Puritan, and would hardly compare in form and design with our modern church structures. They were largely the expression of that stern sentiment which discarded all mere show and adornment as unworthy of the sacred place. The present church edifice was erected in the year 1832. All the reference that I find in the records of the church of this event is this:

"Aug. 28, 1832. Voted that the new meeting-house which is now in process of building for the use of the Baptist church and society in this town, be dedicated to the service of God on the 19th of Oct. next."

The pastors of the church have been as follows: Elisha Andrews, 1795-'98; Abner Jones, 1815-'21; Michael Carlton, 1822-'32; Andrew T. Foss, 1833-'37; Lucius B. Cole,

John Currier, Jr., Theodore E. Balch, Thomas J. Weeks, Henry A. Fletcher, Samuel S. Page, George M. Barnard, Oliver G. Wiggin, John F. Jones, and Caleb Page.

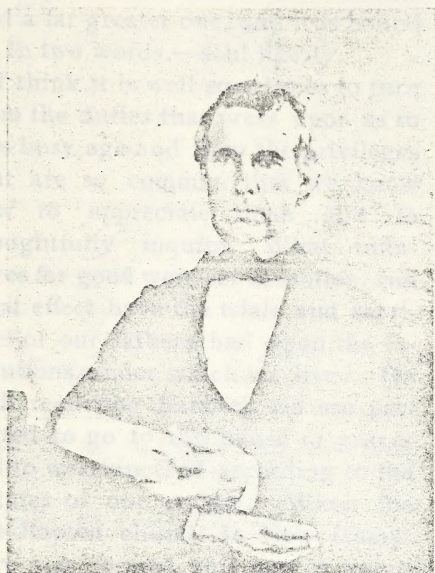
The clerks of the church have been as follows: John Currier, Benjamin B. Darling, Stephen Darling, Edmund Currier, John Currier, Jr., John F. Currier, Henry H. Straw, and Nelson Kimball.

In reference to the sixth pastorate of this church,—and the only one of which the writer had any personal knowledge,—I find the following statement in the historical discourse given at the centennial celebration of the church in 1871, by Rev. C. W. Burnham, the pastor at that time, and which includes all that really needs to be said about it: "The religious interest in the church culminated during the labors of Rev. Samuel Cook. His pastorate commenced when the attention of all men was turned to Bible doctrines, and the solemn things of an approaching judgment. His preaching was greatly blessed, and 115 were added to the church as the fruit of his labors, and very few adults attended church who did not profess conversion."

* * * * *

Perhaps I have taken up more time than I ought in the reading of this historical sketch, but I would like to present some thoughts and facts of a general character that seem pertinent to the occasion, and may be of interest to those who are of a younger generation.

This is a Baptist church and has been such for 130 years. It is the second oldest church of this denomination in the state, and has an honorable record. When the name Bap-



Rev. Samuel Cook.

1837-'39; Samuel Cook, 1839-'45; King S. Hall; 1846-'51; Samuel J. Carr, 1852-'56; Jonathan E. Brown, 1857-'62; Christy W. Burnham, 1863-'71; Abraham Snyder, 1873-'74; William S. Tucker, 1875-'79; Willard E. Waterbury, 1884-'87; Herbert E. Thayer, 1887-'92; James W. Tingley, 1893-'95; Elisha Sanderson, 1895-'99; James W. Tingley, 1899. It will be seen from this list that there have been 16 different pastors during the 130 years of its history.

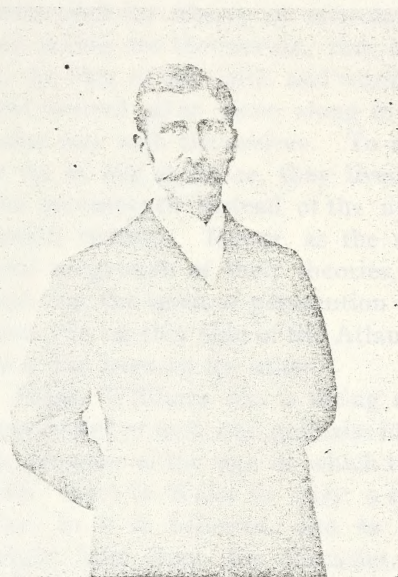
The deacons of the church have been as follows: John Currier, Benjamin B. Darling, Jonathan Fowler, Philip Brown, Richard F. Morgan, Isaac Smith, Joel Chandler, Josiah S. Knowlton, Joseph Tewksbury,

tist is used it is usually, and perhaps it is naturally, thought that it represents the leading idea upon which the denomination was founded,—the ordinance of baptism. But although that word denotes one idea, yet, in the olden time, there was another and a far greater one, and it is bound up in two words,—soul liberty.

I think it is well sometimes to turn from the duties that press upon us in this busy age and from the privileges that are so common that we know how to appreciate them and to thoughtfully inquire, What influences for good were set in motion, and what effect have the trials and sacrifices of our fathers had upon the institutions under which we live? On each recurring Sabbath we are permitted to go to the house of prayer and to worship God according to the dictates of our reason. When the first Baptist church in New Hampshire was formed this was a privilege not included in the laws and customs of those times. A desirable change, all will affirm; whence has it come? Who and what were the men and the measures that gradually brought it about?

What an interesting period in the life of an individual, is that in which new and important truth comes in and takes possession of the mind, driving out old ideas that had there found a lodgment. Sacred and profane history is not wanting in such instances. Paul's purpose of mind ere he reached the end of his famous Damascus journey was completely changed for the better. Peter, from his vision on the housetop at Joppa, became dispossessed of his Jewish notions and possessed of the great truth of the equality of the race, in

that "God was no respecter of persons." And upon the mind of Martin Luther the truth flashed as he ascended upon his knees Pilate's staircase in the Roman capital, that

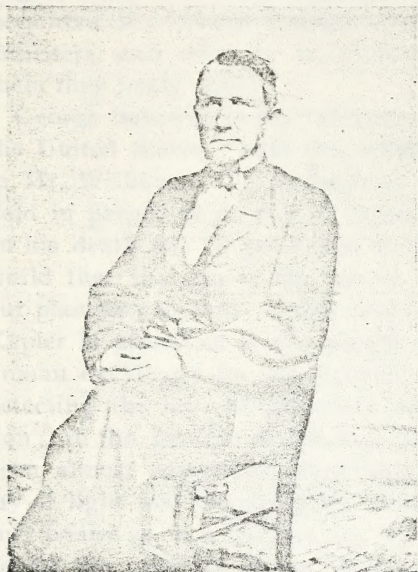


Rev. James W. Tingley.

justification before his Maker was not by works of the law, but by faith in Christ.

And to every reader of New England history it plainly appears that the cause of civil and religious liberty, the world over, owes a debt of gratitude to Roger Williams, the founder of the colony of Rhode Island, the organizer of the first Baptist church in America, and the firm champion and exponent of soul liberty, or, as it is expressed in other words, that "the civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul." It is a matter of history that the Protestant leaders in the time of the Reformation did not perceive the

evil of an alliance between church and state. They rejected many of the errors of Romanism but retained this that gave them power over the nations. For themselves they claimed



Deacon John Currier.

the right of private judgment, but were ready as soon as they obtained the power to deny it to those, who, like themselves, had suffered for conscience's sake.

In our own country, under Puritan rule, the case was not much better. We do well to honor the founders of New England, both for their personal worth and the influences for good that have descended from them to these later days. They were also notable illustrations of the difference between the Catholic and Protestant forms of belief. It is a difference, largely, in the presence or the absence of mediums. As Dr. Guthrie well says, "Truth passes to the Catholic through the priest, as the light of heaven to our eyes through

stained-glass windows. Protestantism undertakes to pass it to the mind, pure as it radiates from the Son of Righteousness." Wherein the Puritans failed as exemplars of what was right and true was this: They contended for liberty of conscience, but mainly for themselves; they held to the idea of one faith and worship, and desired all to move along in the same way with themselves. To sum it up in one sentence, they lived in the seventeenth instead of the nineteenth century. Hence, as the natural outgrowth of their theories, we find that the spirit of persecution was soon rife on this side of the Atlantic, as it had been on the other.

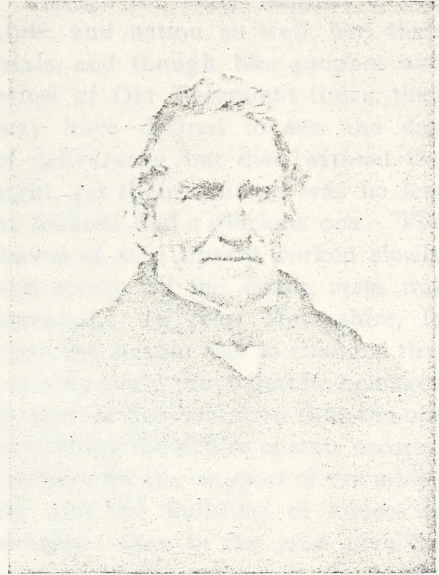
Roger Williams was a fitting representative of men who proclaim ideas in advance of the age in which they live. Born in Wales in 1599; a relative, as it is believed, and as one might infer from his character, of Oliver Cromwell; educated at Oxford university; a student at law, and afterwards receiving orders in the Episcopal church; he left his native land for the shores of the new world in 1630, at the age of thirty-one, and became a Baptist soon after his arrival in this country. His life in New England was a stirring and an eventful one. His conflict with the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Massachusetts Bay, and which culminated in his banishment and sudden departure from the colony, are well known to the reader of history. For fourteen weeks he lived, as he says, "in winter snow, which I feel yet, and knowing not what bread or bed did mean." In battling for the great principle of soul liberty, he as freely granted to others what he claimed for himself. He says: "I de-

sire not that liberty for myself which I would not freely and impartially weigh out to all the consciences of the world beside. All of these, yea, the very consciences of the papists, ought freely and impartially to be permitted their several worships, their ministers, and what of maintaining them they freely choose."

George Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," pays this tribute to Mr. Williams: "If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because on his death-bed he published to the world that the sun is the centre of our planetary system; if the name of Kepler is preserved in the annals of human excellence for his sagacity in detecting the laws of planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light and weighing the heavenly bodies as in a balance, let there be for the name of Roger Williams some humble place among those who have advanced moral science and made themselves the benefactors of mankind."

Probably no higher praise could be awarded to the form of church government that has been a prominent feature of the Baptists than that which was given by Thomas Jefferson, who, though he was a free thinker, had a respect for the forms and ordinances of religion. I referred at the beginning of this sketch to the formation of the first Baptist church in this country at Providence. What was the result? Baptist churches were formed in other parts of the country, and about the year 1770 we find a small Baptist church in the state of Virginia. It was near Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. There is some-

thing remarkable and far-reaching in connection with the history of that church, and it is this: The late Dr. Fishback, of Lexington, Ky., made the following statement which he



Deacon Thomas J. Weeks.

received from Andrew Tribble. Mr. Tribble was pastor of the Monticello church about the time of the American revolution. Mr. Jefferson attended its services, and at the close of one of them he invited Mr. Tribble to go home and dine with him. While at his house Mr. Tribble asked him how he liked the Baptist form of church government. Mr. Jefferson replied that its simplicity had impressed him very favorably and had greatly interested him, adding that he considered it the only pure form of democracy which then existed in the world, and had concluded that it would be the best plan of government for the American colonies. It is an old saying that "great oaks from little acorns grow." We ca

see what the result has been in the growth of this great nation to more than seventy-five millions of people, and founded substantially on the form of government that was adopted by that little Baptist church in Virginia.

Whether a democracy, in the long run, is the best form of church government, or any other kind of a government, I am not competent to decide. There are defects in all forms, but a democratic form, it seems to me, is more in accordance with a true conception of primitive Christianity. I do not find any account of a pope or a cardinal in the New Testament. And although the Baptists have been somewhat strict in their views of some of the Christian ordinances, believing that there should be an order in their observance, yet I never believed that the name of Baptist was synonymous with that of bigotry. And when I hear those who profess to be so liberal in their ideas claiming, as it were, to be par excellence, as the defenders and promoters of all that is worth having in religion, I feel inclined to ask them who was it that blazed the way in the wilderness of intolerance and opened up a path-way in which all, whether Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, are permitted to walk as suits them best on their way to the heavenly country. They would have to admit that they are indebted to the Baptists, and to the "hard shell Baptists" at that, for bearing the brunt of the battle for free toleration in this country during the years of the eighteenth century. One thing, at all events, can truth-

fully be said of the Baptists, that they never persecuted any one, and no martyr's blood attaches to the name. And no one who bears the name need ever be ashamed of it.

Though the early Baptists of our state, and nation as well, had their trials, and though like prophet and priest of Old Testament times, they may have desired to see the day of deliverance but died without the sight, yet their triumph was no less an assured and a glorious one. The leaven of soul liberty worked slowly and surely till the whole mass was leavened. In New Hampshire, in 1791, the statute was so changed that one who could prove that he belonged to another denomination than the one controlling the affairs of state escaped taxation for the support of the ministry and the building of houses of worship; that in the year 1819 the passage of the toleration act, in the face of great opposition, swept away all the remaining rubbish of a darker age and left anyone free to contribute to the support of any church, or not to contribute, as he saw fit.

But grander and of more consequence to the interests of humanity is the fact that the principles that Roger Williams first exemplified in the little colony of Rhode Island and in the first Baptist church in America are now the glory of this great republic. May they ever remain with us despite the designs of papacy or the vagaries of socialism.

"The great hearts of the olden time,
Are beating with us, full and strong,
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious, round us throng."

NOTE.—I am indebted to the historical discourse given by Rev. William Lamson, D. D., at the centennial of the Baptist church in Newton, October 18, 1855, for some of the facts contained in this sketch. This sketch was read at the annual roll-call of the church May 8, 1900.

THE SONG OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DAUGHTERS.

By Dr. H. G. Leslie.

Our thoughts turn back to the Granite hills,
To the spires of the mountain pines;
While down through the rift of passing years
The sunlight of memory shines.

Chorus.

Carry us back as barefooted girls,
To the fields that our childhood knew,
Carry us back to the slope of the hill
Where the low-bushed blueberries grew.

Still on the hillside the old house stands,
The valley is seen far below;
Beyond the ridge of chestnuts and oaks
Is the spot where the pine trees grow.

Chorus.

The well-sweep swings by the garden path,
Its curbing is battered and gray;
Would its water taste like nectar sweet
As it did in our childhood's day?

Chorus.

The old loom stood on the kitchen floor,
Both the warp and the woof were gray,
While out and in, through the changing threads,
Was the shuttle's unceasing play.

Chorus.

The dear hands that swung the beating slade
Are resting so quiet and still;
While other hands work the warping bars
And the spools of the shuttle fill.

Chorus.

Oh, the dear old home, the sweet old home,
How its memories come to me,
All through the light of life's afterglow,
Like the glint on shimmering sea.

Chorus.

We are tired of the silks and the laces.
The rout of cold fashion's display;
Fain would we be in our homes again,
And children, if but for a day.

Chorus.

THE TWO CAMERAS.

By Laura D. Nichols.

HAPPY-FACED young girl, in a brown traveling suit, and a quiet little lady in black, were sitting on the forward deck of the *Newport News* one clear evening in May.

The steamer was lying at her dock in Washington, waiting for the stroke of five bells (6:30) to glide away down the broad, yellow Potomac to Norfolk.

"I cannot realize that we are going home," said Elsie; "doesn't it seem as if we were just going to Alexandria or Mt. Vernon, Aunt Dora?"

"Perhaps it would if I had not been packing all the forenoon, and having farewell calls all the afternoon, and if the sun were not so low. Look at the portico columns of Arlington and see how the red sky tints the monument!"

"Oh, they are both too beautiful to leave!" said Elsie, sadly. "There, we are off! Good-by, dear Washington. I wonder when I shall see you again!"

Then both became silent, for other passengers were taking chairs, and their eyes were intent on last looks at the snowy dome of the capitol, the golden-topped library, the green arsenal grounds and the navy yard, as they floated out into mid-stream, with Maryland on the left and Virginia on the right.

Soon they stopped at Alexandria to leave freight and take on two passengers. The old wharves were less sleepy-looking than usual, for many women with babies, and girls in white dresses had come down to enjoy the cool river air.

Elsie gave a parting glance at the little conical tower of Christ church, where they had attended service the previous Sunday, with the privilege of sitting in General Washington's square pew, which still retains its seats on three sides, though the others have been modernized.

Now on, past Fort Washington on the Maryland shore, its toy-like lighthouse just lit, and by the time they passed Mt. Vernon they could hardly discern the bird weather-vane on its cupola.

"Now, now!" whispered Elsie, "I am where I have never been before!" she sighed with an explorer's joy, and her cup of content was full when the lonely notes of a whip-poor-will thrilled from the historic woods.

Most of the passengers had gone inside, but the cabin's electric glare had no charm for our two, and bringing extra wraps from their stateroom, they enjoyed for another half hour the cool, rushing air, the solitude of deck and river, while stars came out and shores receded on each side.

"The noble river widens as we drift,
And the deep waters more than brackish
grow;
We note the sea-birds flying to and fro,
And feel the ocean currents plainly lift
Our bark;"

quoted Aunt Dora, but just then Elsie's head sank softly on her shoulder, and she wisely decided that they had better go to bed.

* * * * *

Meanwhile another pair with whom our story is concerned, were sitting astern. They, too, had spent several weeks in Washington, not visiting relatives, like our aunt and niece, but lodging in a quiet street and taking their meals outside, according to the state of their finances.

The father was a writer for magazines and newspapers, and though possessed of an income sufficient for their actual needs, was alternately rich or poor as his manuscripts were accepted or rejected. Having followed the sea in his youth, he loved a roving life, and since the death of his wife, several years before, he and Howard had wandered as fancy led. He had been his son's tutor, and both were especially prizing this summer's freedom and companionship, because at its close, Howard was to enter Harvard. They were joyous to-night, so generous a check having been received from Minstrel Brothers for their last article that they were able to indulge in a long-desired visit to Fort Monroe and other points in Virginia.

"You shall choose the route and everything else, Howard, for your photographs made the paper."

The boy's face beamed. "Then I'll order soft-shelled crabs and porter-house steak, and strawberries and

ice-cream for dinner. Our lunch was far from sumptuous, you know."

So it was that they were among those whom Elsie's youthful severity condemned as "stupid and greedy" for lingering in the dining-room instead of enjoying the twilight on deck. Long after she and her aunt were asleep in No. 9, the other two were pacing astern, planning how and where their check should carry them, and at six next morning they landed at Old Point Comfort, while the ladies were dressing to breakfast on board. They had the dining-room all to themselves, for the steamer was now at her Norfolk dock, and everyone else had gone ashore. They ate their chops and rolls very leisurely, for neither the *Newport News* nor the ship on which their passage to Providence was taken, would sail before evening. The waiter said the *Chatham* was not yet in, and when they went on deck, Captain G. courteously begged them to make themselves at home where they were, till she should arrive. The morning was, however, too lovely to be lost, so, guided by a waiter carrying their bags, they walked to the office of the Merchants & Miners Transportation company, near by, left them in charge, and took advice as to their day.

"You might go by rail to Virginia beach and lunch at the hotel, or by boat to Fortress Monroe, or to Hampton."

"Oh, the Fortress!" whispered Elsie, and so it was settled. Miss Dora having seen all before, for greater variety they walked a block to the Atlantic hotel, in front of which they took an open electric car, which, with one transfer, carried

them through much of the old-fashioned, garden-sweet city, and eight or nine miles into the country beyond. Soon after they started, the car took on twenty ladies and girls so laden with baskets, wreaths, and bouquets of flowers that Miss Dora ventured to ask where they were going.

"To the cemetery!" was the surprised reply, followed by a searching look as she added, "This is Memorial Day, *here!*" And you must be from the North, said the hardening eyes, but softened as Miss Dora quietly answered,

"Yes, we are travelers, but had cousins on both sides."

It was the 22d of May, and Elsie who had only known the 30th at Union graves, realized for the first time that Southern homes had been desolated and Southern tears shed by mothers and children as loving as her own. Now the city is left behind, and they are rushing through miles of what had, not long ago, been a pine forest.

Great stumps still stood high and close together, but the sandy soil between was now a vast strawberry bed, and hundreds of men, women, and children were picking the tempting red fruit. Such tattered hats—log-cabin sunbonnets—gay shirts and petticoats! Out came Elsie's camera, and group after group was photographed, including stacks of empty crates, tiny white-washed cabins hung with roses and honeysuckle,—fluttering clothes-lines and sprawling bronze-colored babies.

Miles of woods next, then stretches of white sand with blue water tumbling beyond and crashing in foam on both sides of a narrow point, Willoughby Spit at last!

A tidy little steamer, *Ocean Spray*, lay ready, and after twenty breezy minutes, they were landing at Old Point.

So much salt air made them glad of the rolls and bananas Aunt Dora had wisely provided. The great hotels, Hygeia and Chamberlain, were almost on the beach, but nearer still was an empty waiting-room, and on its seaward doorstep they picnicked unobserved, save by a stately old army officer, whose shocked stare and "*Ahem!*" made Elsie laugh. Thus refreshed, they followed a sandy street,—the hotels and a row of gay-windowed shops on the right, while the grassy ramparts of the fort rose beyond.

Before reaching the sally-port they came upon an aged colored man, seated in a chair on the walk, a tin dipper in his trembling hand, while a card on his breast announced that Samuel was blind, and asked aid of passing friends.

Their coins and kindly words were acknowledged with old-style courtesy, and now came a row of white cottages whose garden fences were heaped with fragrant yellow honeysuckle in lavish bloom, while inside, fig trees crowded each other's broad palmate leaves in almost tropical luxuriance, and pride of China trees were opening their clusters of blossom over all. No one was in sight, and Elsie ventured to take a camera shot at the picturesque row, and at the ramparts beyond, including "Old Glory" fluttering against the blue sky. Then they crossed a narrow white bridge over a *real moat*, as Elsie whispered with a romantic thrill, and confused visions of border castles, Scottish chiefs, Cœur de

Lion, Eveline Berenger, and Rose Flammock.

Now they enter a cool, shady, zig-zag passage in the thickness of the wall, where a blue-clad sentry was pacing, gun on shoulder, and a sternly-military expression on his boyish face, as he stepped forward, laid his hand on Elsie's camera and curtly said,

"I must take this; no photographing allowed inside."

Bravely choking down her surprise and disappointment, the young girl submitted, only saying, with a little catch in her breath, "Please take good care of it!"

The sentry smiled, touched his cap, and said pleasantly, "It'll be quite safe, Miss. If I'm relieved before you come back, I'll give it in charge of the other man."

"I suppose he thought I'd be like the Frenchman in 'Mother Molly,' but, oh, dear, what a shame that I can't take a snap at that dear little chapel among the apple trees!"

"Those are live oaks," said Aunt Dora; "they do look like apple trees, but you will soon see the difference."

They seated themselves on a bench under a large one in the centre of the parade ground, and Elsie saw that the leaves were cleanly cut oval, grayish green, and only an inch long. The fruit is a highly polished little acorn, and Old Point is the tree's northern limit. A group of children playing near attracted Elsie. "They shout and squabble and make up again as if this were not a historic spot, and they, perhaps, the grandchildren of heroes," which reminded her aunt to show her Carroll Hall, where her own grandfather was quartered in the Civil War.

"I fear the old smoke house has been torn down long ago," she added. "What was that?" "A place where they used to smoke hams and bacon. When your grandfather was stationed here, the negroes chased a 'possum into it, and in pulling down a rubbish heap, in which he hid, they found a rare old book, Bailey's dictionary, a quarto in heavy leather covers, badly torn and smoke-stained, but a treasure to Father. It is in our library now." Then, as they rambled on, she showed Elsie the case mate quarters, "Where I took tea with Chaplain C.'s family." Then it was time to return to the wharf, reclaiming the camera, and getting excellent raspberry soda at the druggist's on their way. It was the *Hampton Roads* which gave them a cooling hour's sail back to Norfolk, and there lay the *Chatham*, and they were soon resting in the comfortable outside stateroom, which was to be their home for two nights and another day. They sailed at sunset, again passing Ft. Monroe and the Rip Raps, and before bedtime passing the lights on Cape Charles and Cape Henry, flashing guardians of the mouth of Chesapeake bay, and were rocked to sleep by the strong lift and toss of the outer ocean.

When they came on deck next morning, land was nowhere to be seen; nothing but racing blue-green water, blue and white summer sky, the courteous officers and Swedish-looking sailors, and the polished decks and shining brasses of the *Chatham*. Several of their fellow-passengers kept their rooms, but to Elsie's joy, she proved, like her aunt, to be a good sailor, and enjoyed every moment of the long day.

Walking the deck, exulting in the foamy dash and toss at the bows, watching the endless waltz of half a dozen Mother Carey's chickens over the oily-smooth wake astern, or curled up in a fluke of one of the great bow anchors with a book, she was really sorry when, late in the afternoon, they passed the Fire Island lightship, and woke Thursday morning at the foot of Benefit St., Providence. "Good-by, good-by, dear *Chatham*! The first thing I'll do on shore will be to have my photographs printed as a remembrance of our happy visit and voyage."

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Howard and his father had also been happily busy. Disappointed in their early call at Fort Monroe, in not finding the friend they hoped to meet, they accepted an invitation from his wife to return in the afternoon.

They divided the forenoon between Hampton schools and Virginia beach, in search, not only of interest, but of magazine material. Deciding that the former had already been much described and illustrated, Howard saved two rolls of his camera for Virginia beach and the fort, little dreaming he should be deprived of it, for it was in his valise in the morning. They found the beach a fine example of unbroken ocean line, with magnificent rollers breaking upon a wide, firm stretch of white sand, bordered with pretty summer cottages and pavilions, not yet occupied, and a hotel also guestless, though ready for travelers like themselves. Howard declared it was too ghastly to be endured; as dead as Pompeii without its charm. Regardless of the early date he had hoped for groups of girls

on piazzas, sand-digging children, pleasure boats, bathers, and carriages. "And here," he grumbled, "are only acres of sand, and miles of sea! Oh, yes, vastness *is* impressive, but give me our broken New England coast with its ins and outs of cape and cove, its pine-clad islets, rocky headlands and boulder-strewn shore!" His father, more philosophic, was rejoicing over scores of tiny white violets, bordering a little fresh water stream, which trickled across the beach, and even posed as a wealthy Southerner, smoking and reading his paper in one of the empty summer-houses, to oblige his subject-hunting son.

But objects of real interest and novelty suddenly appeared: half a dozen mule-drawn carts hurrying to meet some fisher boats just coming in; and Howard had his fill of excitement and material, as great nets were dragged ashore, full of leaping fish, which were poured flashing and flapping on the sand, and hurried into the carts by picturesquely ragged colored boys, who drove off as fast as supplied, answering only with grins and "dunno, sir," to Howard's eager questions. The boatmen were older and more intelligent, but very anxious about their nets, endangered by the furious plunging of enormous sturgeon, one of which they were confident weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and another certainly two hundred. When the monsters were finally beached, Howard took several views of them, with and without the fishermen, and finally one with his father reclining on the sand near the largest fish, like a modern Jonah. He remembered, however, to save eight shots for Fortress Mon-

roe, and was, therefore, as much disappointed, and much less submissive than Elsie had been, when the same sentry deprived him of his camera within the very hour of her experience.

* * * * *

Elsie's determination to have her photographs finished at once was completely forgotten, when she learned that she was to sail for Europe in a week. She had known that Uncle George and his wife were going, with a child left delicate by the grip, but during her three days' absence from mails the uncle found that business must keep him at home, and begged that Miss Dora and Elsie would take his place.

The intervening days were busy indeed; the camera forgotten till the last day, when the rolls were entrusted to mamma, to be forwarded when printed.

Thus it was not until a July evening in Montreux that aunt and niece sat down to live over their May days in the pictures for which an album had been provided, with "Five Weeks South of Mason and Dixon's Line," neatly lettered on the cover.

Aunt Carrie and Flora were there too, and views of the Capitol, National Library, State department, White House, etc., were passed from hand to hand and duly admired. But Elsie's face grew more and more bewildered, and at last she said, "Why, Aunty Dora, you must have taken these. I don't remember getting this point of view!"

"No, dear, I left it wholly to you."

"But look! Look! I mourned so because the White House fountain was not playing, and here it is!

And at Mt. Vernon you know the sun kept going in, and I only had one shot and here are three! What *does* it mean?"

The mystery increased as a charming view of the monument, its base veiled in clouds, came to sight ("and mine was all clear!"), then an interior at the Corcoran Gallery ("and we only took the outside!"), the Aqueduct bridge with the three little sister islands ("and mine had a canal boat, you know!"), and one of Cabin John bridge where Elsie had forgotten her camera.

"The stupid man mixed our pictures with someone else's, and how disgusted *they* must be, for these are so much better!"

Surprise followed surprise, culminating in a farewell glimpse of Washington, evidently taken on board the *Newport News*, for there were Aunt Dora and Elsie in the foreground, the latter waving farewell to the monument.

"Oh, *how* did he dare?" gasped the girl.

But Aunt Carrie remarked, "Why, child, you ought to be pleased. It's a charming likeness, if it is only an inch long, taken probably by some old man whom you reminded of his daughter and granddaughter."

Then came groups at Hampton and those we have described at Virginia beach.

"Evidently they went to those places when we chose Willoughby Point and the Fort, but where have ours gone? Our strawberry pickers, ramparts, and sally-port? And what *can* we do?"

A series of letters during the next month only resulted in an emphatic

statement from their photographer that he printed exactly what he received from Elsie's mother, and no other Southern views had reached him. He would let them know if any came. So Aunt Dora put the collection carefully away, and in the delights of Switzerland it was soon forgotten.

* * * * *

Howard and his father meanwhile were camping with friends in the Adirondacks till September, when choosing and furnishing his rooms at Harvard, engrossed them both. It was not until funds grew low that spring material was looked over and scene second in the comedy of errors was enacted.

Fortunately Howard was inspired to examine the camera instead of brow-beating the photographer.

Finding the initials E. V. B. on the strap, he exclaimed, "That dolt of a sentry!" and was mentally composing an advertisement. But before he had achieved one that satisfied him, he attended the great Harvard-Yale ball game and heard a fresh young voice behind him, saying, "It was the most bewildering thing! But the pictures were capital,—better than mine. There was one that I called Jonah and the whale! Such a nice looking man,—" but here a bronzed young fellow turned round like a flash, saying,

"Oh, I beg your pardon! It was that stupid sentry at Fort Monroe! But we have your camera and all your views quite safe."

And so began a pleasant acquaintance, and a fair exchange proved no robbery.

BETWEEN THE BARS.

By Hale Howard Richardson.

Between the iron bars,
The prisoner may count
A thousand gleaming stars
Aglow with hope's bright fount.

Within the sterner bounds
Of Life's environment,
Where Poverty unfounds
Ambitions lofty bent;

Where Duty welds a chain
To hold the struggler down,
How can he ever gain
The longed for, sparkling crown?

By strife for larger girth,
With gaze between the bars,
With feet upon the earth
And heart amid the stars!

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

By Hon. Henry B. Atherton.



THE first time I ever heard the late William M. Evarts was in January, 1860, when I was attending the Albany law school. On the 24th of that month the famous Lemmon slave case came on for trial in the New York court of appeals. The case had been several years in the courts, yet even then it was not generally known that its prosecution by the state of Virginia was but one step in a general conspiracy of the slave power, by judicial decisions, to make slavery national not only in the territories of the United States but in the free states as well.

The issue arose in this way: Jonathan Lemmon and family, with eight slaves, were on their way from Virginia to Texas. Arriving at New York city, the packet in which they were to sail did not start immediately so the slaves were removed and lodged at No. 5 Carlisle street. A writ of habeas corpus was issued, and on failure to show that they were deprived of their liberty in accordance with any law of New York, the slaves were set at large. The question involved was the right of the slaveholder to retain the custody of his slaves while passing through the state of New York or during his temporary sojourn there.

In the court below the case had been decided in favor of the freedom

of the slaves. Charles O'Connor, a brilliant advocate, then at the height of his reputation, appearing for the appellants, represented the state of Virginia. To him were opposed Messrs. Blunt and Evarts. The court-room was occupied by a distinguished and deeply interested audience. Messrs. O'Connor and Evarts each occupied about five hours in their arguments. O'Connor, renowned as an orator, and also as a pro-slavery Union man, spoke with intense earnestness and that natural eloquence for which he was famous. In defining his position he was bold, even to the verge of audacity, yet always with the utmost decorum of manner. As he warmed with his subject his blue eyes grew dark and brilliant, his cheeks took on the ruddy tinge of youth and he looked twenty years younger than the same man, as one would meet him on the street with his hat thrust well on the back of his head, or in the library engaged in examining his authorities.

In regard to slavery he took the same ground he had recently taken in his noted Union speech and letter; he maintained that it was "just, benign, and beneficent." Speaking of Lord Mansfield's decision in the famous Somerset case, he called him "a mere common law judge of a mere common law court," and ridiculed the idea that a negro, as soon

as he breathes the air of England, becomes free, while at common law, under the system of villeinage, white, native-born English subjects were held as slaves.

He maintained that under article 4, section 2, of the constitution, which provides that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges of citizens in the several states," the Virginia slaveholder not as a citizen of New York or of Virginia, but of the United States, had a right to exercise control over the person of his slave, while staying temporarily in New York, and that he also had this right by the comity which exists and should exist between the different states of the Union.

He said there could be no law of nature that was paramount and contrary to the laws of the land, else were these laws a nullity; yet he did believe in a "higher law," as properly defined, and that the judge, or other officer, who could not conscientiously support the constitution and the laws, as he had sworn to do, ought to resign his office; and if men think that slavery is such an outrage on humanity—in fact the very essence of sin and evil as they claim—he asked how they could conscientiously support that compact which upholds it, and unites them in bonds of apparent amity with its perpetrators. He said if slavery be such a sin, then the slaveholder ought to be excluded from the table of an intelligent Englishman or Frenchman as quickly as a thief coming from a land where stealing went unpunished. He argued that the preservation of the Union depended on the final determination of this question.

Mr. Evarts, then about forty years old, grave and sedate in appearance, as eloquent as his opponent though in a different fashion, arose to answer, and in a conversational tone at first confined himself quite closely to the legal points involved in the case. He maintained that the question did not come under the jurisdiction of the federal courts, arguing both from the constitution itself and from the decisions of those courts made since its adoption, and claimed that the Dred Scott decision though cited against him, was, as far as regards that question, in his favor. He cited a number of decisions of courts in the slave states conceding the right of one state to declare that a slave brought to it from another shall be free. His argument, which was a cool, calm, dispassionate statement of facts and legal principles in logical order and sequence, was a masterly example of legal reasoning and, as such, commended itself to leading Republicans all over the country, who saw in him a worthy defender of the free state cause. As he concluded his address to the court he remarked that if it should be held necessary by the South to control the federal government utterly, and to so subdue the free states that the laws of Virginia and other slave states could be executed here at the North, then indeed a catastrophe must follow, and it would not be disunion as predicted by the learned counsel, but it would be the complete overthrow of slavery in this country. How true his prediction proved.

I never regretted being absent from my law lectures that day and taking notes of this famous case instead, and I was not alone in my delinquency,

for, if I remember aright, Hon. Fisher Ames Baker, ex-Postmaster General Vilas, the late Gen. Wheelock Graves Veazey, and Senator Redfield Proctor, also students at the time, preferred to listen to the arguments in the court-room rather than to the lectures at the law school.

By his masterly argument in that case, Mr. Evarts became a recognized champion of the principles of the Republican party and attained a national reputation. I next heard Mr. Evarts twenty-one years later at one of the earlier annual sessions—the fifth I think—of the American Bar Association at Saratoga. During the period that had intervened, he had served as counsel for President Andrew Johnson in the impeachment proceedings against him, he had represented the United States in the Alabama claims commission, had been attorney-general and secretary of state of the United States, and was yet to be United States senator from New York.

At the meeting of the bar association in August, 1882, the principal subject for consideration was the relief of the United States supreme court, which was then three years behind in the adjudication of the cases on the docket. The majority of the committee had reported in favor of a measure providing for circuit courts of appeal, substantially as embodied in the existing law, and the minority favored the idea of making four of the nine supreme court judges a quorum so that two divisions of the court could sit at the same time, and they made their report to that effect. Mr. E. J. Phelps, afterwards minister to Great Britain, made a powerful argument in favor of the minority report. He was

followed by William Preston of Kentucky for the opposite view, and the next day, Mr. Evarts made a most thorough and logical argument also for the minority report. His recent familiarity with the working of the court and the condition of the business before it, coupled with his pleasing and persuasive manner, enabled him to hold the attention of the meeting during a long session. As before, in the court-room at Albany, he subordinated his voice, his manner, himself, apparently everything to his subject. He was very much in earnest and never for a moment unbent his mind or manner unless for an instant there came a twinkle in his eye as his voice dropped in parenthesis when he said, "I warn the bar (and would warn the judges if judges would ever take warning) that the notion that this country has got so many merchant princes and railroad kings that they should claim almost exclusively the attention of the supreme court, is an enormous mischief, an immeasurable evil. It is a festering sore in the community to have one measure of justice for a great cause and another for a small."

That same night Mr. Evarts presided at the annual banquet of the association, and with appropriate sentiments and remarks called out the after-dinner speakers. It has not been the practice at these banquets to carry the work of the day over into the evening's festivities, or to indulge in much serious or didactic discourse. When Mr. Evarts appeared at the head of the table with a specially solemn mien, those of us who had never seen him smile, began to fear this occasion might prove an exception to the general rule, but when he arose

and announced that no speaker should occupy more than five minutes in his response, and that he himself should take ten minutes to every other man's five, that fear vanished. Every speaker seemed inclined to give Mr. Evarts something to do in the ten minutes which he reserved to himself. I remember that Judge Noah Davis, a distinguished jurist of New York city, anent the reputation that Mr. Evarts had gained from some of his published orations, where in one instance a single sentence covered several pages, said that in his court counsel were allowed only fifteen minutes in which to argue a motion, and that recently when Mr. Evarts was engaged in arguing a motion before him, in obedience to the rule, he was obliged to stop him in the middle of his first sentence. "We all know what class in the community it is that hates long sentences," retorted Mr. Evarts, and he said Judge Davis reminded him of the "learned pig" that was on exhibition on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington; and he then went on to tell a most entertaining story of how he was induced to visit the pig who could tell fortunes, play cards, and predict who would be the next president, and how, by his description of his performances, he so stirred the curiosity of the members of the cabinet and of the supreme court that within a fortnight every one of them more or less surreptitiously had visited the "learned pig," but he failed to point out more particularly how he resembled Judge Davis. There were many witty after-dinner speakers that evening, and nearly every one tried to get the best of the toastmaster, but in each instance, Mr. Evarts, replying on the spur of the moment, was more than a match for his assailant. In fact for nearly three hours he kept up a constant play of wit much to the delight of all present, and in marked contrast to his serious discussion of the morning.

AMBITION.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

So green the hills seemed far away
I journeyed to them all the day;

Weary and spent when night came down
They rose before me bleak and brown.

* * * * *

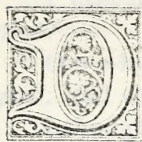
So men may toil to win the height
And victors stand at fall of night,

Only to find the hills of blue
Have faded with a nearer view.

* * * * *

Ah, he who dearest joy distills
Contented seeks the nearer hills.

SOME QUEER BIPEDS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

URING an evening recently spent with an elderly Strafford county friend, we got to talking about odd and whimsical people, and the many "eccentrics" we had met and heard of, which led him to tell me the following story of a religious fanatic known as "Old Wells," who was in Maine and New Hampshire more or less from 1815 to 1820.

While in Farmington, Me., this strange being held a meeting one evening in a large, unfinished house, the floor of which was provided with rough, temporary seats arranged for passage ways that the old man might travail and agonize in as he preached. Curiosity called out the people, and the house was full. Amongst them was one young man—too rude to stay on shore, and who had been sent to sea for the improvement of his manners. He was a shrewd fellow, and a great wag. He thought to have some sport at the expense of "Old Wells" and his upholders. He took a seat at the end of a bench where the preacher would be sure to approach him when travelling. In due time the meeting began. "Old Wells" entered, threw down his coat and broad brim, doubled his fists, strained his eyes and screamed, "Hell!" at the top of his voice.

He then proceeded to "serve the Lord in a riotous way," as usual.

His sermon abounded in the relation of miracles he had performed, visions he had seen, dreams he had, ghosts that had appeared to him, etc. The young man of whom we have spoken, chose to sit leaning forward with both hands covering his eyes, and occasionally drawing a long sigh. The sight and sound soon caught the eyes and ears of the great revivalist, and with a bound he leaped to the seat, seized Aaron by the hair of his head, lifted it violently up, that he might look into his face, and vociferously demanded—"Young man! what is the matter with you?"

Aaron replied only by a groan. This made the old man sure that he had secured a subject under concern of mind, and he demanded again—"Young man! I say what ails you?"

"Oh, not much of anything."

"But I know there is—the spirit of the Lord is at work on your heart; now tell just how you feel—tell us all just as it is, don't fear, now is your time for salvation, or never."

The young man uttered another groan, and protested that he "did not want to tell, he felt so."

At this the old man begun to jump with joy, clap his hands, and run through the house praising God that the Holy Spirit was moving upon the hearts of the people; and he hastened back again to the young man and demanded that he *should* tell just what made him groan so.

"Well," said Aaron, "if I must tell, I must; I had a dreadful dream last night."

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed "Old Wells," "there is a *great deal* in dreams, the Lord often appears to me in dreams and visions of the night; tell just what you dreamed."

"I dreamed that I was sick and died."

"O-o-o-h! the Lord is warning you; and where did you go?"

"I thought I went to hell."

"O-o-o-h! just so,—just so—there is a *great deal* in dreams. Well, what did you see in hell?"

"I saw a fiery throne, and a great black devil sat thereon."

"Just so, just so! a *true* dream, every word of it. Well, what next?"

"I thought soon a young devil approached the throne and said,—'Father, when are you going to send me out into the earth to deceive the nations?'"

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed the preacher, "never was a dream truer; there are a great many deceivers out in the world to make captive poor sinners;" and he exulted so violently that he ran again about the house, brandishing his arms and crying "glory!" and once more approached his subject for further revelations from the infernal pit.

"What did you see then?"

"I thought by and by another young devil prostrated himself before the throne and inquired, 'Father, when are you going to send me out into the world to deceive the people?'"

"There is a *great deal* in dreams—this is a true dream, every word of it. What next?"

"Directly another young devil ap-

proached the throne and demanded, 'Father, when are you going to send me out into the world to deceive the nations?'"

"Get along off, you profane imps," exclaimed the old king devil. I have got 'Old Wells' out now in the world at work, and he is enough to fill hell!"

"You lie! you *lie!* you *LIE!*" bawled "Old Wells," jumping up and down and foaming at the mouth, "there is not a word of truth in that dream!" and we need hardly say that Aaron's successful attempt upon the credulity of the revivalist turned the joke so fatally against the old man that he instantly sloped, the congregation broke up, and that was the last seen of "Old Wells" in Farmington.

While at work upon a state publication, a few years ago, I met at Dover the late David Tuttle—"King David" as he was wont to call himself. His real name was George H. Tuttle, and he was born in Strafford Centre, April 6, 1811. Few people who spent the summer at any of the beaches on the north New England coast have not seen this singular "character." He cut a unique figure amongst the tourists and pleasure-seekers of the seaside resorts. His flowing hair and beard, tangled and gray, his indescribable apparel, and his bunch of twigs and leaves—relics from the holy land—were familiar to thousands of people in all parts of the country. He was considered a little "off" when a boy, but at an early age learned the trade of a carpenter, which he followed for more than a quarter of a century. While at work on a building at Lawrence, Mass., he

fell forty-five feet into a cellar upon some rocks. He was taken up as one dead and it was many weeks before he recovered consciousness, and the physicians said the brain was affected, so he was taken to an insane asylum where the doctors decided that the cranium had been fractured by the fall, which fully accounted for his thinking two things at the same time. At this period of his life he was quite wealthy; he went to his home in Strafford and took up farming, and in the summer of 1854 he went into the horse business and it was then that his friends discovered that he had become extremely eccentric. They tried all they could to relieve him, but to no avail. He soon ran through his property and became a wanderer, although his son strenuously endeavored to keep him at home. He wandered almost aimlessly over the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, never paying any railroad fare. His hobby was that while lying unconscious he was traveling all over the world, and when he came to he was very angry, saying they should have left him alone, as he never had a better time in his life, and related the places he had seen and incidents that happened during his travels.

"King David," at the time I met him, was supported by the town of Strafford, and had just put on his regalia (?), consisting of blue overalls and jumper, trimmed with feathers, and had clapped on an Indian's feathered turban. He held in his hand a staff—a formidable affair—and was on the point of starting on one of his long trips to the surrounding beaches and the White Mountain resorts. All the

train hands on the different roads knew him and promptly passed him along, kindly helping the strange eccentric with small sums of money from their hard-earned wages. He was once given a regimental uniform of which he was immensely proud, and for a long time he called it his new suit. He thought nothing of walking fifteen or twenty miles a day, even when he had become gray and past threescore years of age.

But this old landmark, if the term can be applied to him, has disappeared. He died at Rockport, Mass., at the age of 73. After his severe accident to which we have referred, he became a great reader of the Bible and could repeat long passages of it, and he imagined himself "King David." He was known by nearly every little boy and girl in New England on account of his picturesque dress.

It is pleasant to know that he died with relatives who did all that it was possible to do for his comfort after he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully rallied, and is buried in his native town.

Rev. Zabdiel Adams, an old-time and eccentric divine of Massachusetts, had attended a funeral one afternoon, and was following the corpse in the rear of the graveyard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall-bearers informed him that the sheriff of Leominster had attached the body for debt. The practice was legal at this period. "Attached the body?" exclaimed Mr. A., thumping his cane down with vehemence.

"Move on," said he, "and bury the man. I have made a prayer at the funeral, and somebody shall be buried. If the sheriff objects take him up and bury him!" The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on and the sheriff thought best to molest them no further, or, in vulgar parlance, made himself scarce.

This strange parson had a child brought to him one day by one of his parishioners to be baptized. The old minister leaned forward and asked him the name. "Ichabod," says he. Now Mr. Adams had a strong prejudice against this name—"Poh, poh," says he, "John you mean—John I baptize you in the name," etc.

One Sabbath afternoon his people were expecting a stranger to preach whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate, and in the course of his devotional exercises he spoke to this effect: "We beseech thee, O Lord, for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the sanctuary, that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification. Amen."

A parishioner, one of those who do not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and the neighbors to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished the eccentric divine happened to be passing by, and stopping, addressed him thus: "Well, Mr. Ritter, you have had a

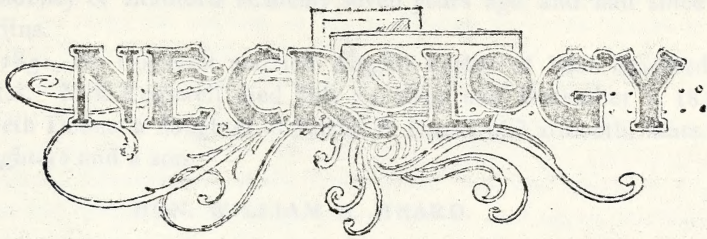
frolic and digged your cellar. You had better have another and fill it up again." Had he heeded the old man's advice he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling.

A neighboring minister, a mild, inoffensive man, with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, "You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition, but I beg of you not to say anything to my people on the subject. They are poor," etc. "Oh, no," said Mr. Adams. But ere he left home he filled a bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags and stuffed them into the window. Towards the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people towards their clergyman, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists with a tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thought and simply exclaiming, "Why, how those feathers fly!" proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

One night this remarkably independent and fearless, as well as most

quaint, divine put up at the house of a Mr. Emerson, the minister of Hollis. Now his host, as it was the general custom in those days, took a glass of bitters every morning, and it so happened that they were in the closet of the chamber where Mr. Adams slept. With the morning came his craving for bitters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his dram, and try he must. So he opened the door softly and crept slyly to the said closet. Mr. Adams

heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize and was about to make his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with the exclamation, "Brother Emerson, I have always heard you were a very pious man, much given to your closet devotions, but I never caught you at them before." "Pshaw-pshaw!" replied his friend, who made for the door and shut it as soon as he cleverly could.



GEORGE COGSWELL, M. D.

Dr. George Cogswell, born in Atkinson, February 8, 1808, died in Haverhill, Mass., April 21, 1901.

Dr. Cogswell was a son of the late Dr. William and Judith Badger Cogswell. He received his early education at Atkinson academy, and graduated from the Dartmouth Medical college in 1830, with the highest honors of his class, and soon after located at Bradford, adjacent to Haverhill, Mass., where he quickly established a large and lucrative practice.

In the autumn of 1841 he visited Europe and spent the following winter in the hospitals of Paris. In the spring following he visited the principal cities of Italy, after which he studied for a time in the hospitals of London, and, returning home, became the leading surgeon and consulting physician in his vicinity. It was largely due to his efforts that the Essex North Medical association was organized.

In 1844 he received an invitation to fill the chair of a professorship in the medical department of one of the leading colleges of New England, but he declined the honor. His leading aim at that time was to elevate the standard of medical and surgical practice.

In 1849, when the Haverhill Union bank was organized, he was elected its president, and was also chosen to fill the same position in 1864, when that financial institution became the First National bank. He held that position until 1894. During many years he was vice-president of the Haverhill Savings bank.

He was present at the Chapman Hall meeting in Boston when the Republican

party of Massachusetts was organized, and from the beginning he was in accord with the sentiments of that party. In 1858 and the following year he was a member of the executive council. He was a delegate from the Sixth district of Massachusetts to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for president in 1860, and in 1862 President Lincoln appointed him collector of internal revenue for the Sixth district. He held this office four years and was removed by President Johnson, but in 1870 he was reappointed to the same office by President Grant, and held the position five years, until 1875, when the district was consolidated with two others. In 1868 he was a member of the Massachusetts electoral college.

Dr. Cogswell was always deeply interested in educational matters, and for more than fifty years was a member of the board of trustees of Bradford academy, and during the greater portion of that time he had the entire direction of its financial affairs. He was also a member of the board of trustees of Atkinson academy and of the Peabody academy of Science in Salem many years. He retired from the active presidency of Bradford academy seven years ago, and had since been president emeritus.

August 4, 1831, Dr. Cogswell married Abigail Parker of East Bradford, now Groveland, Mass. Mrs. Cogswell died July 23, 1845, and December 2, 1846, he married Elizabeth Doane, a daughter of Elisha B. Doane of Yarmouth, Mass. He leaves two daughters and a son.

HON. WILLIAM A. HEARD.

William Andrew Heard, born at Wayland, Mass., August 25, 1827, died at Sandwich, April 15, 1901.

He was the son of William and Susan (Mann) Heard. At the age of fifteen years he commenced work as a clerk in the store of Timothy Varney at Sandwich Centre, and at twenty-two commenced trade for himself in a general store in that place, pursuing the business successfully for twenty-eight years.

In August, 1862, Mr. Heard enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and upon the organization of the regiment was commissioned quartermaster; becoming brigade quartermaster in November of the same year, and resigning from the service in September, 1863, on account of ill health.

In the course of his long residence in Sandwich Mr. Heard held many places of trust. From 1859 to 1861 he was town clerk; in 1873 and 1874 he represented the town in the legislature; from 1872 to 1887 he was treasurer of the Sandwich Savings bank, and from 1874 to 1887 he was clerk of the courts of Carrol county.

Mr. Heard gained an enviable reputation as a financier, and in December, 1886, he was appointed national bank examiner for Maine and New Hampshire, which post he resigned in 1889, when, upon the reorganization of the bank commission, he was appointed a member of the board by Governor Goodell.

He continued in service as a bank commissioner until August, 1893, when he resigned to accept the receivership of the National Bank of the Commonwealth in Manchester, the demoralized affairs of which institution he straightened out successfully, but at the cost of much vital energy, and the ultimate breaking down of

his health, which necessitated his resignation in 1897, after which time he lived in comparative retirement, and for the last few months previous to his death, which resulted from pneumonia, he had been confined to his house.

Mr. Heard is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Emily M. Marston of Sandwich, and by three sons, Edwin M. and William of Sandwich, and Arthur M. Heard of Manchester.

WILLIAM H. DRURY.

William Herbert Drury, a prominent lawyer of Manchester, died in that city, April 19, 1901.

Mr. Drury was a native of the town of Claremont, born December 22, 1855. He was educated in the Claremont schools, graduating from the Stevens High school in 1876. He spent a year in study at St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y., and then commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. H. W. Parker at Claremont.

He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and soon after located in practice in Epping, where he achieved success in his profession and was active in public affairs, serving as a member of the board of selectmen, and as a delegate in the constitutional convention of 1889. From Epping he removed to Derry, but was there but a short time, soon establishing himself in Manchester, where he had his home for the last ten years or more, and where he was the law partner of Robert J. Peaslee until the appointment of the latter to the supreme bench in 1898. In December last Mr. Drury became a partner of David A. Taggart and George H. Bingham, under the firm name of Taggart, Bingham & Drury.

Mr. Drury was quiet and reserved in manner, strong in his convictions, and always faithful thereto. Politically he was a Democrat. He married, November 21, 1888, M. Evelyn Tolles, daughter of Edwin W. Tolles of Claremont, who survives him with two children, Ralph and Ruth.

He was a prominent Free Mason, a past master of the lodge at Epping, and a member of Trinity Commandery, K. T., of Manchester. He was also a member of Wildey Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F.

COL. J. SUMNER GOVE.

Jonathan Sumner Gove, a native of the town of Acworth, long actively identified with the Boston police force, died in his native town, April 19, at the age of about seventy-nine years, though the precise date of his birth is not given in the genealogy record of the Acworth town history. He was a son of Jonathan Gove who removed from Weare to Acworth in 1808, and was long prominent in public affairs, serving in the legislature, as county treasurer, and as a member of the governor's staff for two terms. The young man spent his early life on his father's farm and in the lumber mill which he owned at the outlet of Cold pond, and became quite prominent in the old state militia, becoming colonel of the Sixteenth regiment, when quite young. Subsequently he removed to Boston and secured an appointment on the police force, continuing in the service many years, and gaining merited promotion, but retired some years since upon a liberal pension, since when he has had his home in Acworth, where he had retained the ownership of the old homestead.

ZEBULON CONVERSE.

Zebulon Converse, a well-known citizen of Cheshire county, died at his home in East Rindge, March 16, 1901. He was one of thirteen children of Joshua and Polly (Piper) Converse, and was born in the town where he died, and where he always resided, May 20, 1822. He was engaged in business in early life with his brother, Omar D., at Converseville, but subsequently engaged in box manufacturing at the east part of the town, which he continued for some time, but eventually sold out and took up his residence in the village of East Rindge.

Mr. Converse was a lifelong member of the Congregational church, one of its strongest supporters, and clerk of the parish for a long term of years. He served as a member of the board of selectmen from 1851 to 1856; was a representative in the general court in 1862 and 1863, and a commissioner for Cheshire county from 1864 to 1867. He was a charter member and past master of Marshall P. Wilder grange of East Rindge.

August 12, 1845, Mr. Converse married Miss Ann Mixer of Rindge, who died twenty years ago. Five children were the fruits of this marriage, four of whom died young. After the death of his first wife Mr. Converse married Mrs. Sarah R. Fairfield, who, with one daughter by the former, Mrs. Idella E. Gibson of Rindge, survives him.

CAPT. JOSHUA BROWN.

Capt. Joshua Brown, a well-known yacht builder of Salem, Mass., who died in that city, April 8, was born in the town of Greenland, in this state, March 28, 1829. He learned the shipbuilding trade under John Carpenter, a famous shipbuilder of Newburyport, Mass. Subsequently he engaged in the fishing business, and made many trips to the Grand Banks, but ultimately located in Salem, and was extensively engaged in shipbuilding for many years, constructing very many fast vessels.

In 1888 Mr. Brown sent the schooner *Henry Dennis* to Alaska, he going overland to the Pacific coast, where he joined her and was absent two years. He was a member of the Salem common council in 1872-'75. He married Miss Ellen A. Hosmer of Nashua, who died in 1900. He leaves two sons and a daughter.

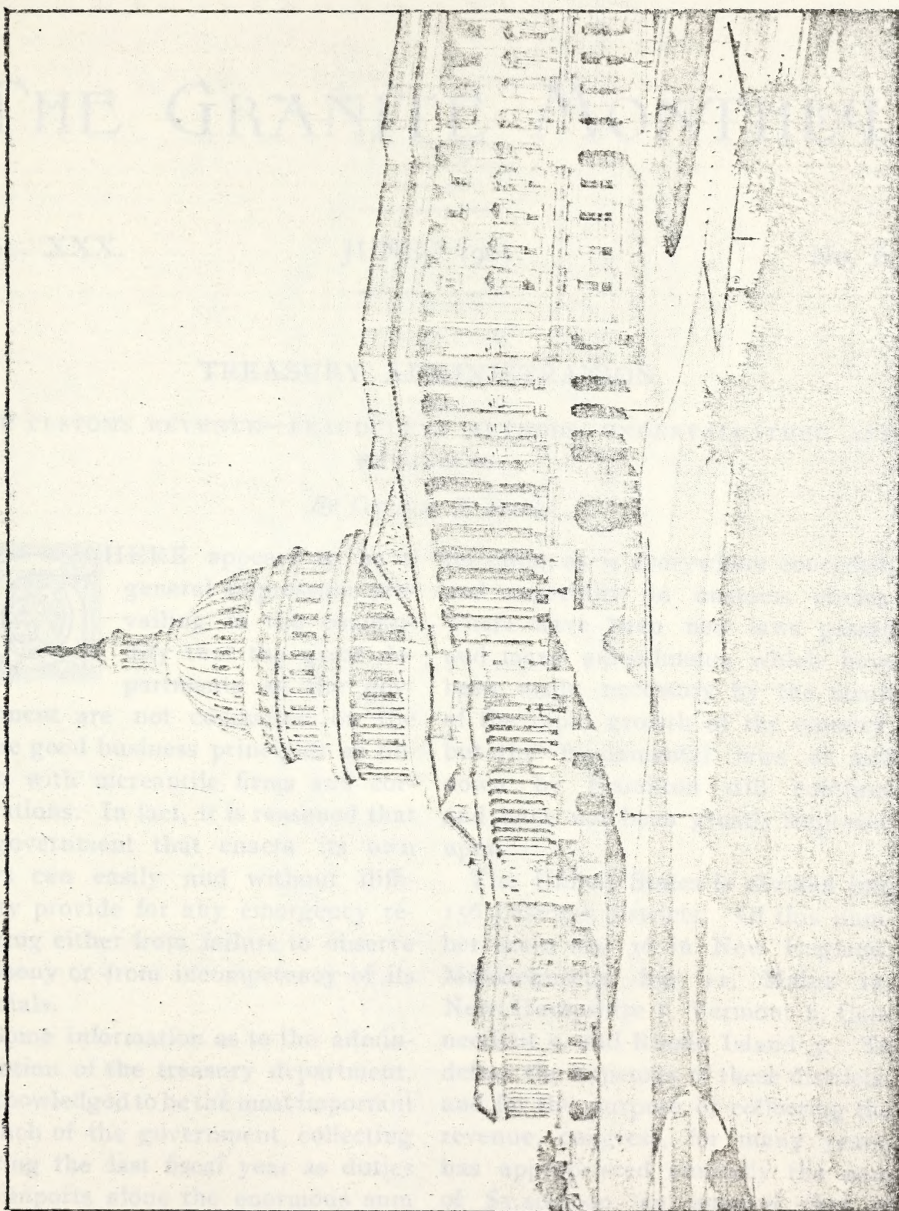
SYLVANUS T. SARGENT.

Sylvanus Thayer Sargent, the oldest resident of Plymouth, died in that town April 11, at the age of 96 years.

Mr. Sargent was a son of Ebenezer and Prudence (Chase) Sargent, born in New London, February 12, 1805, and resided in that town, following the occupation of a brickmaker until forty years of age, when he removed to Franklin. He subsequently resided for a time in Enfield, but later established his home in Danbury, where he resided many years, extensively engaged in farming, until 1894, when his second wife died, and he made his home in Plymouth with a son by his first wife, Herman L. Sargent.

Mr. Sargent was a brother of the late Chief Justice Jonathan E. Sargent. He was an active member of the Baptist church, and was prominent in town affairs in Danbury, where his remains were taken for burial. He leaves two sons by his first wife, who was Miss Emeline Crockett of Danbury,—Herman L. of Plymouth, and George B. Sargent of Danbury.

ERRATUM. In the first line of the fourth stanza of the poem "In Other Days," on page 269, read *youe*, instead of "you," as printed.



THE CAPITOL, EAST FRONT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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TREASURY ADMINISTRATION.

THE CUSTOMS REVENUE—FRAUDULENT METHODS, UNDERVALUATION, AND SMUGGLING.

By Converse F. Smith.



HERE appears to be a general impression prevailing in the community that the great departments of the government are not conducted on the same good business principles as obtain with mercantile firms and corporations. In fact, it is reasoned that a government that enacts its own laws can easily and without difficulty provide for any emergency resulting either from failure to observe economy or from incompetency of its officials.

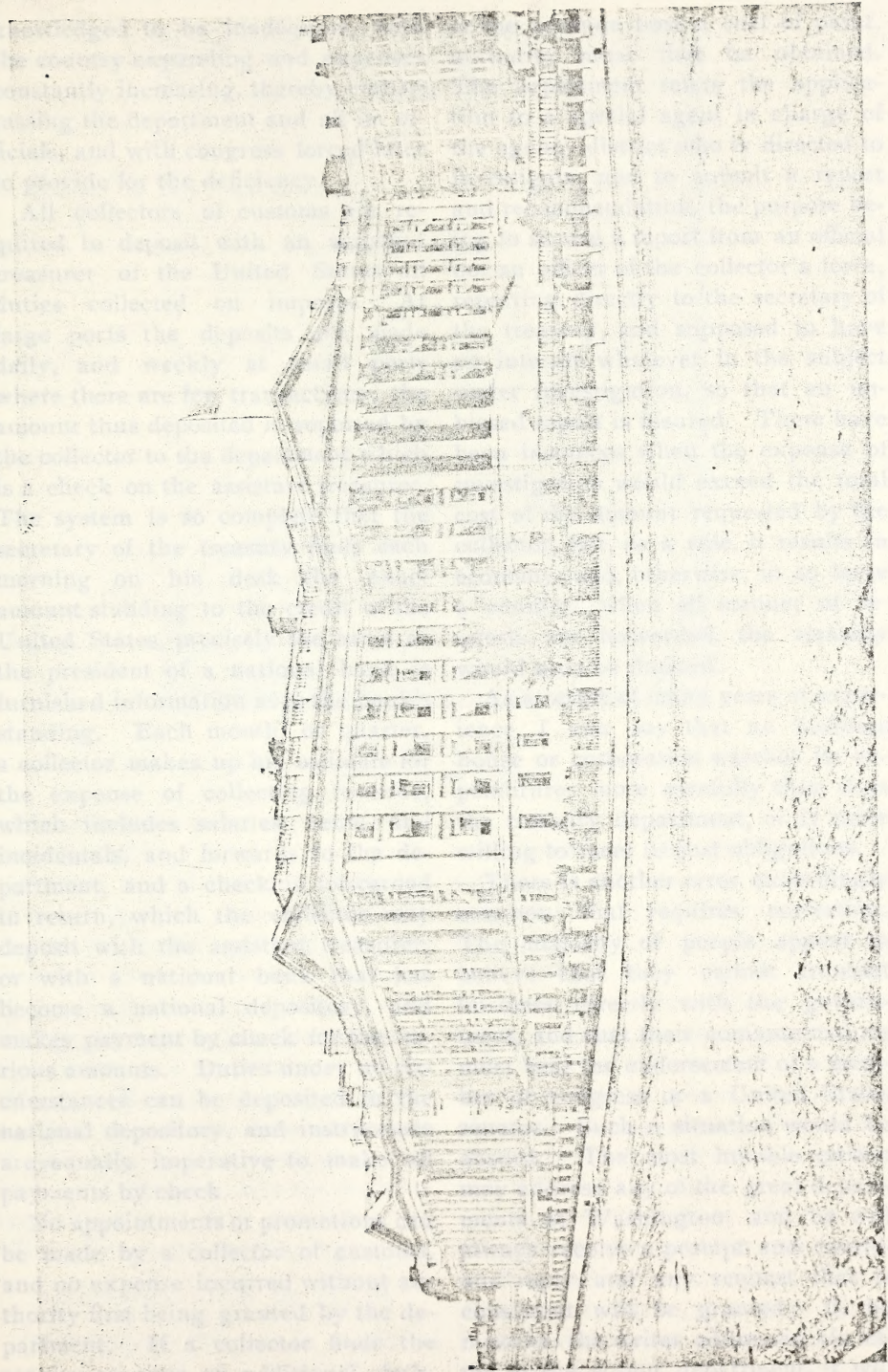
Some information as to the administration of the treasury department, acknowledged to be the most important branch of the government, collecting during the last fiscal year as duties on imports alone the enormous sum of \$223,857,956, may prove of interest and profit.

To Alexander Hamilton should be given the credit of framing the original customs revenue laws. His was a mas-

ter mind, as is everywhere conceded, and especially in customs circles. There have been new laws passed and many amendments which have been made necessary by the result of the rapid growth of the country, but the fundamental laws as laid down by Hamilton still continue and have not been greatly improved upon.

The United States is divided into 156 customs districts. Of this number there are 36 in New England. Massachusetts has 11, Maine 14, New Hampshire 1, Vermont 2, Connecticut 5, and Rhode Island 3. To defray the expenses of these districts, and for the purpose of collecting the revenue, congress, for many years, has appropriated annually the sum of \$5,500,000, an amount that is wholly inadequate, hence a deficiency bill must be passed for an additional million and one half of dollars. It seems unwise to continue an appropriation year after year, ac-

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

knowledge to be inadequate, with the country expanding and expenses constantly increasing, thereby embarrassing the department and all its officials, and with congress forced later to provide for the deficiency.

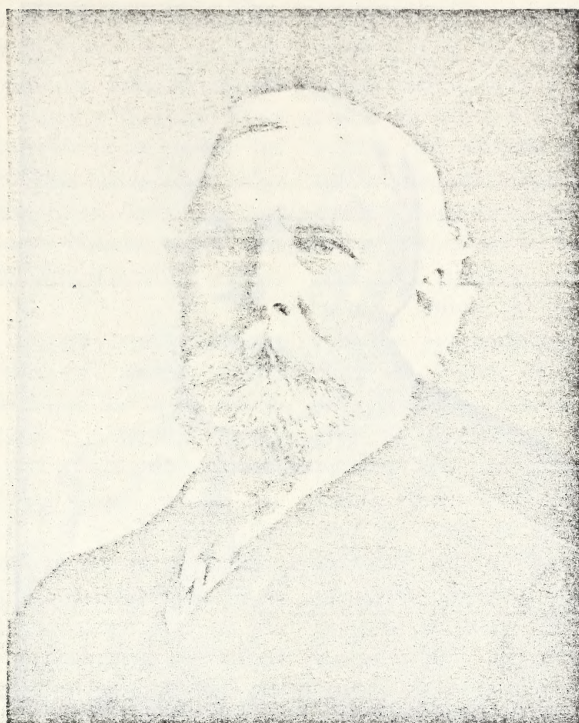
All collectors of customs are required to deposit with an assistant treasurer of the United States all duties collected on imports. At large ports the deposits are made daily, and weekly at small ports where there are few transactions; the amount thus deposited is reported by the collector to the department which is a check on the assistant treasurer. The system is so complete that the secretary of the treasury finds each morning on his desk the exact amount standing to the credit of the United States, precisely the same as the president of a national bank is furnished information as to the bank's standing. Each month, or quarter, a collector makes up his estimate for the expense of collecting revenue, which includes salaries, rents, and incidentals, and forwards to the department, and a check is forwarded in return, which the collector may deposit with the assistant treasurer, or with a national bank that has become a national depository, and makes payment by check for the various amounts. Duties under no circumstances can be deposited in the national depository, and instructions are equally imperative to make all payments by check.

No appointments or promotions can be made by a collector of customs, and no expense incurred without authority first being granted by the department. If a collector finds the service requires an additional clerk, or if customs premises need repairs,

or the revenue boat a coat of paint, authority must first be obtained. The department refers the application to a special agent in charge of the agency district who is directed to investigate, and to submit a report and recommendation, the purpose being to secure a report from an official not an officer of the collector's force, reporting directly to the secretary of the treasury, and supposed to have no interest whatever in the subject under investigation, so that an unbiased report is insured. There have been instances when the expense of investigation would exceed the total cost of the amount requested by the collector, but, as a rule, it results in economy, and, otherwise, in so large a country, when all manner of requests are forwarded, the treasury would soon be drained.

As a result of many years of experience, I can say that no business house or corporation watches its expenditures more carefully than does the treasury department, or is more willing to meet its just obligations.

There is another error exceedingly common that requires correction. The majority of people appear to believe that they cannot transact business directly with the government, and that their communications must bear the endorsement of a member of congress or a United States senator. Such a situation would be absurd. The most humble citizen may address any of the great departments at Washington, and he will always receive a prompt and courteous reply, and any request that is consistent will be granted; if, by mistake, the writer addresses his letter to the wrong department, it will be forwarded; indeed, anonymous



Hon. Lyman J. Gage.

Secretary of the Treasury.

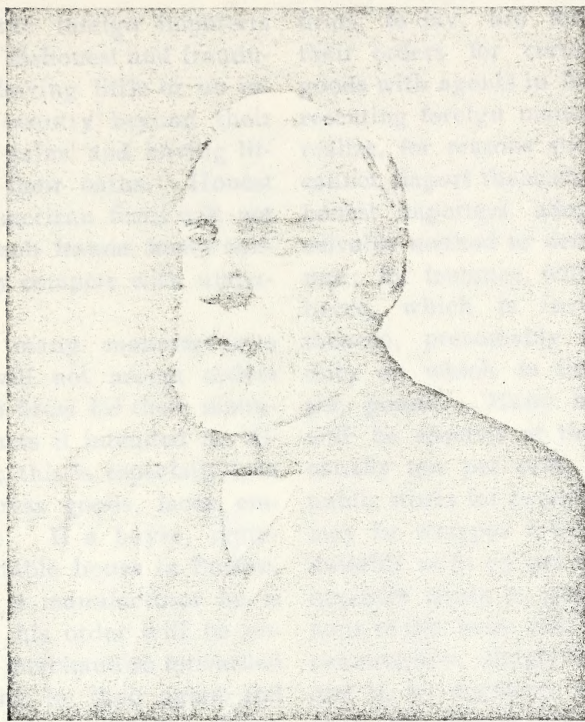
communications so far as possible are investigated.

If there is criticism as to delay or failure it is often more likely to be chargeable to the applicant who forgets that there are seventy millions of people transacting business with the government, that the treasury department is a great hopper where tons of mail arrive and depart daily, and that the officials have little time to read long epistles on matters that have no connection with the particular subject, and that oftentimes the writing is beyond deciphering.

MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS.

The methods that are in vogue in connection with the entry of merchandise are simple, yet so far-reach-

ing that the government cannot be robbed without the collusion of a number of officials, and such frauds are exceedingly difficult to cover up for any length of time, as the work of one official is incomplete by itself, the second and third officials' records being a check on the first, and at ports where there are many transactions one clerk or officer cannot complete the transaction. There are those who have made such attempts, but it is well understood that it is impossible for a customs officer to appropriate public funds for any length of time without detection. There was one instance at a port where there was but one officer, where he appropriated all the duties collected, destroying all official records so that



Gen. Oliver L. Spaulding.

*Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in Charge of Customs.
A Native of Jaffrey, N. H.*

apparently no business was transacted, and for a short time he flourished.

A second illustration of wrong doing was in the case of a cashier at a large port who was speculating in stocks. His method was to take the amount of duties on a single entry, when it was a considerable sum, and to defer accounting for the same for a day or two, then to make good from an amount paid by a second importer; the duties paid by a third importer would make good the amount of the second. In both instances the parties were promptly detected, placed on trial, convicted, and punished.

UNDERVALUATION FRAUDS.

The losses to the customs revenue

are considerable through smuggling, but this is not the principal avenue for perpetrating frauds, as the public are led to believe. The erroneous impression, no doubt, is due to the publicity given through the press to the methods of those engaged in smuggling, it being a subject of general interest. It is by the undervaluation of merchandise that the government suffers the greatest losses, and the frauds in this direction represent millions of dollars.

The public may not be aware that the importing business in this country is principally in the hands of foreigners; that American firms, in their own country, have been driven from the field as importers. It is not remarkable, under these circumstances,

that many of the foreign importers thrive by their dishonest and fraudulent practices, having little or no interest in this country beyond their own pecuniary gains, and having little regard for their oaths. Honest and reliable American firms will not be a party to such frauds, hence cannot successfully compete with under-valuers.

There are many manufacturers abroad who will not accept orders from American firms for their manufactured products if intended for direct shipment; this is especially true as to silks, dress goods, laces, embroideries, etc. If a buyer, representing a reputable house in Boston, calls on such a manufacturer he is informed that his order will be entered, and the merchandise forwarded from New York by their agent and invoiced at currency prices. There can be but one interpretation,—the agent is in reality a member of the corporation and profits by undervaluation, and some system exists by which the government is defrauded, or there could be no objection to shipping direct to the Boston firm, who would make an honest entry at the custom house.

It may be thought easy to discover such undervaluation, but it is found most difficult. The manufacturer ships his entire product to his agent, hence there is no possible way to make comparison with consignments to other importers, and the manufacturer, being on foreign territory, if called upon for information as to values, is not inclined to furnish the same, and there is no law to compel him.

It is a humiliating situation, but it is none the less true, that Boston

firms, to-day, are forced to place their orders for certain classes of goods with agents in New York, representing foreign manufacturers, and realize, for reasons stated, that they cannot import themselves. The dishonest importers adopt every conceivable method to defraud the revenue; for instance, with bales of tobacco, which is invoiced as leaf tobacco, presumably filler tobacco, duty on which is thirty-five cents per pound. Many hundred bales will be entered at the same time; usually ten per cent. is sent to the public stores for examination. There may be wrapper tobacco in the lot dutiable at \$1.75 per pound, but the importer trusts to good fortune that none of the bales will be selected for examination, simply takes the risk, and if, by accident, such is discovered, it is alleged that it was shipped by a mistake and will be exported to Canada. *

Vast quantities of alizarine colors, under various names, are imported from Germany, composed, perhaps, of several ingredients, one of which, being a chief component part, will determine the value and rate of duty. A chemical analysis only can determine the question. A second importation, invoiced like the first, will be so changed that there exists the greatest doubts as to the component parts; the merchandise may be advanced by local appraisers, appeal taken by the importer to the board of general appraisers; expert evidence is called, and if invoice value is found correct, or the advance sustained, then, with either result, the government, or the importer, may take the question to the courts, where years may be required for adjudica-

tion. Meanwhile invoices covering all importations are held for liquidation, pending the decision of the courts.

A New York importer recently entered at Boston several hundred miners' hats that were saturated with rosin. The broker, acting under

hundred dollars as additional duties, and a good sum as penalty for fraudulent entry. When advances are made at New York the importers will often have one or more importations entered at smaller ports, New Haven, Hartford, or Springfield, and frequently try Boston, hoping the ap-



Charles H. Hain.

*President of General Appraisers, New York.
A Native of Canterbury, N. H.*

the instructions of the importer, made entry as manufacture of rosin at twenty per cent. As the result of a chemical analysis, it was discovered that the hats were made of the very best quality of felt and the proper classification made the same dutiable at forty-four cents per pound and sixty per cent. ad valorem, a double duty, resulting in collecting several

praising officers have not learned of the advances.

These are only a few of the methods adopted by dishonest importers in connection with undervaluations; one fraud is discounted to-day, another to-morrow, but the importers continue to flourish, discovering new avenues by which they can defeat the revenue laws.

SMUGGLERS AND THEIR SCHEMES.

Smugglers are equally expert, and devise novel schemes to avoid payment of duty. Smugglers have advanced in methods as well as the rest of the world. They will use all sorts of strategy and trickery in trying to deceive customs officers.

It is undoubtedly true that the average man does not look upon smuggling as a very serious offense, yet the revised statutes provide, upon conviction, both imprisonment and fine, and United States Judge Webb recently, at Portland, Me., in passing sentence on a smuggler, declared that there was no difference between smuggling and stealing from the bank safe, and all convicted of the offense would not escape with fines, but would receive prison sentence.

One of the most persistent smugglers is a Canadian furrier. He carries an immense stock, claiming to be valued at one million of dollars; drivers of carriages in his city are subsidized so that all tourists, without consultation, are driven to his place of business. The furrier well understands that tourists, as a rule, will meet their obligations, hence they are received with courtesy, shown through the establishment, and politely informed that if they did not come prepared to purchase they can remit at their convenience. If the tourist inquires as to duties he will be told to wear out the garment, and that he has authority to do so. If the garment is to be manufactured, either the furrier will agree to deliver at the residence of the customer in the states, or will accept a nominal sum as duties. In either case he smuggles the package, while the gov-

ernment receives nothing, the furrier appropriating the amount collected for payment of duties.

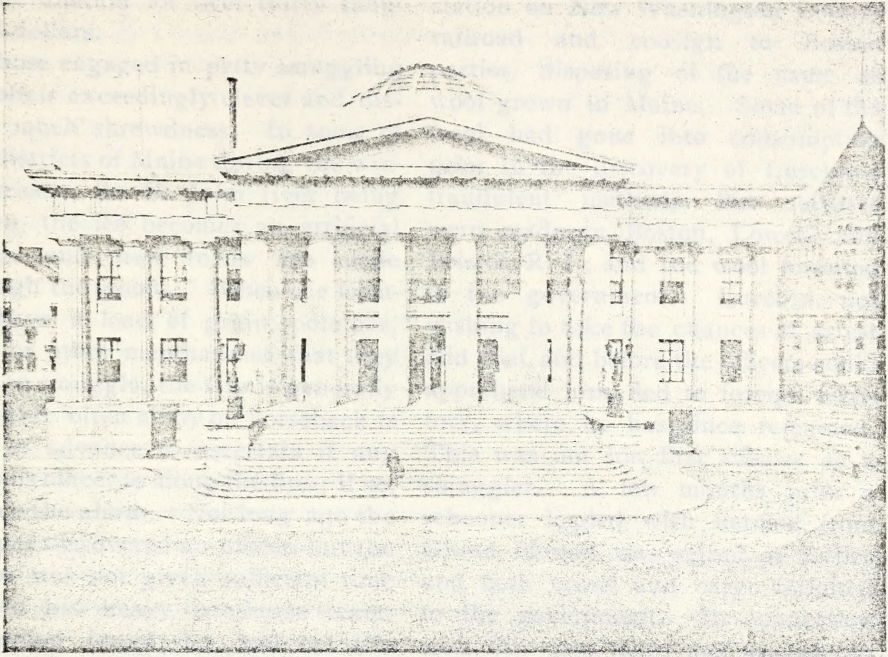
To carry on his fraudulent business he has employed Wagner, Monarch, and Pullman car conductors and porters; he has appropriated United States mail sacks that were being returned from Canada empty, and placed his packages therein; private yachts and sailing vessels have been made to do his bidding, and when driven from one avenue by the vigilance of customs officers, he opens up new routes. Three men who acted as his agents have been arrested, tried, convicted, and served terms in the penitentiary, and the arch smuggler himself only avoided arrest some time since by leaping from the train between Newport and White River Junction, Vt., and under an assumed name and in disguise succeeded in reaching Montreal.

Tourists from Maine to California, innocent, perhaps, of any intention of defrauding the revenue, have been duped by this furrier, and furs purchased have either been seized as having been illegally imported, or the parties have paid fines that have equaled the duties.

The fashionable dressmakers in the large cities have been persistent smugglers and undervaluers, and given officers a vast amount of trouble.

Recently, radical changes have been effected at New York by the removal of inspectors, as examiners of baggage on dock, and the appointment of clerks in their places, largely to detect such frauds, and the receipts have been greatly increased.

One dressmaker recently made a declaration under oath that she had



Custom House, Boston, Mass.

nothing dutiable, yet, upon examination, a number of Worth's costumes were found, valuable laces secreted in the sleeves of the dresses, kid gloves by the dozen pairs, and other goods, the duties amounting to \$2,300, and, in addition, a large penalty was paid, while her attorney's fees were no small item.

Some years since another dress-maker arrived in Boston, also making a declaration of nothing dutiable; the officer assigned to make the examination found \$150 in gold in a slipper placed directly on top of her effects, presumably intended as a bribe to an inspector. This woman paid \$1,500 in duties.

Diamonds under the Canadian tariff are admitted free; the duty under our present tariff is ten per cent. A few months since a large lot of diamonds reached Montreal

by registered mail; when the party called for them he was shadowed and followed to Niagara Falls; as soon as he stepped on to American territory he was arrested and searched, but no diamonds were discovered. The official was amazed, but remembered seeing a newly married couple with the smuggler and made inquiry of them. "Yes, we are acquainted with this man, and he handed us a small package." The couple were entirely innocent of any wrong intention, having been imposed upon by the smuggler, and were greatly surprised to learn of the value of the package that they had smuggled across the line. It was not a happy bridal trip, as they were detained in jail as witnesses. The smuggler in due time pleaded guilty and is now in prison serving his term. The diamonds were forfeited to the government and sold at

public auction for over thirty thousand dollars.

Those engaged in petty smuggling are often exceedingly clever and display much shrewdness. In some of the districts of Maine during the winter season, the St. John river being frozen, the ice becomes an artificial bridge and new roads are made through the woods. When the farmers have a load of grain, potatoes, beef, or other merchandise that they wish to smuggle, the trip is generally by night; often a boy on horseback is sent in advance to ascertain if any customs officer is along the line; if so, to give the alarm. Not long ago the outrider discovered an officer, but the farmer was not given sufficient time to turn his heavy two-horse team, and when found, he had cut the traces of one of the horses supposed to be of value, and escaped to New Brunswick, leaving the remaining horse, grain, and sled to be seized, the horse being valueless. The smugglers are careful to use on such occasions old horses, of no value, so that in case of seizure their loss will be confined to farm products.

Eggs shipped in barrels will be found to contain a hundred dozen Canadian socks or mittens, and egg cases and trunks are discovered with false bottoms for secreting valuable goods.

One Byron E. Lurchin of Pembroke, Me., boldly smuggled 167,000 pounds of Canadian wool, last season, and for a short time apparently prospered. His method was to ship the wool from St. John, N. B., to Grand Manan, an island off the coast of Eastport, and part of the domain of Canada, then with a small schooner to run the wool across to a small

station on New Washington County railroad and consign to Boston parties, disposing of the same as wool grown in Maine. Some of the wool had gone into consumption prior to the discovery of Lurchin's fraudulent methods, but seizures were made in Boston, Lowell, and Bristol, R. I., and the wool forfeited to the government. Lurchin, not wishing to take the chances of arrest and trial, and before the officers could apprehend him, fled to foreign territory, where he has since remained. This was not his first offense as a smuggler. A few months prior a schooner loaded with herring from Grand Manan was seized at Lubec and both vessel and cargo forfeited to the government. In connection with this case there was brought to Boston one Elmer W. Morang as a witness. It was believed that he had perjured himself, and he was subsequently arrested, tried, and convicted of perjury, and later made a full confession. He is now serving time in prison for that offense.

THE "LINE STORE" DEVICE.

The customs revenue suffers great loss by smuggling in connection with so-called "line stores," merchants along the frontier having erected their stores with the boundary line running through their buildings, one half of the store being in the United States and the other half in Canada. There are in the states of Maine and Vermont forty-four such stores, and in addition a large number of store-houses used in connection with the smuggling of farm products; also many buildings on the Canadian side devoted entirely to the same purpose. The line stores are so arranged that

Canadian merchandise will be found on shelves in Canada and American goods displayed on the side of the store that is in the United States; this enables the merchant to defraud both the United States and Canadian revenue. Usually the stores have two entrances; purchasers buying on the American side are requested to depart by the American entrance, and those purchasing on the Canadian side are directed to go out through the Canadian door.

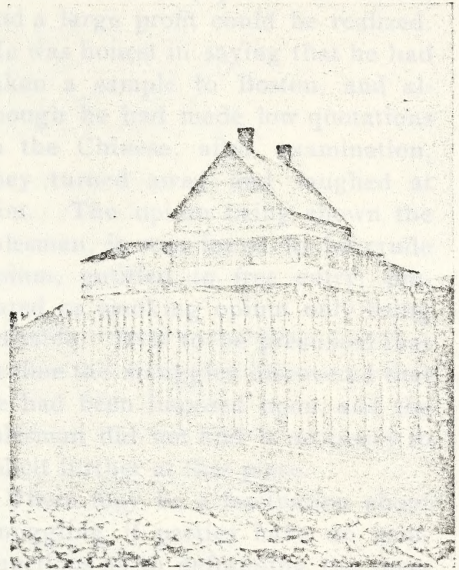
Maine being a prohibition state, there are many line stores near the boundary line on the New Brunswick side carrying exclusively a stock of liquor. There are many stores with similar stocks on the American side. During the last three years the prohibitory laws of the state, Maine, have been laxly enforced, hence such line stores have not been as prominent, but the reawakening of the subject of temperance, and the closing of many saloons in the state, will wonderfully increase the activity of these stores, and their business will be more profitable.

Hay, grain, beans, tea, poultry, sugar, liquors, tobacco, eggs, mittens, stockings, and other merchandise are smuggled into the United States. Kerosene oil, shelf hardware, agricultural implements, alcohol, all classes of manufactured goods, are smuggled from the United States to Canada. So shrewd are these smugglers that grain in bags is often piled so that one half of the bag will be found in each country.

It is believed that Canada suffers to a greater extent than does the United States, yet in one collection district in New England, could the officers have collected last year all

the revenue for merchandise imported contrary to law by line stores, it is believed the receipts would have been increased forty thousand dollars.

Our laws are strict, providing that, in case dutiable merchandise is deposited or carried through said stores, without payment of duty, the same



Custom House, Wrangel, Alaska.

shall be seized, forfeited, and disposed of according to the law, and the building shall be forthwith taken down and removed, and any person convicted as principal or as having aided therein in violation of law, shall be punishable by a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, or imprisonment for not more than two years, or both.

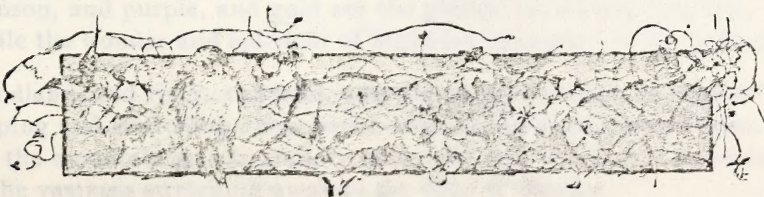
A serious difficulty for American customs officers as to demolishing such stores is to determine the exact boundary line, on account of the liability in civil suits, if the property destroyed was actually on foreign territory. It is believed that inasmuch

as the revenue of both the United States and Canada is being defrauded in large sums, joint action will be taken by the two governments at an early day, and the line stores demolished along the frontier.

Customs officers are not always successful in ferreting out smugglers, and often have exciting adventures and interesting experiences. One smuggler on the coast line of Maine sent out quotations all over the country offering opium at a price that indicated that the same had been illegally imported. A bright, shrewd officer was assigned to run the smuggler down. In due time a box that was being forwarded by express excited the officer's suspicions. He discovered that the merchandise was packed in tin boxes, making him morally certain that the contents was opium as the drug is invariably packed in tin. The officer shadowed the box, following it on board a steamer for Boston, and when well out to sea the captain was made acquainted with the case, and the box brought up and opened and found to contain bibles packed in tin, to prevent danger by water or moisture. Another surprise was in store for the officer. Finding that the smuggler was interested in mercantile business, he returned as a traveling salesman and succeeded in obtaining an order for his store, and on being introduced to his family, was given an

order for engraved wedding invitations for a daughter about to be married. The salesman was anxious to make some money and the merchant was not slow in advancing a way, by selling him some opium. He related how he had ordered from Quebec and that he could take it across the border without payment of duties, and a large profit could be realized. He was honest in saying that he had taken a sample to Boston, and although he had made low quotations to the Chinese, after examination, they turned away and laughed at him. The opium being shown the salesman, it was found to be crude opium, entitled to free entry, prepared or smoking opium only being dutiable. It is to be presumed that in time the smuggler discovered that he had been imposed upon, and the salesman did not find it necessary to solicit further at that place.

There may be a fascination about smuggling if parties have no compunctions as to defrauding the revenue; many may profit thereby; others may escape arrest and imprisonment, but it is also true that more or less are apprehended and punished according to law. The risk is too great, even if there is no moral sentiment as to wrong doing. Merchandise smuggled may be seized any time within three years, and there is no limit as to placing parties on trial for frauds.



THE MOUNTAIN.

By Hale Howard Richardson.

Touching the bounds of infinite space you lift your hoary head,
Braving the passionate storm of endless aeons of time,
Bared to the hurricane wind, on your brow the ice-king's tread
Finds you unflinching, stern, unmoved in your height sublime.

Shoulders unmantled in green, verdure eternal as thou,
Fir, hemlock, and spruce, that crash with the battling gale;
Halo'd about with a spray dashed from thy snowy brow,
Or glinting an emerald sheen in the sunbeam's golden trail.

Boulders all shattered and torn, deep 'neath the branches lie,
Cushioned in thickest moss, moist with the kiss of a cloud,
Tossed on the breast of the mount by a power that naught could defy,
Shapelessly, aimlessly hurled, dreadful impassable crowd.

Cliffs overhanging the depths where bidest the shadow of night;
Depths which the flaming sun never has touched with his glare,
But which the glimmering stars fathom with lines of light,
And only the owls or the bats to challenge the solitudes there!

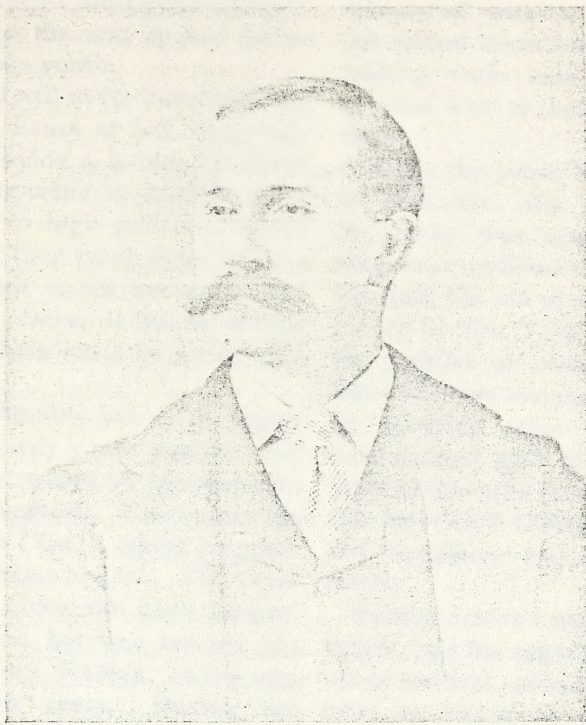
Down from the frowning cliffs, from the hardy pine and spruce,
Here is a softer clime, where genial zephyrs blow,
Whispering to maple, and birch, and oak of a happy truce
To the battling gales that rage above 'mid blighting frost and snow.

Here 'tis where Nature charms the sense in richest, loveliest dress,
Gorgeous in myriad tints, blending a thousand shades;
Whilst in the perfumed air, songsters their joys express
From the first blush of dawn till fairy twilight fades.

Sparkling the rivulets gleam 'neath the shade of the ivory birch,
Cries o'er its pebbly bed, and sighs at its moss-edged confines,
It had leaped from the beetling cliff in a burst of passionate search
For the rest, that is always beyond, to be won when all self it resigns.

Dazzling the sheen of the lake, in its bossing of emerald tints,
'Neath the midday glare of the sun, when the wind gods are silent in sleep,
Crimson, and purple, and gold are the glories his setting imprints,
While the wonder and splendor of night are immersed in the fathomless deep.

Woodland, and river, and lake, and the meadow's blossom-starred sward,
Dipping and stretching away to the edge of the world-confined sea,
But the mountain stands grandly aloft, piercing the depths unexplored,
Of the vastness stretching away to the edge of infinity.



Dr. Fred J. Brockway.

DR. FRED J. BROCKWAY.

By Sarah M. Bailey.



HERE are those, born among these rugged hills and rocks, who are content to remain here and glean from their native land that which is within their reach. Others long for the wealth of knowledge that lies beyond, only to be gained by hard study and close application, and mingling with the outside world.

The subject of this sketch belonged to the latter class.

When a small boy he evinced a desire for books, often performing his simple home duties with a book tucked under his jacket. If missing,

he could be traced to a favorite nook, where, book in hand, he was forgetful of everything else.

He roamed the fields and woods for specimens, both animate and inanimate. It was with no boyish cruelty that he dissected the insects and smaller animals, but that he might know how they were made. At a very early age he was well versed in the anatomy of many of the creatures that could be found upon the home farm. He began when in his early teens to arrange his future course of study. Every obstacle was laid aside with the words, "I must get learning, whatever the cost; whatever the

sacrifice needed I must go to college." Step by step the way opened before this ambitious youth.

The world will never know the long and patient hours of toil, cheerfully given, to provide a ladder by which the sons from many an humble home may mount to high positions in the world. That they reach these heights and are fitted to fill honorable and trustworthy places, is ample reward for all sacrifices made to attain this end.

From the humble school in Jewett Road this sturdy youth went to Tilton Academy, where he graduated at the age of seventeen. Then came the life at college (Yale), where he graduated in the class of 1882. The years of study had given him high honors, and he turned his face toward his chosen life-work bravely, at the age of twenty-two years. During his school days he had been a general favorite, so genial was his manner to all, and throughout his short life he gathered about him a large circle of friends.

For two years he taught in King's school in Stamford, Conn. The time had now arrived when he was to take up the study of the profession in which he was to distinguish himself as a profound thinker and a devoted student, one who studied that the world might be the wiser for his hours of labor.

The year 1887 found him in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, where he distinguished himself as a young man of rare ability. The following two years spent as house surgeon at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York were like a continuation of school work to his active, searching mind; and, while he

ministered with a tender touch to the varied cases before him, he was making each case a study which in time was to benefit the medical world.

When the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, Md., was opened Dr. Brockway was appointed resident surgeon, and filled the place acceptably until the fall of 1890, when he returned to New York and commenced the practice of medicine. Not content with this tax upon his strength, he accepted other positions which were pressed upon him. He became assistant demonstrator and lecturer in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and secretary of the faculty.

So firm a friend was wanted everywhere, and his membership in a long list of medical societies attests the esteem in which he was held. His close and continued application to study has given to the world two very valuable books.

His brain and pen were often busy far into the night. The boy brain had developed to that of the man, and the child's small beginnings culminated in the writing of a work on anatomy of great value. He also wrote one on "Physics and Chemistry."

Wholly indifferent to the condition of his health, which through all these years had been firm, he being of fine physique, he gave himself little rest. His many friends urged him to take longer intervals of rest and recreation, but, overestimating his power of endurance, he pushed onward. His visits to his native state were periods of great pleasure to him. He loved every rock and hill and forest. Once upon the homestead farm, among those he loved, he threw off all re-

straint and was a boy again. His bright, cheery manner, so natural at all times and in all places, was a delight to all around him. The friendships formed in youth were never forgotten, and his home comings gave pleasure to many outside the home roof.

Modest in his bearing, unassuming in manner, he made no boasts, and from his lips there fell no words to tell the heights to which, through persistent effort, he had risen.

In 1891 Dr. Brockway married Marion Turner of Mt. Savage, Md. The union was blessed with that sacred happiness in which the world has no part. Two daughters completed the family circle.

A part of the year 1894 was memorable for a trip to Scotland, combining study and pleasure. The greater part of the time was spent in Edinburgh, in study, and from this center Dr. and Mrs. Brockway took many excursions, gathering information at every turn. With his keen insight of human nature he stored his mind with the habits and customs of other countries. A heavy sorrow followed his return to America, in the death of his only sister.

Last summer the doctor went to the Adirondacks, for a complete rest, after an unusually hard winter's work, at the urgent request of his medical friends, who saw how great was his need of quiet, uninterrupted rest. In July he was taken suddenly ill, after which time he failed steadily. Just prior to his illness the offer of a professorship in the leading college of the country was tendered him; but, not feeling strength for the work, he was obliged to decline the position for which he had spent a lifetime in fitting himself.

The best medical skill the country affords came to his bedside, and by their advice he was taken to Brattleboro, Vt., in the hope that the quiet of the place and the medical attendance might restore his exhausted nerve power. Alas! it was too late. His life had been sacrificed to scientific research. Attended by his wife, he gradually sank to rest Sunday, April 21, 1901.

Dr. Brockway was born in South Sutton, Feb. 24, 1860. He was the son of John G. and Amanda Brockway of Hopkinton, who survive him, they having removed from Sutton when the doctor was an infant.



LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A PORTRAIT.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

This face bespeaks the purity of spring,
 These eyes reveal the heights of love untrod.
 O maid, be thine the best that life can bring,
 Love's heritage, the rarest gift of God.

MONUMENT ROCK.

By S. E. Holden.

A moss-grown rock, a relic of the past,
Whose ragged sides, swept by the autumn blast
And winter's chilling storms, are gray with age.
Loved Nature, strange and grand in every page
Of all her wondrous book upon its face
By storms and frosts has wrought a level space.
Rough steps, which have the storms of time defied
Are hewn upon its riven granite side.
Behold, a scene most beautiful and grand.
Cloud-clapped Chocorua, from her ancient stand
Looks down upon the pine-clad hills below
And sparkling brooks that through the valleys flow.
The placid lake is seen amid the trees,
And now, anon 't is ruffled by the breeze
And o'er its surface skims the hunter's bark
As game he seeks upon its waters dark.
Beside this rock and near yon murmuring brook
Were once the wigwams of the Pennacook.

Go back with me a hundred years or more.
Cold winter with its ice and snow is o'er,
The newly springing grass and flowers fair
Are breathing forth their sweetness on the air.
In beauty, on the rising hill is seen
The rustic cabin in the sloping green,
Cleared by the woodman's axe, and near at hand
A group of children, pride of all the land.
They pluck the new-blown flowers, and full of joy
In harmless sport, their busy hands employ.
They wander by the brook, and in its bed
Search for bright pebbles, or by fancy led
In joy forgetful of all else beside,
They sail their tiny boats upon its tide.
Now through the field they wander to a rock
Moss-grown and gray, and climbing to its top
Amuse themselves by throwing from its height
The brook-worn pebbles, sparkling in the light.
A bright-eyed boy, the eldest of the group,

Who, in their sports, led on the little troop,
 At once seemed filled with thoughts beyond his years,
 Ah, yes, he looks beyond his childish fears.
 In vision bright, he sees the future rise
 Like Eden's home before his raptured eyes.

Like birds of passage in the summer sky,
 The happy hours of childhood quickly fly.
 The child becomes a youth, the youth, a man,
 Almost before with hurried eye we scan
 His swift career. But yet these fleeting years
 Were not like empty husks, without the ears
 Of yellow corn. Although denied the hoard
 Of classic lore that college walls afford,
 His mind was stored with truth, and for the days
 In which he lived, was skilled in wisdom's ways.
 While e'en a child, he formed a steadfast plan
 To preach God's word and bless his fellow-man.
 His heart was filled with love for all mankind,
 And leaving baser motives far behind,
 He strove upon a noble course to rise,
 "God's will, my will. I ask no greater prize
 Than with this feeble stamm'ring tongue of mine
 To tell to all the love of Christ divine."

'Tis summer. Beside the rock a little band
 Of earnest Christians, strong in duty, stand.
 The spreading oaks, in robes of green arrayed,
 Afford them all the welcome, cooling shade.
 Upon the rock are those whose words proclaim
 The tidings of salvation, through the name
 Of Christ. With joy to-day they preach this truth,
 For with them stands in budding strength, a youth
 About to be endowed with right to unfold
 Repentance and salvation to the world.
 Like incense on that Sabbath morn they raise
 Their heartfelt prayers and joyful notes of praise.
 The word was preached, well fitting time and place,
 To cheer them all to seek the heavenly grace.
 An honored father, truly loved by each,
 Then said, "Take thou authority to preach
 God's word, committed to thee in the name
 Of Father, Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The spires of village churches had not thrown
 Their shadows round the rustic, northern home,
 And when the storms of winter blew around,

And shrouded with a robe of white the ground,
When cold winds raged upon the mountain side,
A neighboring cot the lack of church supplied.
When spring had shone upon the northern hills,
And birds made music with the sparkling rills,
When summer came, on swift wings borne along,
Gilding the fruit and ears of ripening corn,
When beauteous autumn brought her train
Of rustling leaves and fields of waving grain,
From far around there gathered to this rock,
Of young and old, a goodly Christian flock,
To hear the holy word proclaimed, and praise
Their God, so glorious in his works and ways.

A year passed by, and golden autumn came
With rosy fruit and fields of tasseled grain,
Beneath the sway of Cere's magic wand,
The teeming earth, in beauteous robes adorned,
Was bringing forth the harvest to the toil
Of industry upon the fertile soil.
The leaves now dying on the forest trees
Were tipped with rainbow tints, and in the breeze
Shone bright with colors beautiful. Again
A joyous band with kindred spirits came
And tarried at the rock beside the way.
It was a long-remembered, cherished day
To all amid that group of happy hearts,—
A bridal day as known before the arts
Of fashion had removed simplicity,
Twin grace and ornament of charity.
Upon the rock to greet the happy pair
Are gathered round the beautiful and fair.
From happy homes and hearthstones have they come,
With hope of future years and joys unknown.
The parson from a distant village came.
The heavy hand of Time had bent his frame,
But in his eye beamed cheerfulness and truth,
Beloved of all, and most of all, the youth.
And then at last the bride and bridegroom came,
And in their joyous faces was a flame
Of purest love, as holy and serene
As ever shone in homes of wealth or fame.
The bridegroom, he, who but a year ago,
Upon this rock received command to go
And tell the love of Christ to all mankind,
Faith, patience, love, and holiness combined

Prepared him for his work. His heart was love
To all the world and to his Lord above.
By God himself commissioned to proclaim
The eternal wisdom, in his Saviour's name.

The bride in robes of white an angel seemed ;
Her brow serene and calm, and eyes that beamed
With love and joy. A blush was on her cheek
Like evening tint, when rays of sunset seek
To tinge the wavy clouds of heaven anew,
Or like the fragrant moss rose, with the dew
Of morning sparkling on its beauteous crest,
A loving heart and true. Heaven freely blessed
This chosen one with qualities of mind
To help the weak and elevate mankind.
She sought to mould her life to God's own plan
And prove herself " Heaven's last, best gift to man."
The parson rose, and calling blessings down,
By simple rite, then joined their hearts in one.
Then homeward turned their steps, the happiest pair
Of all that joyous group, and freely there
The young and gay from far around strewed flowers,
And made their path seem much like Eden's bowers.
What happy greetings then, in sportive strife,
Cheered them to love through all the scenes of life.
The children, too, their infant voices raise
In notes of joy and rustic song of praise.
The leafy forest catches up the strain
And quick, in echoes, rings it back again.
The little birds, while twittering in their glee,
Join in their notes of sweetest melody,
Till all conspired the notes of joy prolong,
And all the air is filled with heavenly song.

With passing years, a change comes on the air,
The Sabbath bell now tolls the hour of prayer.
Within the sacred desk, an old man may
Be seen, whose head with silvery locks is gray.
The marks of care are on his noble brow,
But still, that upright form shows even now
It is the noble one, o'er whom the tide
Of years has passed since he received his bride,
And charge to preach God's word to all his flock,
One autumn day upon yon moss-grown rock.

His life was spent according to the plan
He formed in youth, to bless his fellow-man.

He pointed to the flight of all below,
To life and death, to happiness and woe.
He warned the careless of the wrath to come,
Of punishment and everlasting doom.
He gave the wavering strength, and stayed the hand
That strove to spread destruction o'er the land,
And to the hopeless gave he hope to wield
The sword, and bind upon their breasts the shield
And panoply of God. "He offered terms
Of pardon, grace and peace," to those who turned
From all the paths of sin. Men heard with fear
And felt that in his presence God was near,
Proclaiming through his messenger his love
For all mankind. He told the joys above,
The crowns and kingdoms of that heavenly home,
The praise of angels round the eternal throne.
A multitude of souls, with sins forgiven,
Bless him with tears, as, on their way to heaven,
They near the shining portals of the tomb,
Bereft of all its darkness, fear, and gloom.

Long years have passed, and on the mountain road,
"We tread the paths our honored fathers trod,"
And as we journey 'mid the vales and hills,
A scene appears, that all with pleasure thrills.
Above, the lofty furrowed mountains rise
And hold their craggy cliffs high in the skies.
And near, encompassed with a wall of green,
The crystal lake with many an isle is seen.
Upon its banks, among the groves of pine,
The village churches stand in faith sublime.
And yonder rises close beside the way,
In pleasant shade, a rock moss-grown and gray.
This rock is linked with many a past event
And on its summit is a monument
Which tells of him who, many years ago,
Upon this rock received command to go
And preach to all mankind Christ crucified.
Here he with joy received his happy bride.
Here was his labor. From this storm-worn rock
He preached God's word to all his listening flock.
And with his loved one by his side, he lies
Beside this lasting rock that typifies
His faith in God, and hope that with the blest
He may enjoy in heaven eternal rest.

JUNE, THE BATTLE MONTH.

By Fred Myron Colby.

JUNE is called by the poets the Month of Roses, and it is a beautiful name for a beautiful month, but it quite as appropriately deserves another title, for it is the season in which some of the greatest battles of history have been fought, and in which were achieved many of its most memorable triumphs.

It is a time entitled to be called the month of conflicts, for though great battles have been fought in other months, in no other month were there so many decisive battles, or if not decisive in every instance they were of unusual proportions and importance. Every one of these fair days from the first to the thirtieth, inclusive, is the anniversary of a battle which will have an enduring place in the memory of man. Unsanguined with gore they stand outlined on the canvas of the past, crowned rather with incarnadined steel than a garland of roses. Let us glance over the pages of history and thence select the battles in order as they occur through the blood-stained days of the battle-month:

June 1. The anniversary of two of the battles of our Civil War; those of Fair Oaks and of Seven Pines in the year 1862. In 1859 the battle of Palestro opened the great Italian war, which resulted in the regeneration of Italy. On that day in 1666

Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albermarle fought a naval engagement with the Dutch fleet.

June 2. Sir Egbert Coote defeated Hyder Ali near Arnee in 1782. In 1864 occurred the battle of Cold Harbor, one of the most notable conflicts of the Rebellion.

June 3. The battle of the Krimisias in Sicily, between the Carthaginians and the Greeks of Saracuse under Timoleon, was fought on this day, B. C. 342. It must be considered one of the great battles of history, for the combatants numbered over a hundred thousand men, and being decisive it gave Greek Sicily rest for a long while. In 1665 there was a great naval battle between the English and Dutch fleets in the North Sea. Two hundred and fifty ships were in the action. The Dutch were defeated.

June 4. In 1799 the battle of Lurich occurred, in which the French under Massena defeated the Austrians under the Archduke Charles. In 1859 the great battle of Magenta was fought between the combined forces of the French and Sardinians and the Austrians, terminating in the defeat of the latter.

June 5. In 1794 the Russians defeated the Poles under Kosciuszko, on the Vistula. In 1081 Robert Guiscard, the Norman conqueror of Sicily, won the battle of Dyrrachium over the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus.

June 6. Forty-eight years before Christ the battle of Pharsalia made Julius Cæsar the master of the Roman world, and established the empire. In 1813 the battle of Stony Creek was fought between the Americans under General Chandler and the British commanded by Lord Vincent, resulting in the defeat of the latter.

June 7. In 1098 the sack of Antioch occurred, being one of the important issues of the First Crusade. On this day in 1673 there was a naval action between the Dutch and the combined English and French fleets. In 1793 the battle of Chelou was fought between the Poles and the Russians.

June 8. The crusading forces under the command of Richard Plantagenet, king of England, won the battle of Jaffa over the Saracens, which paved the way for the re seizure of Jerusalem in 1191. In 1807 Gudstadt was carried by assault by the French, the Russians losing several thousand in killed and captured.

June 9. The battle of Sieverhausen in 1553 between Maurice of Saxony and Albert of Brandenburg was lost by the latter, who had four thousand of his soldiers killed on the battlefield. On this date, also, the Boston Riot took place, that being the first instance of armed resistance made by the colonies against the crown.

June 10. B. C. 371, Epaminondas gained the battle of Leuctra, which elevated Thebes to a first-class power among the Grecian states and humbled Sparta, which had been paramount from the period of the Peloponnesian War. In 1429 Jeanne d'Arc defeated the English under Lord Talbot at Patay. June 10, 1800, was fought the action of Montebello

in Italy, in which the Austrians were defeated by the French. June 10, 1861, the battle of Big Bethel was fought between the federal and confederate forces.

June 11. In 1488 James the Third of Scotland was defeated and slain by his rebel lords at the battle of Sanchieburn. In 1798 Malta was captured after a long siege by the English fleet.

June 12. B. C. 201, the battle of Tama was fought, which broke the power of Hannibal and made Carthage tributary to Rome. In 1112 the Christian kings of Spain obtained a great victory over the Almohades under Mohammed Abu Abdallah. June 12, 1418, occurred the great riot and massacre in Paris which brought the city under Burgundian rule.

June 13. This is the anniversary of one of the greatest battles ever fought, as regards both importance and magnitude. Upon that day, A. D. 733, Charles Martel won a victory over the Moors on the field of Tours, which saved France from the yoke of the Moslems and effectually arrested their spreading dominions. Historians assert that more than three hundred thousand men perished in this battle.

June 14. This was the lucky day of the Emperor Napoleon. On that day in 1800 he won the battle of Marengo, defeating the Austrians, and establishing his power. In 1807 he defeated the Russians in the great battle of Friedland. In 1809, on this day, his stepson, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, defeated the Austrians at the battle of Raab in Hungary.

June 14, 1645, Cromwell gained the battle of Naseby over the Royal-

ists. The result of that battle proved fatal to the house of Stuart.

June 15, B. C. 216, Hannibal annihilated a great Roman army at Cannæ, which result made him master of Italy for fifteen years. It was the most severe defeat the Romans ever sustained, and one of the bloodiest battles ever fought. In 1389 was fought the great battle of Kosovo, "the field of thrushes" in Servia, between the Servians and the invading Turks. King Lazarus of Servia was slain in the battle, and Servian independence was lost for five hundred years.

June 16. In 1487 Henry VII of England defeated the Yorkists in the decisive battle of Stoke, thus terminating the War of the Roses, and raising the House of Tudor to the undisputed sovereignty of England. In 1743 the French were defeated at Dettingen by the allied armies of Germany and England, commanded by George the Second. This was the last occasion on which an English king ever appeared in person on a battle-field. June 16, 1815, Napoleon gained a victory at Ligny over the Russians under Marshal Blücher; and the same day Wellington beat the French commanded by Ney at the battle of Quatre-Bras.

June 17. In 1775, on this day, took place the battle of Bunker Hill, in which the Americans lost the field, but the English suffered by far the greater loss of men. One third of the British force was killed or wounded, and the result of the battle was to give great confidence to the Americans, who have always regarded the battle more as a victory than a defeat.

June 18. In 1675 the Swedes were

badly beaten by the Prussians in the battle of Fehrbellin. In 1757 Frederick the Great was defeated at the battle of Collin by the Austrian army commanded by Marshal Daun. In 1815 the battle of Waterloo, gained by the combined Swedes, Germans, Dutch, and English over the French, under Napoleon, unseated the emperor and restored the Bourbons to France. June 18, 1855, the Russians defeated the French and English at Malakoff near Sebastopol. In 1643, in the battle of Chalgrove Field, fought between the forces of parliament and the king, John Hampden was killed.

June 19. In 1799 the French under Macdonald were defeated by the Austrians and Russians, commanded by Suvaroff, at the battle of the Trebia. In 1864 the unique naval engagement between the warships, the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, took place, resulting in a decisive victory for the Union vessel.

June 20. In the year 1097, the battle of Nice took place on this day, in which the Crusaders gained a great victory over the Saracens. In 1779 the Americans defeated the British at the battle of Stony Ferry. In 1821 the Greeks were beaten by the Turks at Dragashan; and in 1830 the French gained the battle of Strouli over the Algerians, which virtually made them masters of Algeria.

June 21. In 1798 the Irish were defeated with bloody slaughter at the battle of Vinegar Hill by the English and Orangemen, an event that proved fatal to the Irish cause. In 1813 Wellington gained the decisive battle of Vittoria, in Spain, which drove the French out of the penin-

sula and destroyed Napoleon's power in that country. In 1588 the first day's action with the Spanish armada occurred.

June 22, B. C. 168, was fought the battle of Pydna, which put an end to the kingdom of Macedon and decided the supremacy of Rome in the East. In 1813 the Americans defeated the British at the battle of Craney Island, one of the unimportant conflicts of the War of 1812.

June 23. In 1757 the battle of Plassey was won by the British over the Maluattas, the result of which decided the future fortunes of India. In 1780 the Americans suffered a defeat by the British at the battle of Springfield.

June 24. On this day, 1340, Sir Robert Morley, the admiral of Edward the Third of England, gained the great naval battle of Sluys over the French fleet. June 24, 1813, the British were defeated by the Americans at the battle of Beaver Dams. In 1859 the battle of Solferino, won by the French and Sardinians over the Austrians, terminated the Italian war, and placed the iron crown of the Lombards on the brow of Victor Emmanuel.

June 25. In 1314 Robert Bruce won the great victory of Bannockburn, which utterly defeated the English and established the independence of the Scots. In the year 841 was fought the battle of Fontenoy, in which the Emperor Lothaire was defeated with great slaughter by his brothers, Louis of Bavaria and Charles the Bold of France.

June 26, A. D. 714, Roderick, the

last of the Goths, was vanquished at the battle of Xeres by the Moors, thus opening the way for the establishment of the Arab Empire in Spain, and the glories of Cordova and Granada.

June 27. The federal forces gained a victory over the Confederate army at Gaines' Mill in 1862.

June 28. The battle of Charleston Harbor took place, in 1776, the Americans defeating the British, which event left the southern states free from the aggressions of the mother country for the space of four years. In 1778 occurred the battle of Monmouth between the British and American armies, which though undecisive, yet disheartened Clinton and heralded the victory at Yorktown.

June 29, A. D. 71, Jerusalem was taken by the Romans under Titus after a siege of five months; thousands of people were slain and the city was completely overthrown. In 451 the battle of Châlons-sur-Marne was fought, in which Ætius defeated Attila the Hun; 160,000 of the barbarians were slain.

June 30. In 1097 the battle of Dagorgan shattered the Saracen powers of Asia Minor, and gave the crusading hosts a respite from the toils of war. In 1643 Lord Fairfax was defeated by the royalists at Atherton Moor, and totally routed. In 1600 the French under Marshal Luxembourg defeated the allied army under the Prince of Waldeck at Fleurus. June 30, 1862, closed the seven days' fight before Richmond, and also closes this chronicle.

PERRY BROOK.

By Bela Chapin.

I've traced again the Perry brook
With angling rod and line;
But where I dropped my baited hook
There poorest luck was mine.
Where good trout thrive in years gone by
Small dace abound and shiner fry.
I passed the upland, airy ridge,
Then sought the vale below.
I crossed the mossy, dusty bridge,
Where thrifty willows grow,
Then turned where leaning alders teem
And overhang the mountain stream.
There is no purer stream than this,
Fringed with long grass and flowers,
Where climbs the blooming clematis
Upon the leafy bowers;
And where the cat-bird finds a home,
Anear the current's sparkling foam.
And yonder is a sylvan scene
In beauty wide displayed.
'Tis where, within a pasture green,
The brook glides through the glade,
Between the steep declivities,
Where grow tall birch and maple trees.
Then through a wildwood, dense and deep,
That half excludes the day,
In many a whirl and many a leap,
The brook pursues its way;
Still clear and cool its ceaseless flow,
As in the days of long ago.
And next I reached a ruined mill,
That labored in its day.
Its saw is gone, its wheel is still,
And passing fast away;
Unhindered now, 'neath poplar shade,
The stream pours down its own cascade.
Anon there opes a meadow scene,
With forest all around,
Where flowers blow, and grass is green,
And high elm trees abound;
Where peacefully the waters flow,
And mirror cloud and sky below.

So may this merry mountain brook
 Glide ever on its way,
 Through charming dell and redgy nook,
 While other things decay;
 And nothing from my mind shall blot
 The memory of each lovely spot.

AN ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

By Eva F. Beede.



ONE of Daniel Webster's clients, not having the ready money to pay his lawyer, gave him a mortgage on a little farm in the town of Meredith, and in the course of time the farm came into Mr. Webster's possession.

A poor old woman, whom everybody called "aunt," lived with her daughter on the place for several years. It made a home for them, and with some assistance from the town they got along quite comfortably.

One summer Mr. Webster and wife, with a friend and his wife, in a fine carriage with four horses, drove through the country up to the White Mountains.

On the route, about five miles above Meredith Bridge, now the flourishing city of Laconia, they came to an old one-story, unpainted house, standing on a hill, and Mr. Webster ordered the driver to stop, so he could get out. The others were quite curious, and Mrs. Webster asked, "What are you getting out here for?"

Mr. Webster went up to the house, inquired who was living there, and to whom the house belonged, and

was told that it was owned by "a big man down country." He then told the occupants that he was the owner of the house, reminded them of the long time that they had lived there without paying any rent, and asked them if they could n't pay him something. They said they thought he ought to have his pay, and that they wanted to pay him, so they brought out for him about two dozen pairs of stockings that they had knit. Mr. Webster asked if they had n't any money, and they said that they had saved a little, and counted out two dollars and fifty cents. They supposed they would be obliged to leave the place, and they felt very badly.

Mr. Webster looked at the stockings and said, "You can sell these better than I can, and you will need the money to buy you some things at the store, and you may want a little money besides what you have, for you may be sick," so putting his hands into his pocket, he took out a ten dollar bill and gave it to the old lady, adding, "When you want any more let me know."

As he turned to go away he said, "Now I want you to live right here in my house, and take care of it for me, and not let anybody else have it."

FOR HER SAKE.

John Warren Odlin, 2d.

O WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I, Lester Green, am dying. I think the end is near. I seem to see a grave yawning for me to enter. Therefore I write to unravel a deep mystery—to explain how horse thief Frank Sawyer escaped the hands of law, years ago when Dakota was in its infancy. Was I doing right when saving him from Western justice? This mind tells me that my steps were justified by the law of love. God grant I may live to tell you the tale.

I emigrated West in my youth, leaving my home in New Hampshire because my sweetheart, Mary Wells, had in the heat of a lover's quarrel married another. It was near what was then called Peruse that I took up an abode. This was a peaceful place, and the citizens law-abiding, until the presence of a horse thief there aroused the entire community.

Old George Blackmoore, whose coffers contained more gold than he had use for, demanded the life of a certain Frank Sawyer, whom he had seen steal a trick pony from his yard. His appeal to the townsfolk caused an uproar; it created a mob element heretofore unknown, and plans for the capture of the culprit were immediately made.

It was decided to divide the men of the town into two parties, each with the injunction to bring Sawyer

back dead or alive. These parties were to take opposite directions for the search. That consisting of the marksmen of Peruse was sent northward, for the theory advanced by those who had had dealings with criminals before, was that he would make for Canada. I, being practically a stranger in the country, and not having a reputation as a crack shot or broncho tamer, was chosen to be one of the party to go southward to his home.

It was early morning when we started—a beautiful summer day. Ah! how well I remember how the peaceful tranquility of the surrounding country held back the flow of indignation within my breast; that indignation which was so prevalent with my companions and had come to me as an epidemic. The others were sullen; they sat on their horses with stern determination written on their faces.

We rode for hours without seeing anything to relieve the monotony of the while until late in the afternoon. It was then that the foremost rider, a "greaser," suddenly jumped from his horse and scanned the path bed. For a moment the group of man-hunters sat in their saddles motionless and silent. There before our eyes were the hoof-prints that showed where a horse had turned out from the woods into the path. There was a terrible silence for a moment, and

then the greaser exclaimed exultantly: "My God, we're on his track."

The discovery had startled everyone. Our expedition at the start was like a hunter's, entering a barren track, expecting nothing but a long jaunt, with the mere possibility of success. Those faces, before so stern and morose, brightened as with the excitement of the chase that crowd of ruffians (they were no better than ruffians) became hilarious. They dismounted and danced about, slapping each other's backs, and making all manners of demonstrations of glee, simply because they were near him whom they wanted to kill. At length the oldest of the party spoke:

"We'll have to go slow, for he has gone to his home—his fort."

"Now," he said, addressing me, "you're the man for the trick, and this is your chance to make a reputation for yourself as a protector of humanity. He don't know you, so he won't show fight if he should see you. Go up to his house, careful like, and when we hear you shoot we'll ride up, and then he's ours. Do your duty, friend, like a man."

To say that I felt honored by being given this commission would be far from the truth. In fact his words made me tremble, but to refuse was useless. To try to shirk my duty "as a protector of humanity" would be a signal for my death. So I mounted and rode off toward Sawyer's home.

I did not fully realize the situation and the death-dealing task thrown upon me until I had ridden a half mile or more, then the talk of our leader came to me forcibly in the reaction. "To kill a man for steal-

ing. Is that protecting humanity?" I thought. "Well, there must be some rule out here, and that is the way of Westerners."

I continued to meditate as I rode, trying to banish conscience for "duty," until I could see the smoke from Sawyer's chimney curling over the trees. I checked my pony to a walk, and stealthily approaching the dwelling I rapped loudly on the door. Soon a woman came—a girlish form that I knew was before me. It was Mary Wells.

Then flashed over my memory the happy days gone by—the pleasant past and then the present. I wondered if she was Sawyer's wife as I remembered that I had never learned her husband's name. What if it was her husband whose life was wanted? How strange that she had come to live so near the place that I had chosen wherein to forget her. I imagined that there was a possibility of her not recognizing me. I wanted to go back and tell the men that I refused to do their bidding, but that meant death, and I was afraid—too generous, to die.

There she was, pale and haggard, a shadow of her former self, and I before her, hanging my head like a guilty schoolboy as she spoke:

"Why, Lester Green, how strange it is that we should meet here. I looked up and I thought I saw a smile creep over her face, and for a moment I forgot all—forgot my mission and everything but her. I thought of her as she was back in dear old New Hampshire.

"Mary," but I could not say that which was then on my mind, and I shuddered as I felt her gaze upon me. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"Don't speak of the past, Lester, that is beyond repair."

I was held in awful suspense; I wanted to ask her something and dared not. At last I commanded myself and asked timidly: "Is Frank Sawyer your husband?"

"Yes, Lester, he is," she answered slowly and deliberately, "and I do not hesitate to say so. I suppose you are one of those who hunt him. Don't be so abashed, Lester, we all must be brave. Do n't think of the happy days, for then it will be harder. We were starving and Frank took that horse for bread and I am not ashamed that he did steal. He did not murder. No, no, he never murdered, and that is more than his pursuers can boast of soon."

I raised my hand in appeal, for her words cut me deeper than any lash could, but she spoke on.

"Follow yonder path through the thicket," she said as she pointed the way. "He is there and ready to go. Take him; he had decided to give himself up. You may as well have the blood money as another."

I stammered something but she was gone, and I was left there on the door-rock alone, and with a curse upon me. Sorrow and shame, remorse and regret, were mine, and for what? Nothing. I called her name but she did not answer, and I turned and walked down the path as a drunken man.

Suddenly the sound of sobbing aroused me from my stupor, and then I heard a tiny voice ask,

"Where are you going, papa? Won't you come back to us again?"

"No," came a man's voice that was tearful, "you will come to me—some day."

A step farther on and I could see him through the bushes. He was sitting on a log and a little girl was on his knee. There he was, the man who was branded with a crime for which his life alone could atone. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, and I saw him brush back the golden hair of the little girl.

The scene was too sad. I felt faint at heart. Voices around me seemed to tell me to go away; an unseen power pulled me back the pathway.

When I reached the house Mary was awaiting.

"Where," but before she could speak I broke forth,

"Tell Frank Sawyer to hurry southward, and your old sweetheart will hold back the hunters until he is out of danger."

Then I jumped on my broncho and whipping the little beast to the topmost speed I rode away, leaving all that was dear to me behind. When I had gone a few rods I turned in the saddle and saw my beloved Mary standing in the doorway with the sun's last rays on her dear true face.

I rode fiercely and soon came upon my companions. Holding back my stamping pony, I shouted above their frantic voices, "I met Frank Sawyer and he bested me. But we have another chance in our line of human protection, follow me."

Then reining to the north I drove on, and the other man-hunters followed.

LESTER GREEN.

153

DARKNESS.

By Thomas Cogswell, Jr.

As the dead leaves are lying so lonely
Where the wind storm has scattered them all;
As the road-bed is stony and muddy
Because of the rain's steady fall;
As the grasses seem shrunk and faded
And the trees are a storm-coated gray;
So my heart seems forsaken and broken
As I stumble and fall by the way.

With a wail of despair and of longing
I rise with a sigh from my chair
And turn my face toward your picture—
I always can find comfort there—
And a sweet, gentle feeling creeps o'er me
And quickly I feel in my breast
A thrill of pleasure run through me
Which brings me sweet comfort and rest.

'Tis the thrill of a love which is harbored
In a heart that is broken and torn!
'Tis the thought of a lover's burden
When he knows that his love is forlorn!
But still as the scent of the violets
Will cling to them, same as when new,
So my heart still retains its devotion
With a love which is noble and true.

A devotion I ne'er was ashamed of,
Or tried to keep hidden from light,
For why should I worship an idol
And try to conceal it from sight?
Aye, fain would I publish it broadcast
On the wings of the swift-flying winds,
For I love you, dear heart, oh, I love you,
Far better than all earthly things!

And there steals to my heart such a feeling
As I gaze in those deep-burning eyes
That sometimes my love is returned, dear,
Or God would have planned otherwise.
And again there's the thought that another
May somehow steal into your heart
And with graces so silent and subtle
Slowly work 'till he's torn us apart!

Then slowly I turn from your picture
To wipe a tear from my eye,
And I see through the half-opened window
Naught else but a storm-driven sky!
And I know by that moment of sorrow
That somehow it never can be—
That the sunshine has faded and vanished
And left naught but darkness for me!

As the dead leaves are lying so lonely
Where the wind stirs the scattered leaves all;
As the road-bed is stony and muddy
Because of the rain's steady fall;
As the grasses seem smothered and faded
And the trees are a storm-torn gray
So my heart seems forsaken and broken
As I stumble and fall by the way.

With a wall of despair and of longing
I rise with a sigh from my chair—
And turn my face toward your picture—
I always can find comfort there—
And a sweet, gentle feeling creeps o'er me
And quickly I feel in my breast
A thrill of pleasure run through me
Which brings me sweet comfort and rest.

'T is the thrill of a love which is hidden
In a heart that is broken and torn;
'T is the thought of a love's heaven
When he knows that the love is for him;
But still as the scent of the violet
Will cling to them, same as when new,
So my heart still retains its devotion
With a love which is noble and true.

A devotion I never was ashamed of
For I tried to keep it hidden from light;
For why should I worship an idol
And try to conceal it from sight?
Aye, I am proud I publish it broadcast
On the wings of the swift-flying winds,
For I love you, dear heart, oh, I love you,
Far better than all earthly things!

And there steals to my heart such a feeling
As I gaze in those deep-fading eyes
That sometimes my love is returned, dear
Or God would have planned otherwise.
And again there's the thought that another
May somehow steal into your heart
And with grace so silent and subtle
Take away the love I have so dearly won.

Then slowly I turn from your picture
To wipe a tear from my eye.
And I see through the half-opened window
Naught else but a storm-driven sky.
And I know by that moment of sorrow
That somehow it never can be—
That the sunshine has faded and vanished
And left naught but darkness for me!

A THIEF OF THE ROOFS: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By Thomas Littlefield Marble.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Talbot, a gentleman of Bohemian tastes.

Mrs. Burleigh, his landlady.

Roland Barbour, the "thief of the roofs."

Time.—Evening.

Scene.—A room on the top floor of a city lodging house. A table, center, on which a chafing dish is placed. The room is appropriately furnished for a gentleman's apartment. A door at the right; electric bell at side of door; windows at the back, through the open shutters of which can be seen the roofs and lights of the city.

At rise of curtain, Mr. Talbot is discovered arranging packages on the window ledge. He comes forward slowly and presses the electric button. Bell rings outside. Pause. Mrs. Burleigh enters.

MRS. B. Did you ring, sir?

MR. T. Yes, Mrs. Burleigh. I rang for you because I wish to call your attention to a little matter of recent occurrence, which has occasioned considerable annoyance to myself, and which, I am sure, will be of interest to you. Though the circumstances of the case are quite mysterious.

MRS. B. Oh, sir, you surprise me! A mystery? And in a reputable lodging house like mine!

MR. T. Pray calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Burleigh. I was about to say that, although, as yet, the whole thing remains a mystery, it is not, I trust, beyond solution. The facts of the matter are these: For some time past it has been my custom to prepare breakfast here in this room. I am fond of experimenting with a chafing dish, and the habit has its economic as well as its artistic advantages. Nor is it a custom peculiar to myself; many a neighbor of ours plays the rôle of chef, and the little patch of roof in front of his window serves, these winter nights, as an admirable refrigerator for his stock of provisions. Even now, in the white glare of the electric lights, you can see, at intervals across the roofs, these miniature larders. I, too, find this practice a convenient one, and so frequently place my small store of groceries on the roof close by this window. For the past two evenings I have done this, only to find each morning my provisions gone with no trace of their disappearance. I have called you, Mrs. Burleigh, to ask if you can throw any light on the mystery.

MRS. B. Why, Mr. Talbot, surely you cannot suspect me of—

MR. T. No, indeed—certainly not. I ask merely to satisfy myself that

the key to the solution is not within the house. Do you think a practical joke, or something of that sort, might explain it?

MRS. B. It could hardly be that, I think. The roof is so steep that one would find it impossible to reach here from a neighboring window. The whole thing seems quite uncanny.

MR. T. Few things are impossible, Mrs. Burleigh, and a person with the aid of the rain gutter—which is firmly soldered—would, I think, have little difficulty in creeping across the roof to my window. At any rate, I have a suspicion that some one in an adjoining tenement is appropriating my property, so to-night I have placed an exceedingly tempting bait on the window ledge, and await developments. If you hear an unwonted commotion you may know that the thief has been caught.

MRS. B. But think of your danger, Mr. Talbot. The thief might overpower you.

MR. T. Don't worry. I fancy I can give an account of myself. If not, I will call for assistance.

MRS. B. Very well. But my poor heart will be all in a flutter till I know the worst. Good-night. (*Exits through door.*)

MR. T. Good-night. Ha, ha, ha! Fancy the good Mrs. Burleigh's heart in a flutter for my welfare. (*Closes the window shutters, then busies himself with chafing dish. Pause. Slight noise back of windows.*) Hark. (*Noise repeated.*) Can it be possible my light-fingered visitor makes his appearance so early? (*Approaches window and throws open the shutters, disclosing Roland Barbour in the act of taking provisions.*) Ah! Good evening. Step in please. I have been expecting you, really. (*Roland Barbour enters through window. His clothes are shabby, his hair disheveled, and he has a wild, haggard look.*) Now, my dear sir, explain your conduct. To whom am I indebted for the pleasure of this call?

ROLAND. The game is up. I'm fairly caught. Roland Barbour's life hasn't been lucky enough to mind one disgrace more or less. Call the police and end this suspense.

MR. T. All in good time, Mr. Barbour. (*Meditatively.*) Roland Barbour. Really, you have a romantic name—and a romantic profession too. It's all quite like the Christmas stories. Young father, no work, starving children, beg or steal—latter preferred—benevolent victim, merry Christmas, and happiness forever. It's just the same old bluff in your case, I fancy, only the ending will be truer to life. Starving. Bah!

ROLAND. Yes; starving. And while you stand there with your sarcastic smile she is suffering, perhaps dying. (*Fiercely.*) Listen to me. A moment ago I was meek enough, but you have roused the devil in me, and rather than leave her now, I would kill you in your tracks.

MR. T. By Jove! you're awfully clever. But it's no use, my friend; I'm adamant, and your tragic tones can't move me.

ROLAND. True, you are adamant, and the rest of the world with you. Do you suppose if human hearts could be moved to pity—if there were even justice in the world, I should be crawling across the roofs a common thief?

MR. T. Pardon me, I should say a most *uncommon* thief.

ROLAND. What do you, or people like you, know of suffering? You live your own selfish lives with no thought of the pain and anguish of others. For weeks I have begged for work from men like you, and they have shown me the door as though I were a dog. I should have ended this life of torture long ago, but there is one who is dearer to me than my hope of heaven, and she—my sister—lay sick. She is all I have in the world, and I brought her here to give her the musical training her talent deserves, for she sings—ah, God!—like an angel. At last she fell sick. The little money I had scarce paid our lodging, and could I see her wasting away—aye, starving—before my very eyes? No; I stole the food to nourish her, and for that act I am ready and willing to pay the penalty. Do with me what you choose, but as you hope for God's mercy, have compassion on my innocent sister.

MR. T. It is a pretty story with a slight—very slight—semblance of truth. You tell it well, however, and histrionic talent of so high a grade deserves reward.

ROLAND. Call me a liar if you will. It relieves the mind and consumes far less of your valuable time than an investigation of the truth of my statements would require. You doubt my word. Come with me to the little chamber where my sister is waiting my return. She does not know that her brother is a thief, and is too weak to ask disconcerting questions. Come with me, I say, and gaze upon her wan and peaked face; look into her trustful eyes (mirrors of the soul, they say) and read there a story of sickness and hunger. Tell me, do you know what it means to be hungry? She is hungry—hungry, I repeat, and the thought is driving me mad.

MR. T. Forgive me, Barbour; I have been a little hasty perhaps. You speak eloquently of your sister. How about yourself? You don't look over well-fed. May I ask when you dined last?

ROLAND. Dined? Yesterday—to-day. I don't know. Do you think I can eat while she is in pain? She is dying I tell you and for the want of proper care, such care as men in your circumstances can afford to give. And you begrudge her the food which has kept alive the vital spark. Is that a comforting thought? When she lies cold in her coffin, will you like to remember that yours was the hand which hastened her departure? Or, should she, with tender care, grow strong again, would you prefer to remember that it was your kind charity which restored her health? Oh, the wretched poverty of our lives! We wanted so little. What have we received? She, a sick bed in an attic chamber; I, the fate of a thief.

(Sinks into chair, burying his face in his hands. Mr. Talbot starts forward, hesitates, then presses electric button. Bell rings outside. Pause. Mrs. Burleigh enters.)

MR. T. Mrs. Burleigh, will you prepare me a basket of delicacies? My friend here has a sister who is very ill.

(Roland kneels at Talbot's feet, Mrs. Burleigh stands in doorway as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WAR OF 1812.

By Emma C. Watts.

SERIES of aggressions on the part of England, long continued, without apology or redress, convinced the American government of her hostile intentions, and led it to make preparation for the seemingly inevitable conflict. The matter as early as 1810 had become a decided party issue. The federal party was opposed to the war, maintaining that such a measure was hostile to commerce, unjust to Great Britain, and subservient to France; while the Republican party was in favor of war, as being the only means for establishing the national honor.

For several years the Federalists had been in full power in New Hampshire, but in 1810 the Republicans carried every branch of the government, both local and congressional. One authority says: "Had the Federal party retained its ascendancy in this state, the election of a senator and members of congress opposed to the administration would have embarrassed many of its measures and defeated, very probably, the declaration of war itself. Upon the result, therefore, of the elections in 1810 among the hardy and independent yeomanry of New Hampshire the success of that great measure in a good degree depended, a measure which vindicated our honor and asserted our rights."

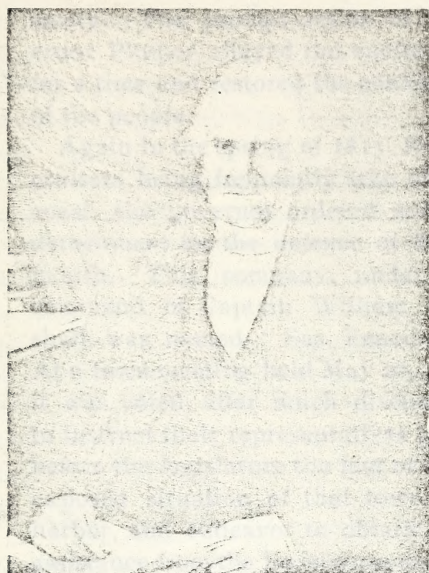
With the commencement of 1812 ended a period of peace, which had

existed, with little intermission, for nearly thirty years. That period had witnessed a gradual but constant increase in this state in wealth, business, and learning, in facilities for communication and number of inhabitants.

In the early part of 1812, insults having been added to injuries by the assumed mistress of the seas, the American congress passed an act declaring war against Great Britain. President Madison made requisition upon the government of New Hampshire for its quota of militia to be detached; and his Excellency, John Langdon, the governor, issued orders for detaching 3,500 men from the militia of this state. The draft was made and the companies, battalions, and regiments duly organized; but it being so near the close of Governor Langdon's term of office, he left the completion of the organization to his successor, Governor Plumer, who entered upon his duties June 5, 1812.

The declaration of war found the militia of the New Hampshire in a flourishing condition. The governor, who from his position was commander-in-chief, was a man of energy, patriotism, and great executive ability. Such being the situation, compliance with the requisitions of the general government could be given with the greatest promptness.

The military organization of the state was as follows: His Excellency,



Gov. William Plumer.

William Plumer, of Epping, Captain-General and Commander-in-chief; Timothy Upham of Portsmouth, and John A. Harper of Meredith, aids to his Excellency; three Major-Generals, six Brigadier-Generals, with their aids; and thirty-seven regiments.

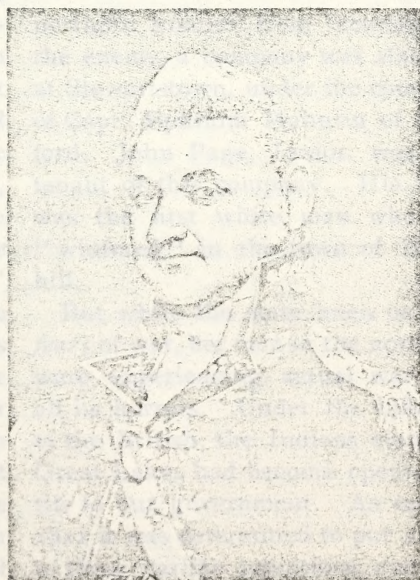
The part taken by New Hampshire men from the beginning to the end of the war was an exceedingly prominent one, and her record was hardly surpassed by that of any other state in the Union.

The Commander-in-chief of the entire army, Henry Dearborn, was a native of Hampton, and had been one of her Revolutionary officers. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and accompanied General Arnold on his perilous expedition through the wildernesses of Maine to Quebec, where he was taken prisoner. After the war of 1812 he was appointed minister to Portugal. It was said of him that "he was a man of large size, gentlemanly deportment, and one of the

bravest and most gallant men of his time."

Soon after the declaration of war, upon the representations of prominent men that our sea-coast was in a defenseless state, and liable to attacks from the enemy, General Clement Storer of Portsmouth was ordered to detach four companies from his command for its defense. These companies were under command of Captains Neal and Shackford of Portsmouth, Towle of Epping, and Leonard of Londonderry..

These precautions were highly necessary, and probably prevented an attack upon the navy yard, and possibly the town of Portsmouth, as British vessels were cruising off the coast and had even entered the bay of the Piscataqua. Great excitement and consternation prevailed among the people of Portsmouth and along the coast. Whole families and supplies were sent into the country for



Gen. Henry Dearborn.

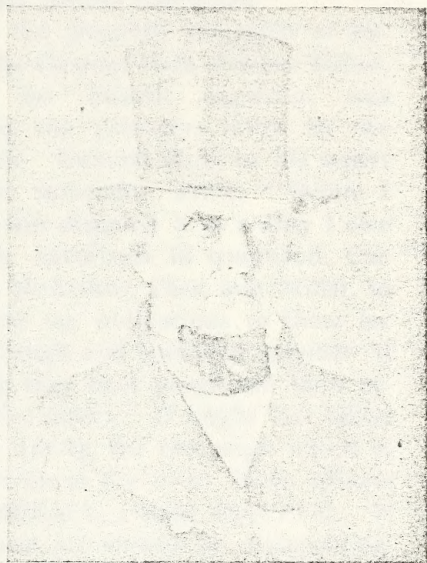
safety. The prompt action of Governor Plumer allayed the excitement for a time and restored the confidence of the people.

Again in the spring of 1813, British cruisers being frequently seen off the coast, the governor ordered another detachment for the defense of Portsmouth. This company, under the command of Captain William Marshall, was named "Sea Fencibles." At a town-meeting held May 20, 1813, it was voted, after much discussion, to instruct their representatives to lay before the legislature the fact of "the exposed situation of that town and harbor, and endeavor to obtain such assistance from the legislature as they might think expedient."

At this meeting Daniel Webster made a vigorous speech. He said, "I have heard the discussion with interest, but *talk* is not what the crisis demands. The forts near the town want repairs, want men to defend them when repaired. The government of the United States and the state government have been applied to for men to repair and defend these forts; but we know not that either will attend to our application, but one thing we do know, the crisis demands labor, and we can labor, we can repair the forts, and then we know another thing, we *can defend them*. Now," continued Mr. Webster, "I propose that every man who wants these forts repaired, wants these forts and the town of Portsmouth defended—appear on the parade to-morrow morning with pick-axe, spade, and shovel, and that they go to the Islands and repair the forts." The meeting adjourned with a hurrah for pick-axe, spade, and shovel. The next morning hundreds of the patriotic men of Portsmouth

gathered upon the parade, and with Mr. Webster, duly armed with his shovel, proceeded to the forts, and in two or three days they were repaired.

To prevent contraband trade over the Canadian line and to defend the



Daniel Webster.

northern frontier from incursions of the enemy, a company was stationed at Stewartstown, under the command of Capt. Ephraim Mahurin of Stratford. John Page, Junior, was lieutenant of this company. His father was the first white man who ever "wintered" in the town of Haverhill.

But while the state knew only the *fears* of war, her men in the northwest were experiencing actual war with all its horrors. Under the influence of the British, the Indians along the Great Lakes had become openly hostile to our government. As early as 1811 it was determined to put an end to these warlike intentions, and Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison was ordered west for this purpose. Under him;

as commander of the Fourth U. S. infantry, was Lieut.-Col. James Miller of Peterborough. His regiment was composed largely of New Hampshire men.

The army moved forward toward a large Indian town, Tippecanoe, where it was met by Indian messengers desiring a peace conference. But the treacherous Indians broke armistice, and on the 7th of November occurred the terrible battle of Tippecanoe. The New Hampshire men were in the thickest of this fight, and had a share in obtaining victory, only at the price of heavy loss of life.

In May, 1812, Colonel Miller with his gallant Fourth regiment, marched to meet General Hull at Detroit, for the purpose of invading Canada. Colonel Miller wrote to his wife, "I had the honor and the gratification as commanding officer, to plant with my own hands the first United States standard on the pleasant banks of Detroit River, in King George's Province of Upper Canada."

In August Colonel Miller was ordered on an exploring expedition across the River Rouge. Turning to his veteran Fourth regiment he said, "My brave soldiers, you will add another victory to that of Tippecanoe. If there is any man in the ranks who fears to meet the enemy, let him fall out and stay behind." A loud shout went up from the entire corps, and "I'll not stay," broke from every lip. At Brownstown his force of 350 men, after a fierce battle, defeated 200 British regulars, 150 militia, and 400 or 500 Indians.

At this time General William Hull was in command of the army stationed at Detroit, and with him were Colonels James Miller, Lewis Cass, and

Duncan McArthur, all three New Hampshire men; and throughout the entire war, these three names, together with that of General Dearborn, commander-in-chief of the army, stand out most prominently for the highest bravery and honor.

At the cowardly surrender of Detroit by General Hull, Colonel Miller, with his Fourth regiment, was among the prisoners taken by the British. General Hull, in his report of the surrender, wrote, "Before I close this dispatch it is a duty I owe to my associates in command, Colonels McArthur, Cass, and Miller, to express my obligations to them for the prompt and judicious manner in which they have performed their respective duties. If aught has taken place during the campaign which is honorable to the army, these officers are entitled to a large share of it. If this last act should be disapproved, no part of the censure belongs to them." He might well say this, for all these officers had begged him not to surrender, and were very indignant at his course. Thus the campaign of 1812 ended in disaster on the part of the army. But, on the other hand, our gallant little navy had won victory after victory, and had established beyond dispute our superiority in naval warfare. One of the most brilliant of these encounters, and the first decided naval battle, was the famous victory of the American frigate *Constitution* over the British *Guerrière*. It was hailed with rejoicing throughout the country, and was made the subject of many somewhat hilarious ballads and songs.

In fact the entire record of the war is made a little less harrowing to our memories when we consider that at

that time had developed one of the saving traits of our intense American nature, the ability on all occasions to see and appreciate the humorous trend of affairs. There are scores of variations to the old favorite Yankee Doodle, giving expression to admiration for our heroes or hurling scathing sarcasm against the enemy; while, at the other extreme, stands the glorious "Star-Spangled Banner."

One of these songs, expressing the jubilant sentiment occasioned by the victory of the *Constitution*, indicates to us that the Yankee could find time for a joke even while he fought (*p.* 362).

In the fall of 1812, before the legislature assembled, Governor Plumer made a requisition upon the government for 1,000 stand of arms. When in his message he reported his action to the legislature, it was received with favor by the majority, though a large minority protested against his deed, as well as against the entire policy of the war.

Meantime the patriotism of the people was completely aroused, and, notwithstanding the heavy draft of three thousand five hundred men from the militia, and extensive enlistments in the regular army, volunteering went on apace.

The department of recruiting was under the command of Lieut.-Col. Moody Bedel of Bath, stationed at Concord. Colonel Bedel was born in Salem, N. H., in 1764. In civil life he was active, energetic, and persevering. He was put in command of the Eleventh regiment, which gained by its valor the title of "The Bloody Eleventh." At the battle of Fort Erie he so distinguished himself that he received honorable notice and promotion from his superior officers.

During the campaign of 1813, after many severe battles, most of the posts surrendered to the British were regained, and the sturdy New Hampshire regiments are prominent for their faithfulness, perseverance, and physical endurance.

General Dearborn was in command in the North, and, at the time of the American attack on Fort George, he was confined to his bed by a fever. General Lewis of New York was put in command for the expedition, with orders from General Dearborn that the troops should breakfast at two o'clock in the morning and embark to cross the Niagara River at four o'clock. On the morning appointed, General Lewis reported that it would be impossible to move as early as four o'clock. General Dearborn having some suspicions of the military character and energy of General Lewis, indignantly declared that the attack should be made as ordered, that *he* was prepared; and in opposition to his physician's remonstrances, he was assisted to his horse, and led the troops on board the boats, before General Lewis made his appearance. The effort so exhausted General Dearborn that he was taken from his horse and carried on board the *Madison*. In reply to his physician's entreaty not to join his troops, he said, "I go into battle or perish in the attempt." After a severe engagement of three hours Fort George was in the possession of the Americans, and General Dearborn was taken to his quarters exhausted, but victorious. Soon after this General Dearborn retired from command of the army on account of ill health, and was placed over the military district of New York city.

By the battle of the Thames the

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.



It oft times has been told, That the British seamen bold,



Could flog the tars of France so neat and han - dy, oh!



But they never found their match, Till the Yankees did them catch;



Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dan - dy, oh!

The *Guerrière*, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee,
oh!
With as choice a British crew,
As a rammer ever drew,
Could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy,
oh!

When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
"Come clear the decks for action and be
handy, oh!
To the weather gage, boys, get her,"
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink gunpowder mixed with
brandy, oh!

Then Dacres loudly cries,
"Make this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, oh!
Twenty-five 's enough I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, oh!"

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not.
Till they got within the distance they called
handy, oh!
"Now," says Hull unto his crew,
"Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton we're the
dandy," oh!

The first broadside we poured
Carried her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandoned,
oh!
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers said,
"But I didn't think those Yankees were so
handy," oh!

Our second told so well
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which dous'd the Royal ensign neat and
handy, oh!
"By George," cries he, "we're done,"
And they fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee Doodle
Dandy, oh!

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
Tho' loth was he to part with it, 'twas handy, oh!
"Oh! then keep your sword," says Hull,
"For it only makes you dull,
Cheer up, and let us have a little brandy," oh!

Now fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy,
oh!
John Bull may boast his fill,
And the world say what they will,
The Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy,
oh!

Americans regained Detroit and all the posts surrendered by Hull, and Colonel Lewis Cass of New Hampshire was left in command. The name of Colonel Cass is one of the most distinguished in the annals of war. He was born in Exeter in 1782, and at the age of seventeen crossed the Alleghany mountains on foot and settled in Marietta, Ohio. At the beginning of the war he was chosen colonel of the Third regiment from Detroit and was sent forward with 280 men to the Tarontee, a wide stream which flows into the Detroit River. Discovering a British picket, with his force he waded arm-pit deep across the stream, surprised the enemy, who fled at the first fire, Cass following them for a half mile, with drums beating Yankee Doodle. This was the first engagement of the war, and was hailed throughout the country as an omen of success, and Colonel Cass was called the "Hero of Tarontee."

One historian says, "Colonel Cass was evidently the man of the era. Although he was but a colonel, when he read the news of General Hull's cowardice, he exclaimed to the messenger bringing the news, 'Traitor, he has verified our worst fears and disgraced the country, but the enemy shall never receive the hilt of my sword.' So saying, he snapped his sword in two and threw it on the ground." After the close of the war he was elected governor of Michigan, and later he served his country as secretary of war, minister to France, U. S. senator, and secretary of state. It was said of him that "he was a brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman, a true patriot, and an able statesman,—a son of New Hampshire,

who has reflected much credit upon his native state."

At a battle fought at Chrystler's Field, near Ogdensburg, Gen. Timothy Upham of Portsmouth distinguished himself as a brave officer. With a battalion of 500 men he was ordered to hold the enemy in check while the troops and ammunition were being landed. This he did for an hour with the greatest gallantry, amid a perfect storm of shot.

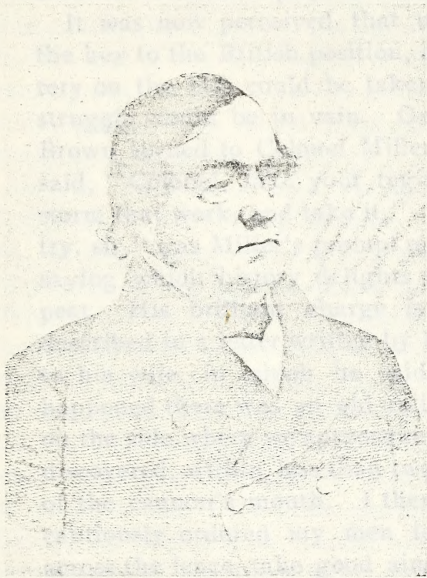
In the spring of 1814 the British declared the whole coast of the United States to be in a state of blockade, and forthwith British cruisers appeared along the shore, capturing and burning American vessels. The inhabitants of Portsmouth became greatly alarmed and demanded a stronger defensive force. Governor Gilman issued orders for detachments from twenty-three regiments of the militia, and commanded the entire state militia to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. So great was the enthusiasm among the people that a draft had to be made rather of those who should stay at home. On the 21st of June, between ten and eleven at night, expresses came into Portsmouth with the alarming intelligence that the British were landing their forces at Rye and were about to march north. For a time there was almost a panic in the city. Alarm bells were rung and the people filled the streets, making their way with all haste towards the country. Scouts were sent out and soon returned with the welcome news that the report was unfounded. All was shortly quiet in Portsmouth, but the alarm had spread into the interior, and the excitement was not allayed till some days after,

when the report was contradicted. It seems that the fear was not without foundation, for, after the war, a British officer told Colonel Walbach that he went up the Piscataqua disguised as a fisherman and found the town swarming with soldiers, and the project was abandoned.

At this time the Sanbornton Light Infantry commanded by Capt. Ware

opposed to the war, and at a test vote in town-meeting there were only eleven men who were ready to uphold what were called the republican or war measures of the administration.

On July 5th the American troops attacked a strong British force stationed at Chippewa. In this battle Gen. John McNeil of Hillsborough was in command of the Eleventh regiment, which was obliged to pass the bridge over Streel's Creek, under the direct fire from the British battery, which poured death among his ranks. However, his lines were formed with greatest coolness and self-possession, and advanced with quick step until they were within fifteen rods of the enemy, then by a sudden flank movement, rushed upon the British with destructive fire. The ranks of the enemy soon broke and they fled in confusion. The effective movement by McNeil, without doubt, gave the victory to the Americans. "He deserved," said General Scott in his report, "everything which conspicuous skill and gallantry can win from a grateful country." He was soon after made a lieutenant-colonel for this intrepid act.



Gen. Lewis Cass.

Dearborn, moved forward to the seaboard and was regarded as one of the finest companies that ever entered Portsmouth. On a general march through the streets of the town it was assigned a place of honor. This company was discharged Nov. 10, 1814. Lieut. Chase Perkins on the last day of his service performed the feat of walking forty-five miles from Nottingham to Sanbornton. It is recorded that "the men all returned in safety, heavier than when they had left home." A large majority of the citizens of Sanbornton were at first

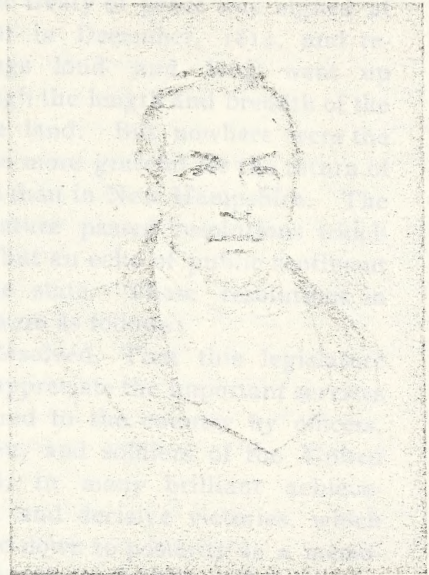
General Scott with a part of the American troops marched forward towards Queenstown with orders to report and call for assistance, if the enemy appeared. Upon his arrival at Niagara Falls, he found the British in line of battle at Lundy's Lane. A messenger was sent back for reinforcements, and an attack was at once made on the enemy. Major McNeil had the honor of leading the brigade into action. At one time the British, outflanking our troops, sent a battalion to attack them in the rear.

This movement was noticed by Major McNeil, and he promptly met and repelled it, driving the enemy with great slaughter. His horse was killed under him by a cannon-ball, and he himself wounded, a six-ounce ball passing through his right knee. In spite of this he continued in the conflict. They fought desperately, holding the enemy in check until the arrival of a fresh brigade under command of General Ripley, of Hanover.

It was now perceived that unless the key to the British position, a battery on the hill, could be taken, the struggle would be in vain. General Brown turned to Colonel Miller and said, "Colonel, take your regiment, storm that work, and take it." "I'll try, sir," was Miller's prompt reply, a saying which history delights to repeat. His brilliant charge is best described in a letter written by Miller to his wife, in which he said, "It happened there was an old rail-fence on the side where we approached, undiscovered, within less than two rods of the cannon's mouth. I then very cautiously ordered my men to rest across the fence, take good aim, fire, and rush, which was done in style. Not one man at the cannon was left to put fire to them. We got into the center of the park before they had time to oppose us. We fought hand to hand for some time, so close that the blaze of our guns crossed each other, but the British were finally compelled to give way." This was one of the most severe battles of the war, and established the superiority of the American troops.

The exploit of Miller elicited universal admiration. The American officers declared it to be one of the most gallant acts ever known. "It

was the most desperate thing we ever saw or heard of," said the British officers, who were made prisoners. The moment that General Brown met Miller afterward, he said, "You have immortalized yourself! My dear fellow, my heart ached for you when I gave you the order, but I knew it was the only thing that would save us."



Gen. James Miller.

Colonel Miller was born in Peterborough in 1776, and was educated for the bar. His bravery has been mentioned in connection with the battles of Tippecanoe, Detroit, Niagara, Chippewa, and Fort Erie. For this gallant service he was made brigadier-general, and received from congress a gold medal. Upon one side of this medal is represented the storming of the battery, with the words, "Resolution of Congress, Nov. 8, 1814. Battles of Chippewa, Niagara, and Erie;" and on the reverse is Miller's portrait, with the words, "I'll try,"

words which Americans and we of New Hampshire should be proud to remember.

The command of the army now devolved upon General Ripley, who was born in Hanover in 1782, a grandson of the founder of Dartmouth College. He entered the army as lieutenant-colonel, and before the close of the war had become major-general. For gallant action at the battle of Fort Erie, he was awarded by congress a gold medal with thanks of the nation. At this, one of the last battles of the war, General Miller, Lieutenant-Colonels Upham and Bedel displayed conspicuous bravery.

In the autumn of 1814 General McArthur, to attract the attention of the British forces away from the movements of our army, made a terrifying raid into Canada. With seven hundred mounted men, he went hundreds of miles through the enemy's territory, spreading alarm everywhere, and for four weeks kept the militia busy watching his movements. When his purpose had been thus accomplished, he returned to Detroit and there dismissed his brave band, only one of the number having been killed.

This is recorded as one of the boldest operations of the war, and is, so far as can be found, the last one of the many brilliant deeds performed by the gallant sons of New Hampshire in this second war with Great Britain. When we consider how very small a place New Hampshire fills in the nation, we have just cause for

pride that, in the time of need, our conspicuous mountain homes could send forth men, who had been quietly and conscientiously trained, to uphold and preserve the integrity of the country.

We may well rejoice that New Hampshire has ever been and is still a state, to use the old saying, where "*men are raised.*"

The treaty of peace was signed at Ghent in December, 1814, and rejoicings loud and long went up through the length and breadth of the whole land. But nowhere were the people more grateful for the return of peace than in New Hampshire. The legislature passed resolutions which were but an echo of public sentiment in the state. These resolutions in part were as follows:

"Resolved, That this legislature duly appreciate the important services rendered to the country by officers, seamen, and soldiers of the United States, in many brilliant achievements and decisive victories, which will go down to posterity as a memorial that the sons of those fathers who fought the battles of the Revolution have imbibed that exalted and unconquerable spirit which insures victory; and, were it not invidious to particularize, this legislature could not fail to recognize and designate, with sentiments of peculiar pride and pleasure, many of the hardy and independent sons of New Hampshire among those who enjoy the best claim to the grateful remembrance of their country."

Sources of Authority: Lossing, "*Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*"; Potter, "*Military History of N. H.*," v. 2; Auchinlick, "*History of the War of 1812*"; Runnells, "*History of Sanbornton*"; Elson, "*National Music of America.*"

NOTE.—In several instances accounts of battles, etc., have been taken, with a few changes, directly from the records of the above authorities.

THE BURDON ROBBERY, AS TOLD BY INSPECTOR SHAW.

By Bennett B. Perkins.



DISTINCTLY remember the day on which we first received notice of the Burdon Robbery. It was in September;

the weather damp and disagreeable, and the fog unusually thick even for London.

I had but just returned to Scotland Yard from the Bow street station, when a messenger-boy came hurrying into the chief inspector's office with the intelligence of the robbery. More, perhaps, on account of my availableness, than because of any especial ability, the chief assigned me to the case.

James Burdon was, as I knew, a broker with offices on Capel street. He was reported to be wealthy, but somewhat eccentric. His residence, whither I was now bound, was at Fulham. I found it to be a modest, unpretentious house, standing somewhat back from the road, and with a hedged garden in front.

Having sent in my card, I was immediately received by Mr. Burdon himself, a stout, athletic-looking man of perhaps fifty years, whose black hair over the temples was barely tinged with gray. He received me cordially, and producing a box of most excellent cigars invited me to take a seat opposite him at the long library-table.

While waiting for him to explain, I noticed that the room was furnished

more like an office than a library. The table bore evidences of desk-work; while a large safe-vault was let into the wall at one side of the room.

By the time I had made a mental inventory of these things, we had lighted our cigars, and Mr. Burdon with business-like promptitude said:

"Mr. Shaw, I have been robbed."

I nodded, and waited for him to proceed. I prefer to let people tell their stories in their own way, then by questioning to bring out the minor points which oftentimes furnish the key to the whole mystery.

"Last night," he continued, "I placed a jewel in that safe. It's gone—"

But here I felt it my duty to break the rule and interrupt; some people always tell a story backwards.

"Pardon me, Mr. Burdon," I said, "but I should much prefer, if I am to understand this thoroughly, that you go back to the very beginning and tell me what the jewel was; where you obtained it; who else had an interest in it; and all the other circumstances connected with the affair that you may remember."

He appeared disturbed at this, but after a pause said:

"Well, if it is necessary for you to know, and I suppose it is, I will tell you the whole story.

"A year ago I was informed by a business acquaintance, Mr. Richard

Walters, of a very valuable diamond in South Africa which could be obtained by the outlay of a considerable sum of money, although but a small percentage of its value. This money he did not have; consequently he proposed that I furnish the necessary funds, and he would go to Natal and procure the stone, receiving for his services one third of the proceeds of its sale.

"Being convinced of the truth of his story, I conferred with my partner, Mr. Kenwood, and ultimately arranged the deal.

"Last night the three of us sat at this table and the diamond lay before us in this jewel-box." Here, opening a draw beside him, Mr. Burdon produced the identical box.

I took it and examined it closely. It was the ordinary cheap affair, about two inches by three, used by jewelers, a thin, wooden case covered with black cloth, lined with orange satin, and having a clasp lid.

"Needless to say," Mr. Burdon continued, "we were all much pleased at our success. The outlay had been comparatively small; and there before us lay one of the most valuable diamonds we had ever seen. It was roughly cut; and Kenwood, who is versed in such things, thought that it would weigh about fifteen carats. But what made it of such value was the fact that it was not white but red.

"According to Kenwood there is only one stone like it in existence, one of ten carats, valued at £15,000, among the Russian crown-jewels.

"Walters gave us a short account of its history although he was dumb as to how he had obtained it. It had once been the property of Sen-

zangakona, the father of T'Chaka, who ruled the Zulu of the White Unfolosi. Unkulunkulu, the soul of God, the Zulus called it, and for years it had been the royal talisman, worn around the neck of every paramount chief; but when Mzilikazi revolted and fled into Matabeleland he took the stone with him, and there its history became lost.

"I don't know how long we sat there admiring its beauty, but it became dark before the meeting was over, and then we concluded to put the stone in the safe over night. In the morning we were to turn it over to Kouf & Maartens, who would dispose of it for us.

"The inner door of that safe locks with a combination, which we changed. The outer, as you see, has a time-lock, which is set for 11 a. m. On the outside we sealed the door with wax upon which each of us made an impression with his ring.

"We met this morning just before the time-lock ran out. The seals appeared intact, the door was locked by the combination, and the jewel-box as we had left it, but when I opened it here upon the table the stone was gone! Yes, sir, disappeared. I never saw a more dumb-founded-looking lot of men in my life. We searched the safe, examining every nook and cranny, but not a trace could we find.

"There, Mr. Shaw, you have the account; what do you think of it?"

"Rather a mysterious case, surely," I answered. "Was there anyone else in the room at any time while you were here?"

"The butler came in twice with refreshments at my call."

"H'm! Did he see the gem?"

"I presume so as it lay on the table."

I made a note of his name.

"Now, Mr. Burdon, I should like to examine the safe."

"Certainly," he replied.

But the more I examined it, the more mystified I became. The time-lock I found to be one of the best American makes; and I noticed particularly that the pins were properly removed for the hour of eleven.

The combination was a Hobb's, and after trying it several times I knew it to be in perfect order. The floor of the vault was of steel, and this also, after a close examination with a magnifying glass, I found to be entirely sound.

"Mr. Burdon," I said, "who closed the box and placed it within the safe?"

"I did," he replied, flushing somewhat at the question.

I did not like to suspect Mr. Burdon as his wealth ought certainly to place him above stealing one third of even a £25,000 diamond, to say nothing of the chances of discovery in trying to dispose of such a gem, and the consequent damage to a commercial reputation worth millions. Yet it seemed by his own admission that he alone had handled the box. Still it will never do to jump to conclusions in my business, therefore I sat down and lit another cigar while I thought it over.

I was thoroughly convinced that if a technical training went for anything, that stone had been abstracted from the box before it was put into the safe. It certainly could not have been done afterwards and leave the safe intact, I thought. This being so, it remained to find the guilty one.

"Mr. Burdon," I said, "about this butler of yours. Is he trustworthy?"

"Yes, I think he is. He has been with me for a long time."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about his actions while he was in here?"

"Not that I remember."

An idea had struck me that perhaps the butler might have dropped the stone into a glass of liquor where it would be invisible, and so have carried it unperceived from the room. I had heard of such a thing being done.

I mentioned this to Mr. Burdon, but he shattered the theory at once by saying:

"You forget that the diamond was there when I shut the box and carried it to the safe."

Here was a poser. How in the deuce did it get out of the safe?

With a few more questions to Mr. Burdon I brought the interview to a close, and went to both Kenwood and Walters, but could get no clue from either, their stories being exactly the same as Mr. Burdon's. Walters in particular was very much broken up over the loss, which was natural, considering the trouble he had been put to in obtaining it, and the dream of fortune now shattered.

Nevertheless I placed shadows upon all three, and then, having telegraphed a description of the stone to all the diamond houses in the world, started to work in earnest upon the case. I realized that this was a mystery worthy of my best efforts and skill, and although my reputation was established here was a chance to enhance it wonderfully.

Night and day I shadowed and hunted for clues, yet at the end of

two weeks I was obliged to acknowledge myself baffled. As a last resort I interviewed some of the leading crooks with whom I was acquainted, and even offered them a substantial reward, but they all professed the utmost ignorance, and some whom I half suspected furnished alibis.

Other matters coming up demanded my attention, but I still kept an interest in the Burdon Robbery. Walters soon left the country, going to South America. He came in and bade me good-by before he went, and wished me success. I really felt sorry for him. It seemed that Mr. Burdon made him a present of a substantial check before he went, inasmuch as the stone was lost in his house.

A year went by, and then when all of us had given up hope of ever solving the puzzle, it was explained in a letter which came to me bearing the Valparaiso postmark. It read thus:

VALPARAISO, CHILI, September, 14, 18—

DEAR MR. SHAW: As I am about to leave on a long voyage, the destination of which I will not bother to inform you, I write to give you a little information upon a subject which has, no doubt, perplexed you a great deal. I refer to the Burdon robbery.

I have always admired your shrewdness and that of the detectives whom you set to shadow me, but unfortunately you were on the wrong track.

I am surprised that a man of your experience did not examine that jewel-box more closely. If you had you would have discovered that it concealed a very clever mechanism. The top and bottom you will find are false, consequently when the box is shut a spring catches the false bottom, then when the box is again opened this bottom goes up with the top, carrying the stone behind it. A spring underneath pushes the other bottom, lined like the first, up into place, and there you are, an empty box.

It was an easy thing to abstract the gem from behind the false top while the others were searching the safe that morning. I hope, my dear friend, that you will give me full credit for this scheme, and in return I will make you a present of the box, unless it has been thrown away as an object of no account.

The stone I have sold to a private person for £20,000. Please give my regards to Mr. Burdon.

With best wishes I remain yours kindly,
RICHARD WALTERS.

YOUR PLACE.

By Laura Garland Carr.

When you review your life path in the past,
From memory's dawn down to the present day,
It seems as if there was no other way
In all the world through which you could have passed.
The path is marked and hedged from first to last.
Though pleasant fields and woods beyond it lay,
Though on each side by paths allured to stray—
Yet bars and gates across them all seemed cast,
If you sometime the hedge had broken through—
A different way across the wild to trace,
With different aims and objects held in view,
With different people coming face to face,
With different thoughts, with different work to do—
Where now, in this wide land, would be your place?

THE CONCORD ORATORIO SOCIETY AND ITS FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

By Henry H. Metcalf.



WHILE there had been local gatherings of musicians for drill in chorus and concert work, under the direction of instructors of greater or less celebrity, at different places in the state, and occasional public entertainments in connection therewith, and while a "convention" had been conducted in Keene for two or three successive years, it was not until 1864 that a regular musical convention or festival was held in the Capital city. The prime mover in this enterprise was that earnest and indefatigable devotee of the musical art, the late Prof. J. H. Morey, with whom were associated two others, also favorably known for years in New Hampshire musical circles,—Prof. John Jackman and Benjamin B. Davis—the latter the "Uncle Ben" of pleasant memory, who remained a familiar figure in the community until his final departure a few months since.

In an article in the *New England Magazine* for October, 1899, entitled "Forty Years of Musical Life in New England," the talented pianist and favorite daughter of New Hampshire—Martha Dana Shepard—says: "Among the music teachers of the time two of the best known and most successful were J. H. Morey and 'Uncle Ben' Davis of Concord. Mr. Morey had the reputation of

being the best pianist in the state and 'Uncle Ben' was a distinguished teacher. These two men, with John Jackman, another well-known teacher, conceived the idea of organizing a state musical festival, which should meet at Concord, and to which singers should come from all over the state. They carried out their plans successfully, and the first state festival assembled in Phenix hall, Concord. There was present a chorus of a thousand persons. To accommodate the chorus the stage was built far out into the middle of the hall, and the chorus was about as large as the audience. My father went down to join the chorus, taking me with him, as he always did to such gatherings. I had no idea of doing anything at the festival but sing, and joined the chorus. There were two pianos on the stage though, and when Mr. Morey, who was to play one, met me before the first rehearsal, he said, 'Martha, I wish you would play that other piano.' I said I would play if he really wanted me to, and did so. That was my most important engagement up to that time. After that I played there every year as long as the gatherings lasted."

The first published announcement in reference to this festival was a two-line paragraph in the *New Hampshire Statesman* of January, which

ran as follows: "A musical convention is announced to be held soon in this city, under the charge of Prof. L. O. Emerson of Boston." In the issue of the same paper for the week following, January 8, appeared the following: "We announced last week, in a brief paragraph, the fact that a musical convention was soon to be held in Concord. By a circular just issued we learn that the members will assemble on Tuesday, January 26, and their session continue four days. Prof. L. O. Emerson of Boston will be director, assisted by Mrs. Little, vocalist, also of Boston. The 'Harp of Judah,' with the Opera Chorus book, and the 'Oratorio of the Messiah,' are the works announced for use by the convention, and will be furnished the members free of charge. It is expected that many ladies will be present, and as their stay here will be more agreeable if spent in families, an opportunity will be afforded our citizens to exercise on this occasion their accustomed hospitality."

The *New Hampshire Patriot* of January 20, referring to the same subject, said: "The State Musical Convention, to be held in this city at Eagle hall, during the next week, will hold its first session on Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock. It will be an occasion of great interest to those taking an active part, as well as our citizens generally. Three grand concerts will be given, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, January 27, 28, and 29. The whole under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little of Boston, one of the most popular of American vocalists."

In the *Statesman* of January 29,

issued while the festival was in progress, appears the following: "The announced convention of musicians is now in session in Concord, and is one of the largest assemblies of the kind ever convened in the United States. The choir which meets each day for rehearsal, or at the evening concerts, numbers between five and six hundred, exclusive of others attracted hither to listen to the musical performances. The people of Concord have been in the enjoyment of a rich musical repast." In the next week's issue of the same paper, February 5, further reference to the matter is made, as follows: "When we went to press last week the great musical convention had not reached the end of its session, and it is suitable to return to the subject to say that it was one of the most gratifying and successful assemblies ever held in Concord. The great hall was packed like a bale of cotton on the evenings of the concerts, and some could not obtain access for love or money. Resolves, commendatory of Professor Emerson and others, and the people of Concord, were passed, together with a vote to hold another session in this place. The several music teachers of Concord, male and female, were very diligent in their efforts to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of people from abroad. Between seven and eight hundred membership tickets were purchased."

It is not singular that Mrs. Shepard, writing from memory of a matter occurring more than a third of a century before, should somewhat overstate the number of persons in the chorus, or that she should locate the festival in the wrong hall. The first

sessions were held in the old Eagle hall, in what is now Stickney's block, north of the Eagle hotel, but after a few years the location was changed to Phenix hall, where the festivals, which continued under the management of Messrs. Morey, Davis, and Jackman, were held every year until the last, or twenty-third, which was held in April, 1886, in the Granite State Skating Rink building, on Pleasant street, which was subsequently removed to the Weirs, where it has since been known as "Music Hall," and occupied by the annual gatherings of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association. The chorus was larger the second year than the first, the number of members being between eight and nine hundred. The interest in these festivals, both on the part of the singers and the public, continued strong for many years, and they came to be regarded as notable occasions, both for instruction and entertainment, and commanded the attendance of music lovers from all sections of the state, and even beyond its borders. During the twenty-three years of their continuance, they commanded the service, and presented to the public a great variety of talent, of the highest order. The conductors included such men as L. O. Emerson, Solon Wilder, W. O. Perkins, Joseph P. Cobb, and Carl Zerrahn. The vocal soloists in attendance, in different years, included among others of similar note, Mrs. Minnie Little, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Zilla Louise McQuestion, Ella F. Darling, Ita Welch, Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Gertrude Edmunds, Mr. J. F. Winch, James Whitney, M. W. Whitney, H. C. Barnabee,

Dr. C. A. Guilmette, J. F. Rudolphsen, D. M. Babcock, Charles H. Clarke, J. P. Cobb, and J. C. Bartlett. The famous "Temple Quartette," of Boston, as originally constituted, was a frequent feature of the concerts, and other vocal combinations were often presented, the Arclamena (ladies) quartette being in attendance at the last of the festivals, in 1886. During the earlier years the Mendelssohn Quintette club of Boston, one of the most noted organizations in the country, furnished orchestral music for the conventions. Later, after the organization of Blaisdell's orchestra, by Mr. Henri G. Blaisdell, home talent was utilized in this direction. Mrs. Shepard, who, with Mr. Morey, was an accompanist during the first festival, served in the same capacity every year while they continued. During the later years, Mr. Blaisdell, who had located in Concord, was associated with Messrs. Morey, Davis, and Jackman in the management of the conventions, which were discontinued from 1886, interest having waned, after so long a time, both on the part of musicians and the general public. Their influence, however, was strong and abiding. It had developed a high order of musical talent, and a cultivated taste, with which the capital city has been justly credited through all the intervening years.

Meanwhile, through the zeal and enthusiasm of Mr. Blaisdell, and the occasional chamber and symphony concerts which he was instrumental in presenting, public interest in musical culture and progress was maintained in good measure; and, after a time, an organization known as the Concord Choral Union, was

formed, its object being to bring together for study and drill, with special reference to sacred and classical music, all singers of the city who might be inclined to unite for the purpose, and to stimulate public interest by presenting occasional entertainments. In the course of a few years several concerts were given, and one or two oratorios presented. Meanwhile Prof. Charles S. Conant, a thorough musician and cultured vocalist, had located in the city as teacher of music in the public schools, and subsequently interested himself in the work of the Union. In the winter of 1891-'92 it was determined to hold a grand festival. A good deal of practice, continuing for some time, resulted, and finally the dates and place were fixed for April 25 to 29, 1892, inclusive, in White's Opera house.

Mr. Blaisdell was the conductor, and Miss Ada M. Aspinwall, the pianist of the Union, accompanist. Mrs. Shepard was also in attendance during the festival, greatly to the delight of her many old-time friends and the general public. Five grand concerts were held—on Wednesday evening, and Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening. At the first concert the cantata, "Daughter of Jairus," was a leading feature; the last was signalized by the presentation of Mendelssohn's "Oratorio of Elijah." In addition to local talent, including Blaisdell's orchestra, eminent soloists from Boston were present and contributed to the success of the entertainment, including Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano; Miss Lena Little, contralto; George J. Parker, tenor, and Heinrich Meyn, basso. From an artistic point of view the

festival was a complete success, but from some cause or other, which it is unnecessary to seek or discuss in this connection, the financial results were disappointing. A burden of debt was left upon the Union, and the ardor of its members naturally dampened in consequence, and little further work was accomplished or attempted.

It was not until the winter of 1898-'99 that anything in the line of organized effort was again attempted in Concord musical life. At this time some of those who had been leading spirits in the Choral Union, with others interested, thoroughly imbued with the feeling that a city numbering among its people so many good musicians, and enjoying so wide a reputation as a musical center, should have a live organization, devoted to musical culture and development, and especially to the careful study of the best works of the great masters, initiated a movement for a new organization. Preliminary meetings were holden, and, finally, at the vestry of the First Baptist church, January 19, 1899, the Concord Oratorio society was organized, the following officers and committees being elected: President, William P. Fiske; vice-president, Geo. D. B. Prescott; secretary and treasurer, Isaac Hill; executive committee, George N. Woodward, John Henneberry, Charles C. Prescott, Mrs. W. D. Thompson, Mrs. W. E. Tenney. Committee on programme, George E. Dunn, Miss Alice F. Parker, Frank E. Brown; director, Charles S. Conant; pianist, Miss Ada M. Aspinwall.

Mr. Hill not qualifying, at the next meeting Gen. A. D. Ayling, who had been president of the Choral

Union and was deeply interested in the cause, was made secretary and treasurer.

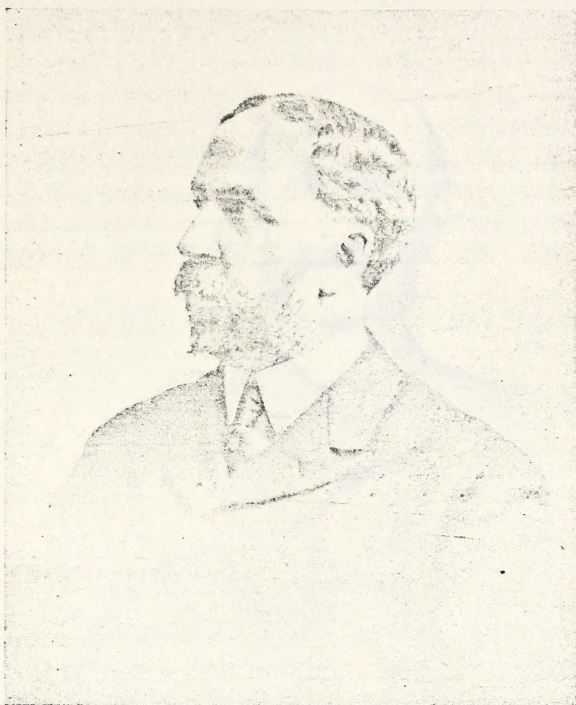
A large membership was secured and, under the efficient direction of Mr. Conant, who put his heart thoroughly into the work, a chorus was organized and the study of Hadyn's great "Oratorio of the Creation" was entered upon. Weekly rehearsals were held through the balance of the winter and spring, until, on the evening of April 26, a public presentation of the oratorio was made by the society, in Phenix hall, assisted by Blaisdell's Philharmonic orchestra, and Miss Jennie Corea, J. C. Bartlett, and Dr. Clark, soloists.

This production was successful from every point of view. The chorus did excellent work and all connected therewith acquitted themselves most creditably. Six hundred people were in attendance and all were greatly pleased. A balance was left in the treasury and the society was greatly encouraged. In February of the next year a public recital, with the best local talent, was given in Grand Army hall. Meanwhile the study of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was taken up, with regular rehearsals, and the same was publicly presented on the evening of May 23, Mr. Conant conducting as before, with Miss Aspinwall, also, as accompanist; Blaisdell's orchestra, and Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano; Miss Adah C. Hussey, contralto; George J. Parker, tenor, and Frederick Martin, basso, as soloists. This presentation was no less thoroughly an artistic success than that of the "Creation," though not so satisfactory financially, the receipts just about meeting expenses.

The society retained full courage, and early in the past winter commenced work upon Handel's celebrated "Oratorio of the Messiah," rehearsing weekly, as in previous seasons. Meanwhile a plan for the holding of a first-class musical festival, rivaling and recalling those of the earlier days, in connection with the presentation of this oratorio, was gradually developed in the minds of some of the more earnest devotees of the cause in the city, both within and without the society, and after serious consideration was adopted as practicable, Professor Blaisdell being, in fact, the prime mover in the project, and foregoing his customary symphony concert plans and uniting his efforts with those of the Oratorio society for the success of the festival.

Instead of a guaranty fund, as is sometimes resorted to, but seldom with satisfactory results, it was determined to secure subscriptions for season tickets, sufficient, if possible, to insure the management against loss in carrying out the arrangements. The city was canvassed by members of the society, and, in due time, over four hundred season tickets were subscribed for by citizens, at \$2.50 and \$2.00 each, thus rendering the enterprise practically safe from a financial point of view, and demonstrating the hearty sympathy of the people with the movement. The work of preparation went steadily forward. The chorus increased in membership, developed stronger interest, and worked with a will and enthusiasm unsurpassed, responding fittingly to all the demands of the faithful and zealous director—Professor Conant.

The festival dates were set for



William P. Fiske.

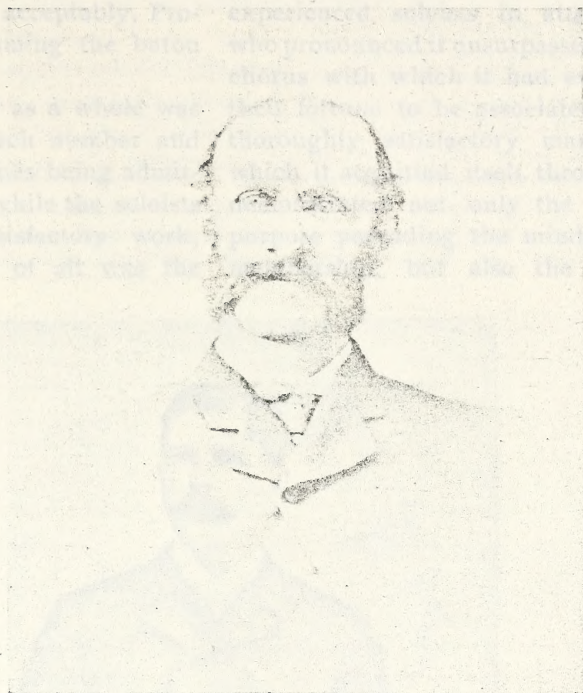
President Concord Oratorio Society.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 30, and May 1, 2, and 3, and Phenix hall engaged for the occasion. The plan involved rehearsals on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and on the forenoons of Thursday and Friday, with four grand concerts, on the afternoons and evenings of Thursday and Friday. Blaisdell's New Hampshire Philharmonic orchestra of twenty-five pieces was engaged, the personal services of Professor Blaisdell, as festival conductor, also having been secured. The best available soloists were also engaged in the persons of Miss Anita Rio, soprano; Mme. Mary Louise Clary, alto; J. H. McKinley, tenor, and Dr. Carl E. Dufft, bass, all of New York. Subsequently on ac-

count of the indisposition of Mr. McKinley, Mr. Hobart Smock, also of New York, was engaged in his place. Mr. Milo Benedict of Concord, the well-known piano virtuoso, was secured for a solo for the Thursday evening concert, and the services of Miss Aspinwall retained as accompanist throughout. The outline announcement for the four concerts was as follows:

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, May 2, at 3 o'clock: Popular and miscellaneous programme.

THURSDAY EVENING, May 2, at 8 o'clock: "St. Cecilia Mass;" "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser, and a chorus from "Lucia;" overture, "Magic Flute," and



Gen. A. D. Ayling.

Secretary and Treasurer.

Brahms' "Hungarian Dances;" piano concerto in F minor (Chopin), by Mr. Benedict. Soloists in choice numbers.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, May 3, at 3 o'clock: Weber's "Euryanthe," overture; Beethoven's "Symphony in C Major, No. 1;" mad scene from "Lucia;" quintette from "Meistersinger;" arias from "Tannhauser," "Queen of Sheba," and "Samson and Delilah."

FRIDAY EVENING, May 3, at 8 o'clock: The "Oratorio of the Messiah."

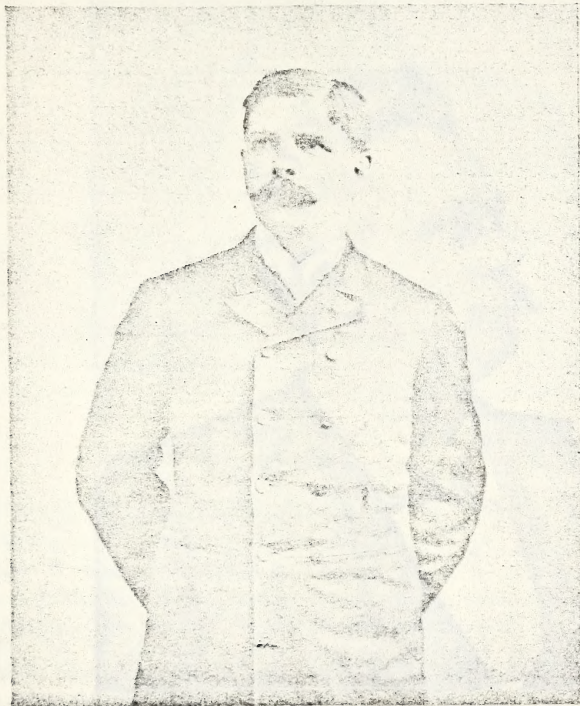
Time passed; the chorus, the committees, and all interested labored zealously; the Concord public awaited developments expectantly,

and the festival came off as arranged, with some slight changes only in programme details. The only thing occurring to prevent the complete satisfaction of all concerned was a sudden and severe cold contracted by Mr. Smock, Friday, rendering it impossible for him to take part in the evening's work. In all previous appearances, as did all the soloists throughout, he had acquitted himself to the highest satisfaction of all, and his sudden indisposition was regretted as much on his own account as the deprivation suffered by the audience. The latter, however, was but partial, as Professor Conant, who, as the Oratorio director, was conducting for the evening, himself stepped "into the breach" singing

the tenor solos most acceptably, Professor Blaisdell assuming the baton meanwhile.

While the festival as a whole was a grand success, each number and part on the programmes being admirably sustained, and while the soloists did particularly satisfactory work, the crowning glory of all was the

experienced soloists in attendance, who pronounced it unsurpassed by any chorus with which it had ever been their fortune to be associated. The thoroughly satisfactory manner in which it acquitted itself throughout, demonstrated not only the earnest purpose pervading the minds of the membership, but also the tireless



Arthur F. Sturtevant.

Chairman Executive Committee.

grand work of the chorus, which was unquestionably as well balanced and carefully drilled a body of singers as has ever been heard in the state, and especially characterized by its smooth, rich quality of tone. Its work not only constantly commanded the approbation and applause of the audience—undemonstrative as Concord audiences proverbially are—but excited the warm admiration of the

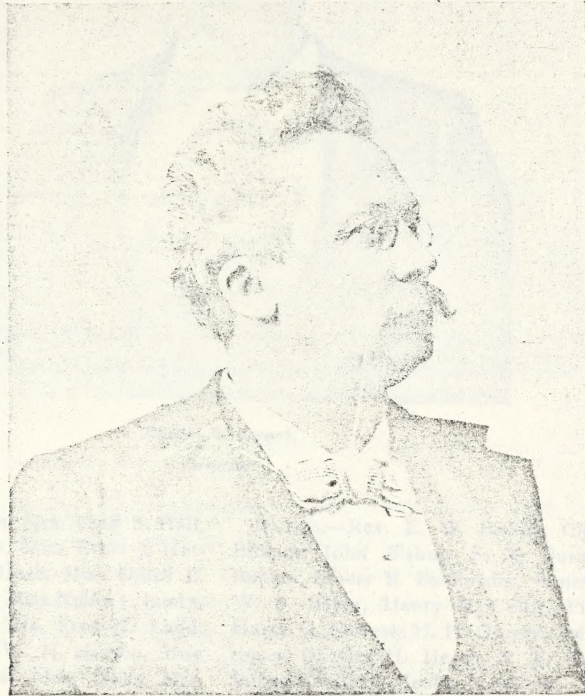
energy, devotion, and skill of the director as well as the careful and sympathetic work of the accompanist. And here it may properly be noted that the appreciation of the members of the chorus, of the faithful service of Director Conant, was appropriately manifested by the public presentation to him in their behalf, during the last evening's concert, through Mr. William P. Fiske, president of

the Oratorio society, of an elegant gold-mounted baton.

The list of members of the Concord Oratorio society, constituting the festival chorus, all but ten of whom are residents of Concord, is as follows :

SOPRANOS.—Miss Elizabeth Averill, Miss Edith C. Ayling, Mrs. Fred Appleton, Mrs. Cora Mellen Abbott, Miss Charlotte R. Brown,

Johnson, Miss Annie M. Kendall, Miss Florence N. Little, Miss Ellen McNulty, Miss Bessie E. Morrison, Miss Idella M. Maxfield, Mrs. Frank W. Messe, Miss Margaret B. Murray, Miss Eva M. Morgan, Mrs. J. N. Marcotte, Miss Bertha C. Morey, Miss Virginia P. Merrill, Miss Bertha Niles, Mrs. H. W. Odlin, Mrs. S. E. Page, Miss Annette Prescott, Miss Alice F. Parker, Mrs. C. G. Remick, Miss Katherine L. Remick, Miss Georgia L. Ring, Miss Elizabeth M. Randlett, Miss Lucy M.



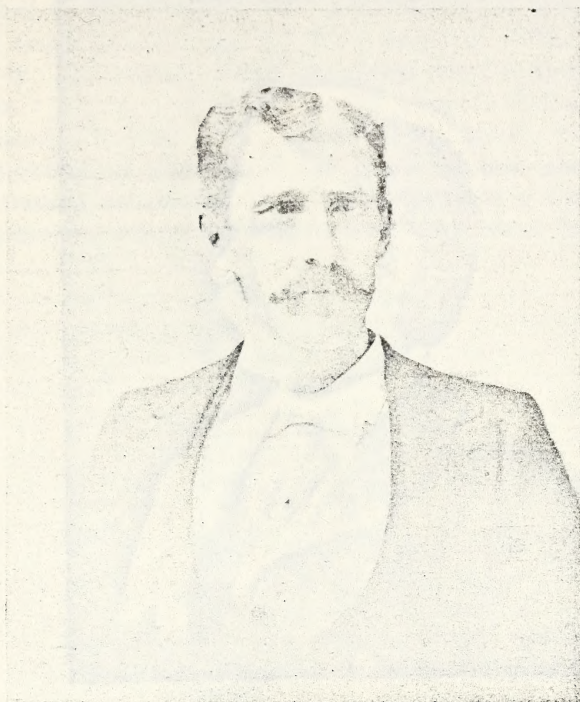
Henri G. Blaisdell.

Festival Conductor.

Miss Florence L. Brown, Miss Charlotte F. Bartlett, Miss Grace Bunker, Mrs. Eva E. Colby, Mrs. J. L. A. Chellis, Miss Ella R. Chellis, Mrs. C. S. Conant, Miss Nellie C. Campbell, Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mrs. Edith B. Chesley, Miss Blanche M. Dean, Miss Annie S. Emerson, Miss Cyrene Emery, Miss Lena Eastman, Mrs. A. W. Flanders, Miss Maude B. Forrest, Mrs. Geo. M. Fletcher, Miss Katherine Gage, Miss Edith H. L. Greene, Miss Edith N. Gage, Miss Mary F. Hollis, Mrs. J. F. Harriman, Miss Mae Healy, Miss Lucy M. Hardy, Miss Maria D. Hill, Miss Leila A. Hill, Miss Edith C. Haynes, Miss Sadie I. Johnson, Mrs. Mary

Raymond, Mrs. H. T. Shaw, Miss Winifred M. Sanborn, Mrs. A. F. Sturtevant, Mrs. H. V. Tittmore, Miss Amy W. Vale, Mrs. Gertrude F. Vannevar, Miss Melissa T. Virgin, Mrs. Charles D. Weathers, Miss Bessie M. Woods, Miss Grace Woodworth, Mrs. Jas. H. Osgood, Suncook; Miss Susan Snow, York Beach; Miss Alice M. Ransom, Newport; Miss Eliza Cummings, South Acworth; Mrs. F. H. Keil, New London; Mrs. D. S. Corser, Contoocook.

ALTOS.—Mrs. May L. Buntin, Miss Ruth H. Buntin, Miss Mabel P. Bunker, Miss Nettie M. Bowen, Miss Nellie M. Clough, Mrs. C. R. Dame, Miss Grace L. Dearborn, Miss Gertrude



Charles S. Conant.

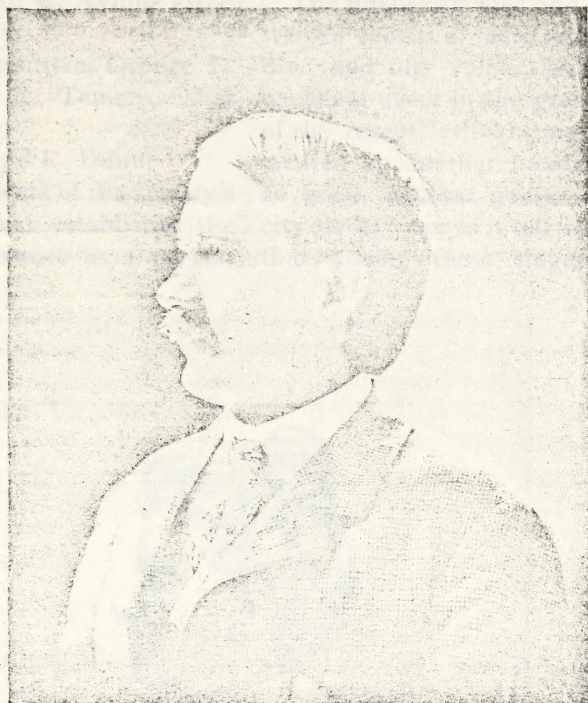
Director.

Downing, Mrs. J. M. Gove, Mrs. Fred S. Hall, Miss Bertha L. Holbrook, Miss Ethel J. Hutchinson, Miss Sadie R. Huse, Miss Grace L. Hubbard, Mrs. C. C. Hill, Miss Nellie J. James, Miss Myra A. Lamprey, Mrs. Fred N. Ladd, Mrs. S. B. Morgan, Mrs. W. H. Morton, Miss Gara E. McQuesten, Miss Mary Niles, Mrs. Nellie J. Nevers, Miss Louisa Prescott, Miss Alice H. Patch, Mrs. Cora F. Straw, Mrs. C. H. Shattuck, Mrs. J. B. Slocum, Miss Agnes V. Sullivan, Mrs. Mary E. Smart, Miss Ida M. Tucker, Miss Florence E. Tarleton, Miss Effie M. Thorndike, Mrs. W. E. Tenney, Mrs. G. W. Weeks, Miss Effie Weathers, Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth, Mrs. Frank Woodbury; Mrs. O. B. Douglas, Suncook; Mrs. Alice M. Rounseval, Newport.

TENORS.—A. D. Ayling, Benj. E. Berry, Horace D. Bean, William Bishop, J. L. A. Chellis, O. W. Crowell, George E. Dunn, William P. Fiske, Walter H. Fletcher, I. Eugene Keeler, Frank W. Messe, H. Provost, Dr. F. H. Rowe, Rowland Rhodes, Edward E. Sargent, Rev. J. B. Slocum, E. C. Smith, George B. Taylor; Nathan George, Suncook.

BASSOS.—Rev. E. W. Bishop, Clarence M. Billings, John Bishop, S. M. Burpee, E. A. Bunker, Emery B. Batchelder, James Burbeck, W. S. Baker, Henry B. Colby, Fred Davis, Harry G. Forrest, H. H. Gorrell, John F. Hariman, Charles H. Heath, N. B. Hale, H. M. James, Walter L. Jenks, Napoleon J. Marcotte, Phillip D. McInnis, George B. Morton, Elwin L. Page, Chas. C. Prescott, George C. Roy, A. F. Sturtevant, Chas. C. Schoolcraft, J. T. Spellman, Rev. John Vannevar, James Virgin, A. C. Whittier, Martin M. Wirrell; F. G. Carter, Lebanon.

Although the weather was decidedly unfavorable a considerable portion of the time, a cold and disagreeable rain-storm prevailing on Thursday both day and evening, the attendance was good at all the concerts, particularly in the evening, the audience on Friday night filling the hall considerably beyond its seating capacity, and effec-



Milo Benedict.

Pianist.

tively demonstrating the necessity for a larger and better appointed entertainment hall in the Capital city. This liberal measure of public patronage proves the appreciation of the Concord people as regards first-class entertainments in this line, and their readiness to encourage thorough musical culture in their midst; it also leaves the Oratorio society in excellent condition for the successful prosecution of its work in the future, the total receipts of the festival being \$1,735, or some \$500 in excess of the expenditures.

This result was accomplished only through earnest labor, not alone in the line of chorus drill and careful preparation for the entertainment itself, but in the matter of business de-

tail, involving care, patience, and persistency. While the president, vice-president, and all concerned labored heartily to promote the desired end, it is to the constant devotion of the secretary and treasurer, General Ayling, and especially to the tireless energy and zeal, unyielding purpose and clear business sagacity of Arthur F. Sturtevant, chairman of the executive committee, that so satisfactory an outcome is mainly due.

The present organization of the Oratorio society is as follows:

President, William P. Fiske.

Vice-president, Henry B. Colby.

Secretary and treasurer, Augustus D. Ayling.

Executive committee, Arthur F. Sturtevant, Walter L. Jenks, John

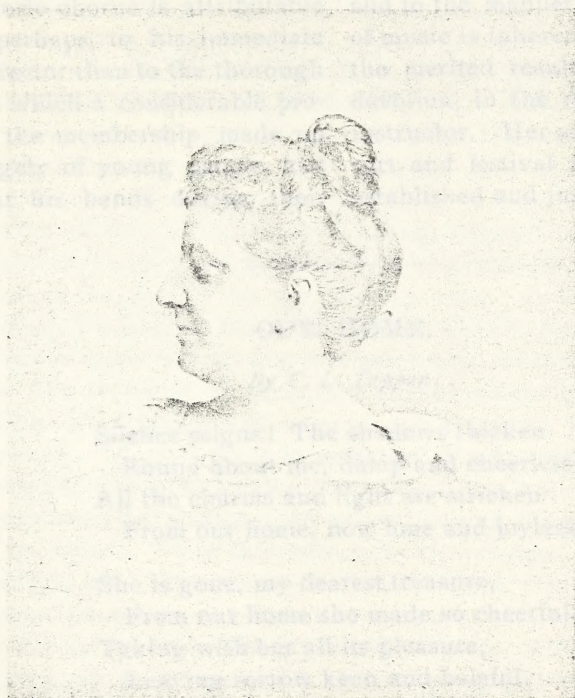
Bishop, Miss Edith C. Ayling, Miss Annette Prescott.

Programme committee, George E. Dunn, Mrs. W. E. Tenney, Miss Sadie R. Huse.

Librarian, George E. Dunn.

The marked success of the society's first annual festival establishes the hope of its continuance as a perma-

The finely balanced and splendidly trained chorus of more than one hundred and fifty voices, heard to such excellent effect in the grand concerts of the recent festival, might be augmented by another hundred equally as good, without going beyond the city limits; nor is it too much to say that among these singers may be



Miss Ada M. Aspinwall.

Accompanist.

nent institution, insuring general recognition of the Capital city as a leading musical center, which it is fairly entitled to be regarded. There is probably no city of its size in New England, or the country at large, with so many good singers or so much general musical talent among its population, nor one which is the home of artists of equal note in different lines of the profession.

found those capable of taking the most exacting solo parts in any line of festival work, and acquitting themselves with credit therein.

Of Professor Blaisdell, as an individual artist, as an orchestral leader, instructor and director, or as a festival conductor, nothing need be said. His reputation is more than state wide. No man in northern New England has done more than he in

the last twenty years to cultivate musical taste and elevate the standard of the profession. Professor Conant, who came to Concord from Vermont, thirteen years ago, to assume the position of teacher of music in the public schools, stands in the front rank as a vocal instructor, and has amply demonstrated his skill as a director. The great capacity and development of the Oratorio chorus is attributable no more, perhaps, to his immediate work as director than to the thorough instruction which a considerable proportion of the membership, made up as it is largely of young people, had received at his hands during their school training. Mr. Benedict, like Professor Conant, is a Vermonter by birth, but has had his home in Concord for many years, and Concord people take just pride in his fame as an artist and composer. He is a born musician and his mastery of the pianoforte is as complete as that of any one in New England. Miss Aspinwall is a Concord girl, "native and to the manner born." Her love of music is inherent, and her success the merited result of both love and devotion, in the rôle of student and instructor. Her superiority as a concert and festival accompanist is well established and justly recognized.

OUR HOME.

By C. L. Tappan.

Silence reigns ! The shadows thicken
 Round about me, damp and cheerless ;
 All the charms and light are stricken
 From our home, now lone and joyless.

She is gone, my dearest treasure,
 From our home she made so cheerful,
 Taking with her all its pleasure,
 Leaving sorrow keen and baleful.

Though unseen, I feel her presence
 Fills our home with light and fervor,
 Cheers my life with love's pure essence,
 Making home as dear as ever.

So I keep our home, made sacred,
 By her love so true and fearless ;
 Here our souls are close united,
 Holding converse sweet and peerless ;

Here I stay till calls the Father,
 Happy in her cheer and guidance ;
 Then with her pass o'er the river,
 Safe with Him, our soul's reliance.

NECROLOGY

CAPT. OSCAR I. CONVERSE.

Capt. Oscar Irving Converse, U. S. A., a native of the town of Rindge, born August 9, 1843, died at Richford, Vt., April 23, 1901.

Captain Converse was a son of Capt. Ebenezer H. Converse of Company K, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion, and Sarah (Darling) Converse. He was educated in the public schools of Rindge and enlisted in the First New Hampshire Battery in the early days of the Rebellion, from which he was discharged, for disability, in May, 1863. July 21, 1864, he was commissioned by Governor Gilmore a second lieutenant in the First New Hampshire Cavalry, promoted to first lieutenant, and mustered out with his regiment at the close of the war, July 15, 1865. In February, 1866, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States army, promoted in May of the same year to first lieutenant and assigned to the Fourteenth Infantry. His regiment, on account of an outbreak by the Indians, was ordered to the Western frontiers and experienced a year or more of severe and exacting service. In 1868, while in command of a battalion he suddenly became engaged with a body of Apache Indians and was wounded in the hip and more severely near the shoulder, an arrow piercing the upper arm and breaking upon the bone. From this wound he experienced great pain and suffering all through life. For bravery and meritorious conduct in this engagement with the Indians he was brevetted a captain, and on account of his wounds he was transferred to the retired list, October 19, 1868, and returned to his native town, where he remained some time, and then spent several years in European travel. Again returning home he purchased the historic Calhoun house at Rindge Center, where he established his residence.

He was active in Republican politics, representing his party in numerous conventions, and his town in the legislature of 1895, during which year he was appointed a federal inspector of immigration, and stationed at New York. During the past years he has been acting commissioner and chairman of the board of inquiry, and a portion of the time he has been on duty in Quebec and Halifax, and was stationed at Richford, Vt., at the time of his death.

Captain Converse married at Walla Walla, Wash., March, 1867, Coralie S. Mix, a native of New Orleans, La. Her father was the late Hon. James D. Mix, a justice of the court of the state of Washington and the candidate of his party for member of congress. Ralph D. Converse, their only child, is a physician.

THOMAS B. GARLAND.

Thomas B. Garland, born in Portsmouth, August 20, 1817, died at Dover, May 9, 1901.

Mr. Garland was the youngest child of William Garland and Elizabeth (How) Garland. His father was a friend of Daniel Webster. When three years old his father died and the family moved to the home of his grandfather, David How, in Haverhill. Mr. Garland's grandfather, Col. Benjamin Garland, was a minute-man in the Revolution. His maternal grandfather, David How, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill with two brothers. His ancestor, Peter Garland, came from Hampton, Eng., and settled in Charlestown in 1637.

Mr. Garland graduated at Haverhill academy, beginning, as was the custom in those days, the study of Greek and Latin at the age of nine years. John G. Whittier, though much older than Mr. Garland, was a student at the academy at the same time.

Subsequently the family removed to New York, where Mr. Garland became a clerk in the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. In 1837 he returned to Portsmouth and shipped as a sailor, making several ocean voyages.

At the age of twenty-five he married Harriet, daughter of Daniel Kimball of Littleton, Mass., and in 1845 removed to Dover, where he ever after resided, and where he was for thirty-three years a clerk at the Cocheco Print Works. In 1869 he was made treasurer of the Dover Gas Light company and held the office at the time of his death. He was treasurer of the Eliot Bridge company, president of the Dover Navigation company, and had been a trustee of the Dover Public library since its beginning. He was also a deacon of the Central Avenue Baptist church.

During the past half century Mr. Garland was identified with Dover's advancement in many ways, and no more public spirited citizen resided in her midst. He has been several times a member of the city government and has served as president, also clerk, of the common council. He was alderman in 1876, and was connected with the school board for over forty years, but in 1897 he declined a reelection. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. David Hall Rice of Brookline, Mass., and Miss Caroline B. Garland, librarian of the public library, and one son, Alfred K. Garland.

ITHIEL E. CLAY.

Ithiel E. Clay, one of the most prominent citizens of Carroll county, and one of the most extensive proprietors of forest lands in the state, died at his home in Chatham, April 6, 1901, in which town he was born August 26, 1819.

Mr. Clay was the son of James and Olive (Elwell) Clay and was educated in the district schools, and at Bridgton (Me.) academy. He taught school for several winters in early life, working on the farm in summer. He early commenced investing his earnings in forest land, and continued so doing

well through life, so that long ago he had become one of the most extensive landowners in that part of the country. He also devoted much thought and care to the management of his forest possessions, commanding in this respect the approbation of the most interested students of forestry in the country.

The Portland (Me.) *Argus* in a biographical notice of Mr. Clay says: "His large lumber business gave him an extended acquaintance with the business men of the Saco valley as well as of Portland, by whom he was recognized as a man of high integrity and honest dealings. He became the leading man of his section, and his advice was earnestly sought by all who knew him, and was acted upon with entire confidence. And while never seeking public favor he served in many municipal offices, including several terms in the New Hampshire state legislature as representative of his town. Mr. Clay gave without stint large amounts for charitable purposes and for the public good. It was owing to his free heart and untiring efforts that the inhabitants of Chatham have for a long time enjoyed the privileges and blessings of a Congregational church. He was a true philanthropist, and many worthy poor will mourn the loss of one who could never say no. It was also due to this trait of his character that the public burying ground of Chatham has to-day a grand all-granite fence. His genial nature and free and open heart endeared him to both young and old for whom his sympathy never failed."

In politics Mr. Clay was originally a Whig, and subsequently a Republican, of which party he was a recognized leader in his section. In public affairs his influence was commanding, and his judgment widely sought.

Mr. Clay married, October 26, 1862, Caroline Clement Eastman, daughter of Jonathan Kimball and Phebe (Clement) Eastman, who survives him.

CHARLES C. SMITH.

Charles Calvin Smith, one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Littleton, died at his home in that town, Saturday, May 11, of acute paralysis.

Mr. Smith was the son of Hiram Brigham and Catherine (Colby) Smith, born in Danville, Vt., August 18, 1832. In childhood he removed with his parents to Littleton, where he was reared to his father's occupation, that of a tinsmith, which he followed until his retirement, a few years since, with much success. He settled in business at first in Gorham, where he remained seven years, returning then to Littleton, where he ever after remained.

Mr. Smith was an earnest and consistent Democrat in politics and remained true to his principles and convictions to the last. He held various positions of trust and responsibility, having served in Gorham as a selectman in 1863, and in Littleton as supervisor, as a member of the board of health for many years, as town clerk from 1865 to 1868, inclusive, and as a representative in the legislature in 1869 and 1870. He was also a member of the committee having in charge the construction of the elegant town building erected in Littleton a few years since.

Mr. Smith was a member of various secret organizations, and especially interested in Free Masonry, A. F. & A. M. He was a member of Burns

Lodge and St. Gerard Commandery of Littleton, and had been eminent commander. He was also a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second degree. He was a man of quiet, unostentatious manners and simple tastes, and took much delight in his home life and in reading. He was particularly interested in matters of state history, and had been a subscriber to the *GRANITE MONTHLY* since its first issue, the bound volumes containing every number from the start being included in his library. Littleton never had a worthier or more public spirited citizen than Charles C. Smith, and his memory will long be cherished by her people.

He married in November, 1856, Lizzie, daughter of William Lother, who died in June, 1876. In August, 1878, he married, Kate, daughter of Henry Bacon of Dalton, and widow of Charles F. Norton of Littleton. By his first wife he had a son and two daughters; by his second, one son, all of whom survive except one daughter by the first marriage.

GILMAN H. JENNESS.

Gilman Harrison Jenness, a well-known newspaper correspondent, writing extensively over the nom-de-plume of "Musicus" for the *Exeter News-Letter* and other papers, died at his home in Pleasantville, N. J., on Sunday, May 5, 1901.

Mr. Jenness was born in the town of Rye, in this state, in the year 1839, and there the greater part of his life was spent. He received a good academic education, and was engaged in teaching in early life. Subsequently he was superintendent of schools in Rye, and a lecturer upon educational topics at institutes and other gatherings.

A very rapid, legible, and accurate penman, he was in 1878 appointed an engrossing and enrolling clerk in the house of representatives, which position he held in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and part of the Forty-seventh congresses. During this service he gained an insight into the conduct of governmental affairs, which few men have surpassed, and formed an acquaintance with leaders of public life, which lent exceptional value and interest to his letters to the press. During his service at Washington he was the regular correspondent of the *News-Letter* and other papers. During Cleveland's first administration he served as chief clerk in the equipment office at the Portsmouth navy yard.

For the greater part of his life Mr. Jenness has been a prolific newspaper writer, and had had connections with the Associated and the United Press associations. Few men are so well informed or can write with such ease, clearness, and charm as could Mr. Jenness. He was equally ready and effective as a speaker, and his evening address was one of the features of the celebration of Hampton's quarter millennial celebration in 1888. In 1889 he removed from Rye to Pleasantville, where, for the greater part of the subsequent period, he had been editor of the *Pleasantville Weekly Press*, taking no small part in shaping the life of the community.

By a first wife Mr. Jenness left three sons. By his second wife, a daughter of Hon. William L. Newell, ex-president of the Pennsylvania senate, who survives, he also leaves a young son and daughter.

GEORGE R. DINSMORE, M. D.

Dr. George Reid Dinsmore, born in Keene, May 28, 1841, died in that city, April 29, 1901.

Dr. Dinsmore was the son of the late William and Julia Ann (Fiske) Dinsmore. He fitted for college and entered Harvard in the class of 1863. During his junior year his father met with an accident, resulting in a broken leg, which required his care and attention for some time, and while performing this duty he became interested in the study of medicine which he began with the late Dr. George B. Twitchell. On his father's recovery he enlisted in Captain Barker's company of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Infantry, preferring not to then complete his university studies. Being in full standing in his class he was entitled to the degree of A. B. from Harvard as accorded to other students who enlisted, but he never applied for it. On going to camp he was thrown from a wagon and his ankle was fractured, incapacitating him from service for nearly two years. He was appointed a recruiting officer for New Hampshire, the duties of which position he was able to perform. He also continued his medical studies. During parts of 1864-'65 he was a medical cadet in the United States Military hospital at Readville, Mass., and in the spring of 1865 took his professional degree at the Bellevue Hospital Medical college in New York.

He was soon commissioned an assistant surgeon in the volunteer service, serving for a time in Virginia. Returning home after a year's service as resident surgeon in the Brooklyn city hospital and two years' travel abroad, he established himself in his native city, but was deprived of the use of his limbs by paralysis over twenty years ago.

Dr. Dinsmore married, in 1874, Miss Helen Jones of Portsmouth, who survives him, with a son and daughter.

WILLIAM O. NOYES.

William O. Noyes, a prominent citizen of the town of Derry, died at his home May 9, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having been born in the town of Amherst, July 26, 1825, removing thence to Derry about 1856 where he made his home on one of the best farms in that town, and where a large number of summer boarders were entertained. He was actively instrumental in organizing the Grange in Derry, and that was the only secret organization to which he ever belonged. In religion he was a Universalist.

Mr. Noyes had been somewhat prominent in politics for many years past as a leader of the Populist or People's party, whose candidate for governor he was in 1892. December 30, 1853, he married Miss Eliza R. Miller, of Merrimack, who survives him. They have five children, four sons and one daughter, who are Mrs. Mary Converse of Amherst, Charles O. Noyes and Sidney M. Noyes of Derry, Elmer E. Noyes of Boston, and Fred L. Noyes of Manchester.

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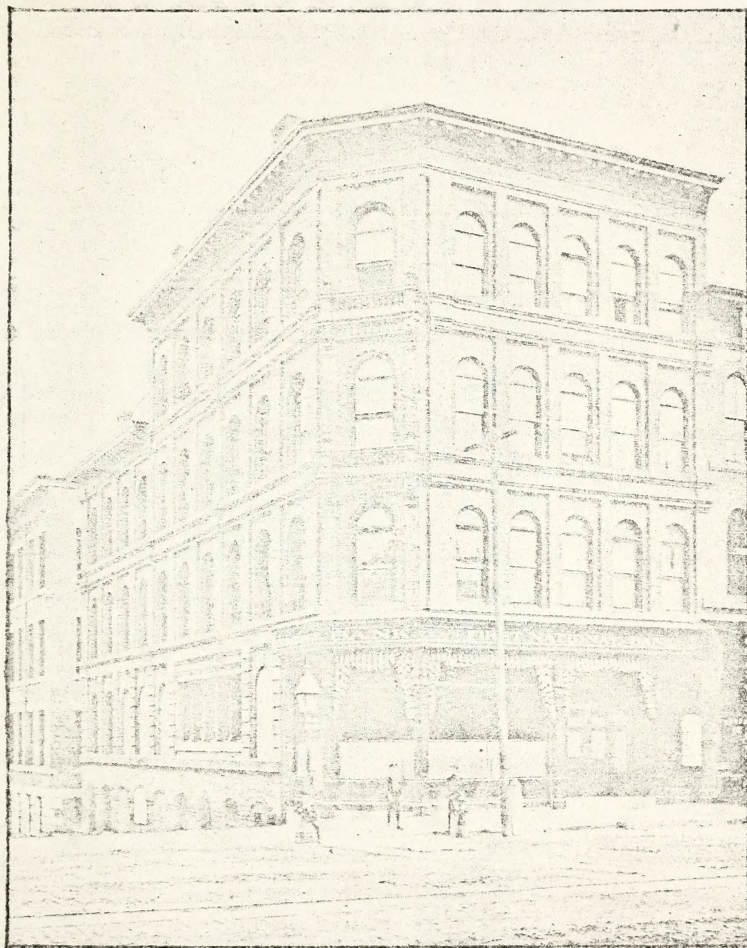
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